april 27, 1935 —

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EUROPE PAYS 90% MORE

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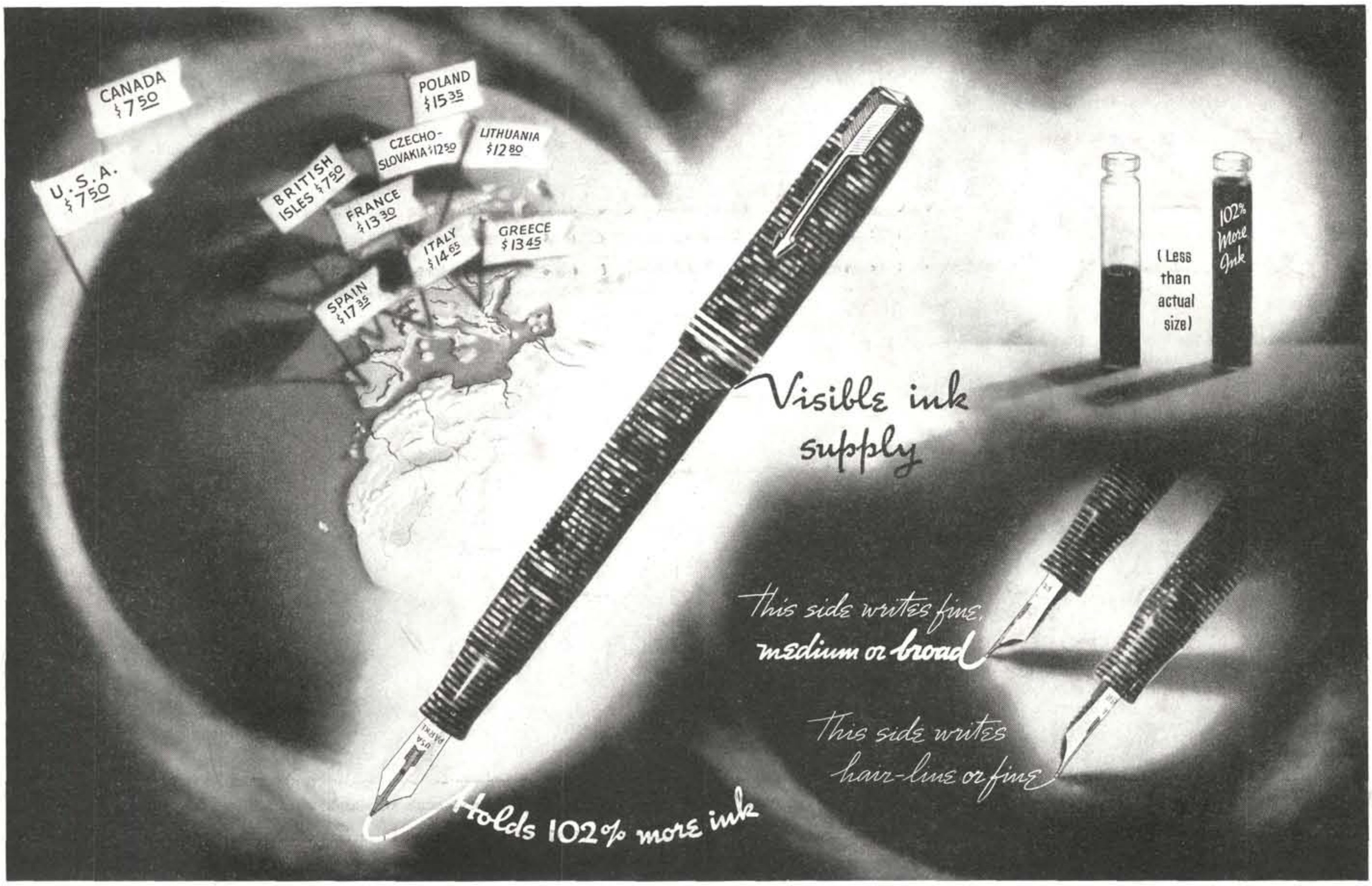
FOR THIS REVOLUTIONARY, SACLESS PEN

France pays $13.30; Greece, $13.45; Italy, $14.65; Spain, $17.35



BECAUSE IT HOLDS 102% MORE INK

And shows when it's running low... Because its point writes 2 separate ways, and its laminated Pearl beauty enthralls the world!

Hear what Continentals are exclaiming of the Parker Vacumatic at American prices:—in Paris, "c'est à bon marché!"—in Rome, "ē a buon prezzo!"—in Madrid, "es una ganga!"

For due to import duties and variations in money, Continental Europeans are paying* from $12.50 to $17.35 for the same pen offered you at $7.50. Still they are buying literally thousands, because this marvelous invention does what no other pen can do.

It writes 12,000 words without refilling. It never runs dry unless you let it, for its ink supply is VISIBLE—shows when to refill, like the gas gauge on a motor car. That's why it is called, "The pen that is never empty!"

The utterly smooth point—of precious Platinum and Gold—writes your regular hand on the lower side. To write finer, as for figuring, or making marginal notes, you merely turn the pen over. It is individually made—perfectly formed on both sides.

Its even flow keeps pace with your hand AUTOMATICALLY—fast or slow.

Wonderful, isn't it? And *what* a Beauty! An utterly new, smart, and exclusive style-creation—built up ring upon ring—laminated—of luminous Pearl and Jet—as smooth and shimmering as velvet.

When held to the light, the "Jet" rings become transparent—reveal the column of ink inside.

This pen was the hope and despair of inventors for nearly 50 years. Then a scientist at a great university conceived the Vacumatic Filler, and George S. Parker perfected it.

It eliminates 14 old-time parts, including the lever filler and rubber ink sac found in sac-type pens, and the squirt-gun piston pump used in other sacless pens.

This is why the Parker Vacumatic holds 102% more ink than the old-time style, WITHOUT INCREASE IN SIZE—is guaranteed mechanically perfect.

Demonstrations now going on at all good pen shops, stationery, jewelry, drug, and department stores. Step in and see why Europeans are willing to pay 90% more—what this miracle pen will do for you, or for some one to whom you send it as a birthday gift or other remembrance. Take five minutes to do this today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Parker
VACUMATIC
REG. T. M.

Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10
$7.50
Pencils, $2.50 and $3.50

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* *European prices as of February 1, 1935.*

Will You Try Our Pen-Cleaning Ink If We Send a Bottle FREE?

Any pen—a Parker or any other—becomes a self-cleaner when used with Parker Qu*ink*—a marvelous new ink that dissolves the sediment left in pens by ordinary inks. We spent $68,000 in creating Qu*ink* to guard Parker Pens from pen-clogging inks. And Qu*ink* dries on paper 31% faster—so fast that most users have thrown away their blotters. Yet it doesn't dry in a pen.

Get Qu*ink* from any store selling ink, or send a post card for 20,000-word bottle, FREE, to try in your own pen. Address Dept. 560.

APRIL 27, 1935

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

HE FOUND them both in the valley of the Rio do Somno, the diamond and the girl. The stone weighed almost a hundred carats and was destined to take its place among the ten finest in the history of the world. And the girl? Well, Hasbrouck had not gone to the Rio do Somno looking for girls; he paid very little attention to her at first.

When he came out of the wild and desolate diamond country of Brazil he still had them both with him, but now there were brownish flecks in the crevices of the stone, traces of blood that couldn't be washed off. The whole romantic and fast-moving story is told by Forrest Wilson in "The Magdalena."

THERE are more than two hundred girls working here—stenographers, typists, clerks. Listen to the clatter of machines, the rhythmic thumping of presses, bells and buzzers ringing, the bustle of highly efficient activity. A business office? Not exactly. This is the basement of Crucifixion Tower in the Shrine of the Little Flower. This is the visible background for the most persuasive voice of the radio—it is the headquarters of Father Coughlin. Next week Walter Davenport takes you to meet the radio priest and listen to his prescriptions for the health of the nation. His article is called "The Shepherd of Discontent."

YOU can't see the stars by day, but Tarat, like a good astrologer, kept track of their position. He could tell you at any moment just where the sun stood in his tremendous yearly round beneath the incomparably more tremendous round of the zodiac. Perhaps it was for that reason or perhaps it was because he had the active coöperation of the police that he was able to solve the mystery surrounding Asa Quin Castane. At any event, as Thomas McMorrow tells you, he saw it all in "The Sign of the Archer."

"FORTUNATE; yes, very fortunate, I should suppose," said Mr. Leslie Howard. He was talking about the kind of acting in demand just now on the stage and in the movies. The kind of acting he can do, the kind that can be done by "A Very Quiet Actor." His achievements are told by Kyle Crichton.

HARLAN WARE writes the story of an artist in make-up who could create beauty but not control it. Talbert Josselyn, Quentin Reynolds, Winston Churchill, Rud Rennie and others contribute stories and articles. Sax Rohmer and James Warner Bellah continue the serials. And very good fun will be had by all.

This Week

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April 27, 1935

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

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Women Are Funny That Way. Symptoms of love. Page 10

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The Answers. Page 78

●

Any Week

A VERY helpful person is Mr. Henry A. Farnham of Bangor, Maine. Mr. Farnham, a Republican, desires to assist his party in its national aspirations, whatever they may be. "Now I suggest," he says, "that they forgather and nominate Franklin D. Roosevelt. But instead of nominating Mr. Garner for Vice-President they might name Glenn Frank, Senator Vandenberg, Senator McNary, or former Governor Winant and make their campaign on the vice-presidency alone, ignoring the presidency. Of course Mr. Garner would probably win, but it would give the Republicans a chance to holler in 1940 that they stood behind the President."

NOW some people, seeking the answer to "What Is Wrong with America?" give up too easily. But not Mr. John T. Kelley of McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Mr. Kelley, aged twenty-one, and "lately come to the age of reason," says: "The trouble with this country is that there are too many people who can read and write, yet who have never devoted themselves to selective criteriology as an antidote to the newspaperisms by which they are besieged."

SELECTIVE
CRITERIOLOGY
NEWSPAPERISMS

IT JUST happens that the next one's from our friend Mrs. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas. Mrs. Sheaffer asked her colored boy, Lige, whether he could read writing. "No, ma'am," said Lige, "I can't even read readin'." Whereat Mrs. Sheaffer asked Lige why he hadn't enrolled in the adult education classes the government was organizing. "What's the use fur to learn how to write when you can't read it after it's wrote?"

BUT for some time we've suspected that when someone did find out what the trouble was we wouldn't understand it. And we were right. But we're not hurt. Mrs. Thomas B. McClatchey of Wilmington, Delaware, tells us, for example, that "our Republican United States senator, Mr. Hastings, is a fine man and a good neighbor. But some morning he is going to get up and find that in spite of us Democrats this country has recovered and that conditions are about as good as we have any right to expect. And then Mr. Hastings is going to be very, very angry."

ONE of our more widely traveled readers urges us to launch a contest to nominate this country's most persistent pain in the neck. The father of this idea insists upon anonymity, fearing, we suppose, that with any sort of publicity he'd win. However, the idea is this: Our readers would each nominate his or her candidate for the honor of being America's most poisonous nuisance. Whoever got the most nominations would of course win. We ask you readers what you think of the idea. In the meantime we will try to decide what suitable award should go to the winner.

WE UNDERSTAND that there is some slight feeling here and there in the country against the rich. Mrs. Clara Melehes of Salt Lake City, Utah, says: "Don't you think the man with money and power is the most persecuted of men and always has been? Don't you think the press or public opinion should be changed to bring this man in better standing with the poorer class? What right has the poor man to be jealous of and very hateful toward the man who has money? It would give me great pleasure to throw a handful of mud at every poor man who belittles the rich. My heart is set to broaden the minds of the poor."

OUR secretary tells us that she has heard of several people who will not agree with Mrs. Melehes. She thinks there even is likely to be dissent from a National Defense Plan written by Mr. Paul N. Ommerhauzer of Los Angeles, California. Says he, after considerable thought: "Draft every male citizen between the ages of twenty and forty. Form them into regiments. Then let each regiment elect its own officers and supply its own uniforms. This will give each regiment pride and there will be much competition for honors. This would also do away with the professional soldier class."

"PLEASE have one of your bright young men," demands Mr. Edwin S. Barger of Toledo, Ohio, "inform us of the respective weights of General Hugh S. Johnson and Mr. Donald R. Richberg. I am extremely anxious to know which is the greater man."

AND see them push each other away from the scales?

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Health—

through Exercise

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 535-C
1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me the new publication on Exercise prepared by your Bureau of Physical Education.

NAME ____________________
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WHEN boys and girls play hard they use practically every muscle in their bodies. They run, jump, bend, twist and turn. It is the exercise they need to strengthen their muscles, straighten their backs, deepen their chests and square their shoulders.

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Fathers and mothers can learn from their children at play. It is easy, as one grows older, to give up exercise at the very time when it is needed. Perhaps you have forgotten that you require exercise to keep your heart and lungs in tune, to stimulate circulation, to preserve a correct posture which aids digestion and a more active functioning of other body organs.

There are some persons to whom vigorous exercise might be harmful. But unless your doctor has advised against your taking reasonable amounts of physical exercise, the booklet prepared by the Metropolitan's Bureau of Physical Education will be helpful in supplementing your normal outdoor activity. You will not begrudge the few minutes a day given to exercise when you begin to get the benefit from it.

The Metropolitan has sent to policyholders and their neighbors more than 1,500,000 illustrated Exercise Charts. Send the coupon for the 1935 revised edition of the publication on Exercise.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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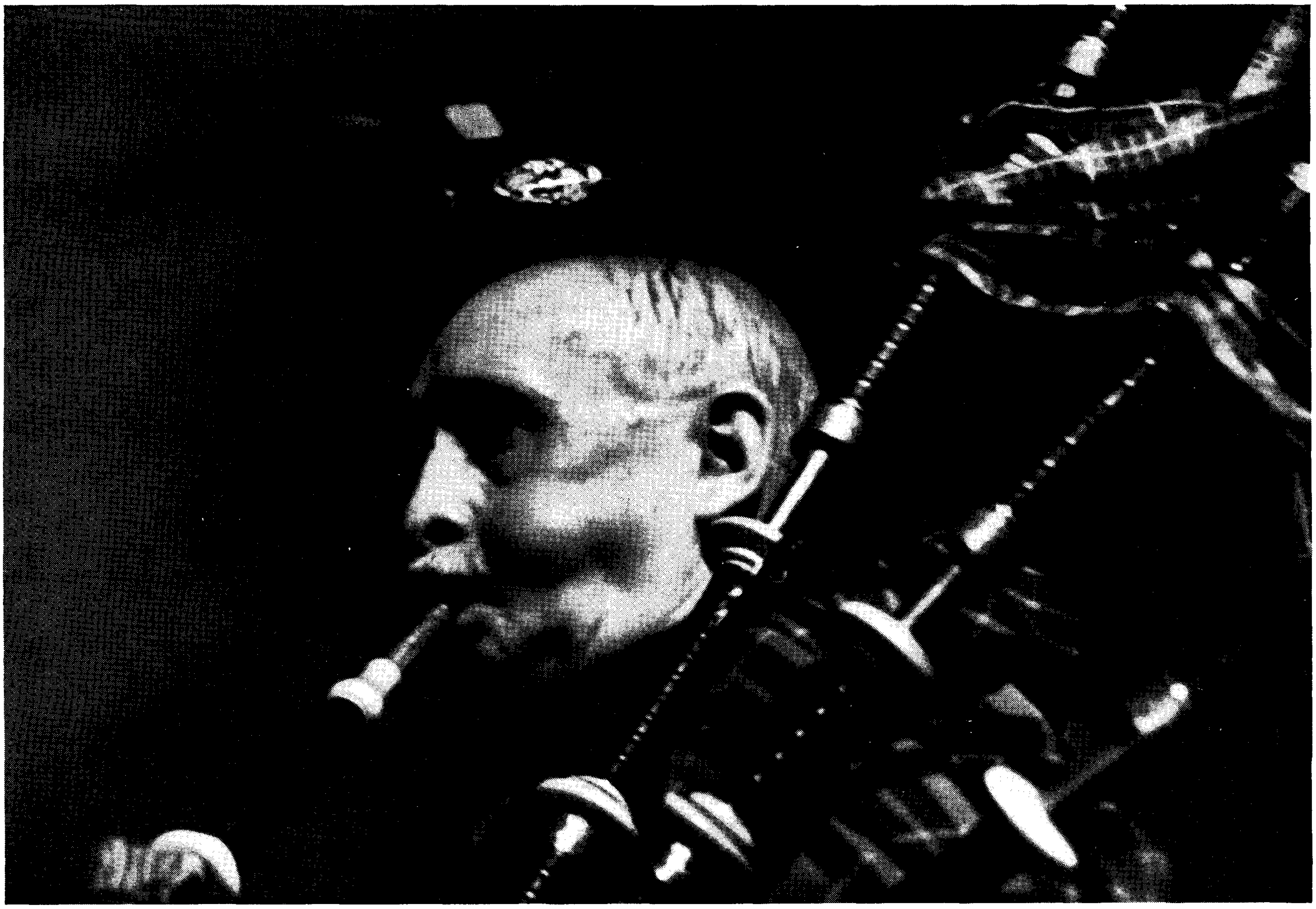

Don't make *your face* pay the piper

YOUR face would rather spend the *difference* for *safe*, skin-protecting Gems. There's no *saving* because there's *less shaving* in flimsy, faster-dulling substitutes.

Gem has produced a tougher textured, 50% thicker surgical steel blade which remains keen *so* long that no substitute at *any* price can be annually as cheap. Stropped 4840 separate times with a deep-tapered wedge to *hold* the edge.

Dual Alignment (Gem's *exclusive* and *patented feature*) positions the blade so exactly and 5-point locks it so *unbudgingly*, that it can't creep, scuff or irritate the tenderest skin.

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Gem Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C23, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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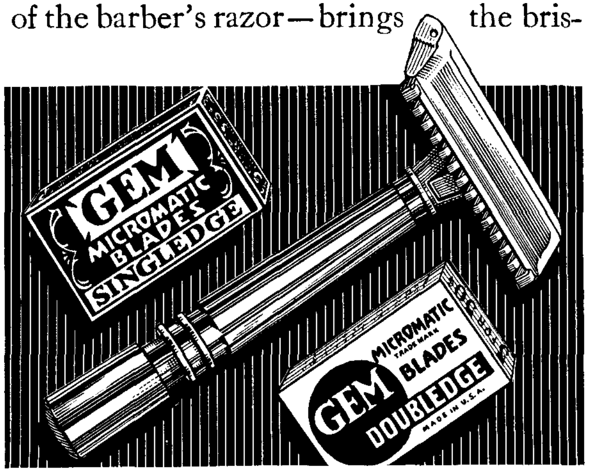
Dual Alignment permits such close shaving that a daily *once-over* suffices for the densest and stiffest stubble.

Gem's correctly sloped frame *compels* you to shave with the right angle slant of the barber's razor—brings the bristle upstanding against the blade at root-level and enables even beginners to reproduce the barber's smooth, winceless professional stroke.



Gem contacts with every wrinkle and neck-fold. Reaches the last hair in nostril curves and difficult dimples. It never scuffs, misses or musses.

The simplest-constructed, strongest-built razor on earth. No exposed or corrodible mechanism. Fool-proof—risk-proof—*guaranteed forever.*

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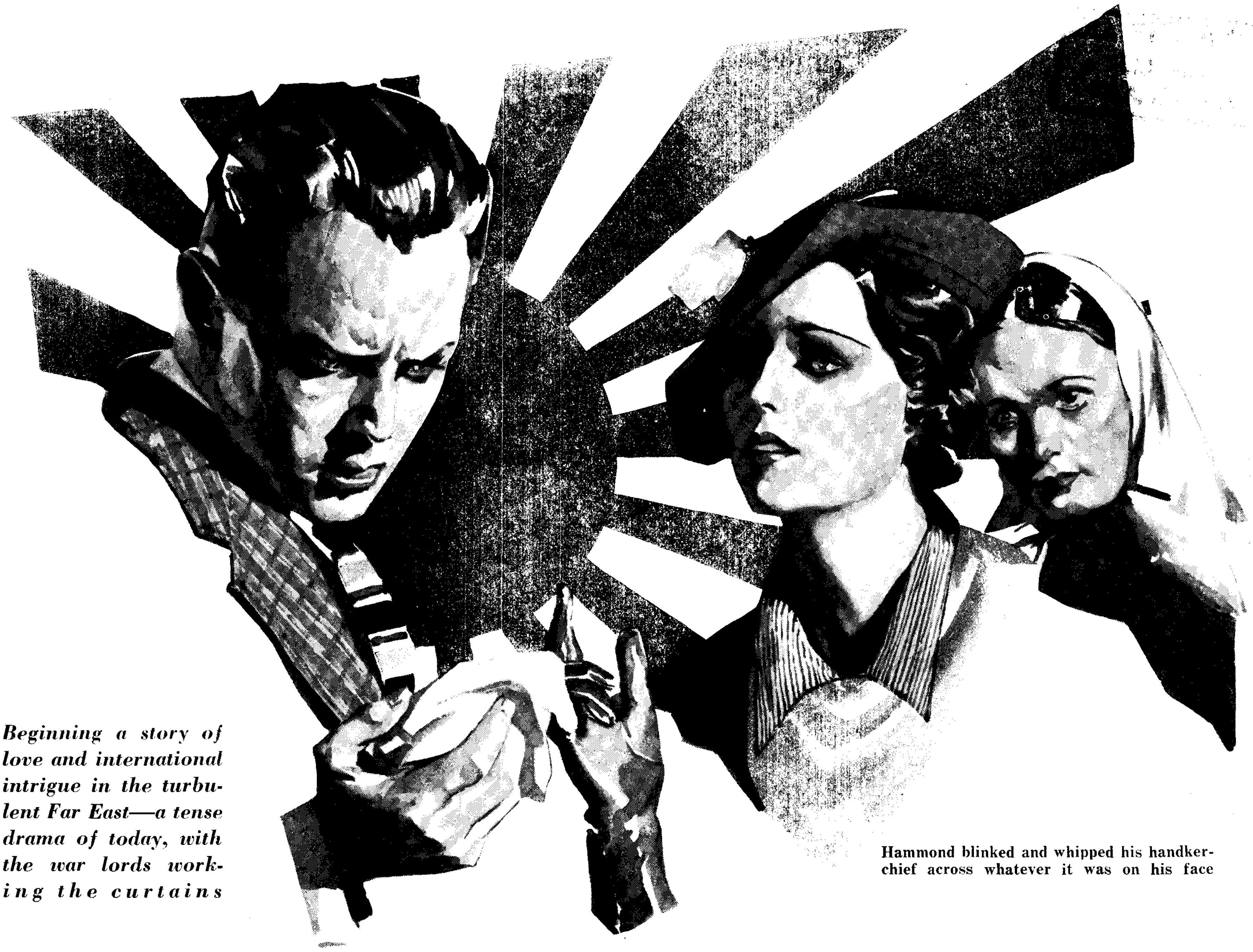
Or a trial kit, with a regular dollar razor and a single- and double-edged blade, for *your* quarter and *our* coupon.

GEM MICROMATIC **RAZOR** *and* **BLADES**

ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist — it opens! Twist — it closes!*



Beginning a story of love and international intrigue in the turbulent Far East—a tense drama of today, with the war lords working the curtains

Hammond blinked and whipped his handkerchief across whatever it was on his face

The Brass Gong Tree

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

THE heat was murderous—Tokyo heat in August. Get it. Sweat running from your garters to your sock tops and tickling like sand fleas. Sweat stinging in your eyes and greasing your hair, sliming the pencil in your hand, steaming on the telephone mouthpiece—soaking your fingernails gray.

"Flanigan, get me Ushigome 2112, and get me International—that's an Ohte number 5724 or 5274 or something—and the Nederlandsch Indische Handelsbank—yes, I thought that would do it. Skip it. The number is Honkyoku 2-2083. I want to speak to Duris Yff. If he's not there, try the Yokohama Country Club. Find that number yourself. I'll speak to whichever one you get first. Bring in the outgoing mail as soon as you pound it off the mill—and your cable book."

The whole routine of it was as familiar as an old tennis shoe to Sturgis Hammond but with some stupid quirk of his mind there was a sense of finality creeping into the business as the afternoon wore on. He was sitting in back of himself listening to somebody else go through it. He could almost hear Flanigan saying:

"When Mr. Hammond was here we never filed off after four o'clock. It doesn't do you any good after four because they've got Page Twenty made up." That was Flanigan's own crack about Far Eastern News after Chapei. "We're in the Page Twenty business again, fellas."

Sturgis signed the mail, flipping through it quickly, and each time he wrote his signature and lined it increased that last-time feeling in his mind.

"Quarter of four, Mr. Hammond."

"Flanigan," he said, "if they pull me off a train and cut my throat up north, do me a favor and make an extra out of it, will you? Be decent and don't let an old pal lie around the office until the regular four o'clock file-off."

EARTHQUAKE weather—heavy and ringing with metallic heat.

"Look," she said, "Major Nugent is outside."

"Take it away, Flanigan." He shoved the letters toward her and ripped off the calendar sheet from his desk stand. The day squares were penciled with addresses. "There I am for the trip, beginning at the Yamato in Dairen on the first. Put it in your sock. It's an absolute schedule until I wire you about the Tsitsihar stop. Let's have the tickets."

She took the calendar sheet and gave him an envelope from her dictation book.

"You leave Tokyo Station at 8:20 and connect with the Dairen Maru tomorrow at Kobe and look, Mr. Hammond—take it easy, you need it. Relax, you know, relax. What's the use of killing yourself? What are you saving money for?"

He stood up and crossed to the window of his little office, hands in his pants pockets, and stood for a moment looking down at the clanking, round-topped street cars in the Ginza and the façade of the Mikimoto Building opposite.

Thirty-four, Sturg Hammond, with the romance of the world boiled down in him to a simmer. He didn't get any of it. Sleeping alone, working alone, eating alone. And making a little money and a little private fame for Sturg Hammond. But not very much of either. Sturg Hammond had been a keen lad once who could box and sail star boats and dance and pick 'em off at a hundred yards. But the breath of all that had gone out of him from the sheer lack of stimulation. That can happen to single men in Tokyo quicker than any other place in the world. There was the office and the job—and his room at the Imperial Hotel. A few photographs, a silver cup, and that was all.

"Thanks, Flanigan—I'll relax all the way to Manchuli—and fly back."

She opened the door for Major Nugent.

Pat Nugent was forty-two and an Antrim man—black Antrim with a black Antrim thirst. Gray at the temples and gaunt in the mind.

"They tell me, Sturgis, that you are leaving on the 8:20 tonight. So am I. Close this outward and visible sign of an inward commercial grace and let's drink to the journey."

"Contact tour, Pat, to powwow the district men and to meet Rutglas, Amalgamated's Big White Father. How far are you going?"

"Harbin. Maybe all the way through to Vlad. I don't know."

"Good man—here we go." Sturgis closed and locked his top desk drawer and picked up his hat. The telephone rang outside. Before they could get through, Flanigan was in the doorway, the light behind her dark red head.

"IT'S Trail, of the Advertiser, Mr. Hammond. Do we know anything about a Russke named Nahta?"

"We know nothing about Russkes, Flanigan. Tell Trail it isn't nice to know things about Russkes."

"She isn't that kind of a Russke," Nugent said.

"We still check the bet." Hammond put on his hat.

Nugent smiled. "The person you are talking about, Sturgis, happens to be the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Steady, Patrick. Them is dangerous words. Who is she?"

"She is Nahta."

"Tell that to Mr. Trail, Flanigan. Tell Mr. Trail that Major Nugent says 'Nahta is Nahta'."

"I shall make it a point, Sturgis, to have you see Nahta—in exchange for your journalistic flippancy on the subject."

They went down and bounced into a cab.

"Teikoku Hoteru."

Most of the regulars were at Chuzenji and Miyanoshita until the weather broke, but there was a boat in and the lobby of the Imperial Hotel was full of faces—young female American faces seeing the world and what of it? Pat and Sturgis stalked across to a table and sucked up a whisky tansan apiece.

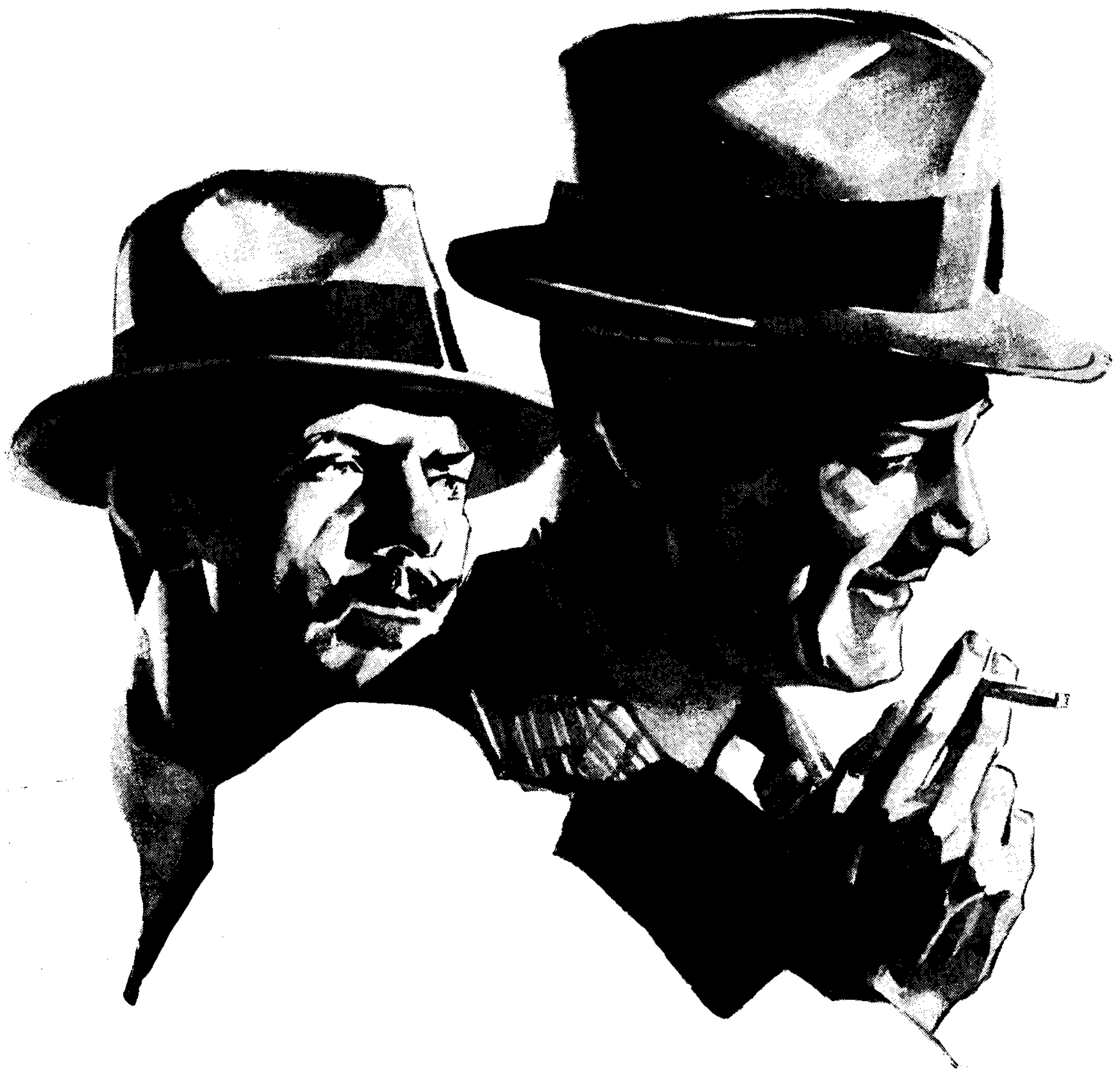
Pat Nugent squinted at the liquor in his glass and raised it.

"War, Sturgis," he said, "war before Christmas—war maybe before Thanksgiving. Who knows? Maybe even before the leaves fall. War between half the world and the other half." And he drank his whisky quickly as a thirsty man drinks water, for he was a thirsty man.

Across the lobby below a bank of inset lights behind frosted glass panels, there was a girl. Quite a slick-looking job of girl. Blond. That is, not theatrically blond, nor yet golden-haired-good-girl-blond. Just honest blond. A white woman with a little bit of something etched into her face beside mush. She was strung out, too—but there was nothing missing—cleanly strung out with long, straight legs and a good chest. And she gave the impression of being in the world for something more than being pawed.

There was a man with her—della Torre di Salvaggio, who was holding down the Italian embassy for the last weeks of August.

Del waved to Sturg, nodded to the girl and came over. Del was short and straight and tightly packed into fine tailoring. Del had a future.



"Sturg, my friend," he said. "The lady is Miss Cass. She has a letter of introduction to you but she is a little bit reticent about letters of introduction."

"In other words," Sturg said, "you tried and she said no. Is the chit paid?"

Del smiled.

"The chit is paid, my wary friend. Will you come over and meet her?"

STURGIS went over. Pat Nugent bit into another whisky.

"How do you do, Miss Cass?" Sturg snapped his fingers in quick memory. "Of *course*—Billy Cass' something."

"Cousin," she said.

"And the letter is from Weelyam?"

"No," she shook her head. "It's just one of those letters. You know. 'My dear Doctor Bogardus, this is to introduce a young friend of mine—' "

" 'Who won second place in the New England Intercollegiate Tabor Throw?' " Sturg said.

"That's it," she smiled, "shall we drop it? Del here pointed you out as you crossed the lobby and I remembered I had a letter—and mentioned it."

"The point is, Sturg, old boy, old boy," Del said, "that Miss Cass has a Japanese visa but no Manchukuoan visa and she wants to get off for Manchukuo just as soon as she can. Their legation here won't visa her because she's a woman traveling alone. I've tried to explain to her the intricacies of diplomacy that prevent me from getting into it. But what about you?"

"What about me what?"

"Perhaps," Del shrugged, "you could get Johnnie Bonnell to bring a little pressure from the American embassy."

Sturg looked at Yvonne Cass.

"You see," he said, "Del's country doesn't recognize Manchukuo. Neither does the States. But whenever anyone wants anything done diplomatically, it's put up to the United States Embassy to do it. We haven't any international manners that prevent our asking for what we want. What is it you want to do in Manchukuo, Miss Cass—blow up bridges?" He signaled for a boy. "See," he said, "if Mr. Bonnell is in the hotel."

Del leaned back in his chair and clasped his beautifully cuffed wrists behind his sleek black head.

"I told you, Vonny," he said to the girl. "What Hammond san can't do, can't be done. Anything you read in the papers that Hammond san cables through is always absolutely true—except the stuff he makes up."

"A whisky tansan, Del, for that—and you sign. How does it happen, Miss Cass, that with several perfectly good Americans still in Tokyo—you pick out an Eyetalian?"

Vonny laughed and she said, "I knew Del when."

"When what?"

"When he went to Columbia with my brother."

"Now"—Del shook his finger at her—"that's not fair. Princeton, yes—or even Yale, but why do you have to tell him I went to Columbia? You spoil the whole set-up!"

"My God!" Sturg said. "Am I glad I'm a Wesleyan man! Does that make up for my tailors over Del's tailors!"

The boy san bowed at his elbow.

"Misten Bonnell, please gentleman—over there."

Sturgis looked across the lobby and at the far side he saw Johnnie Bonnell raise a hand. He was alone at his table. When he saw the girl with Sturg and Del he stretched his neck in anticipation and he slid over.

"Look, Bo," Sturg said, "what's the quotation on Manchukuoan visas for single girls in barracks? Miss Cass wants to go up, and Hank Pu Yi's legation won't let her. Miss Cass—Mr. Bonnell."

Bo bowed. "Just touring, Miss Cass?"

"That's all," Vonny said.

"With a party, Miss Cass?"

"No—alone."

Sturgis said, "If you can get her stamped for the 8:20 train tonight, I'll look out for her to Dairen. 8:20 and the Dairen Maru from Kobe tomorrow."

"Of course that's it," Johnnie nodded. "Put her on the books as your secretary. That makes it a cinch. That's employment."

"Will you be my secretary, Miss Cass?" Sturg grinned at her.

Vonny looked at Sturgis. "But look here, Mr. Hammond, you don't mean that."

"Of course I mean it—if it'll help you—go ahead: be my secretary. After you get to Dairen I'll fire you. How's that? You're in Manchukuo then, what do you care?"

"That's a frightfully decent thing for you to do," she said.

"Come along," Bo said, "we'll request it officially."

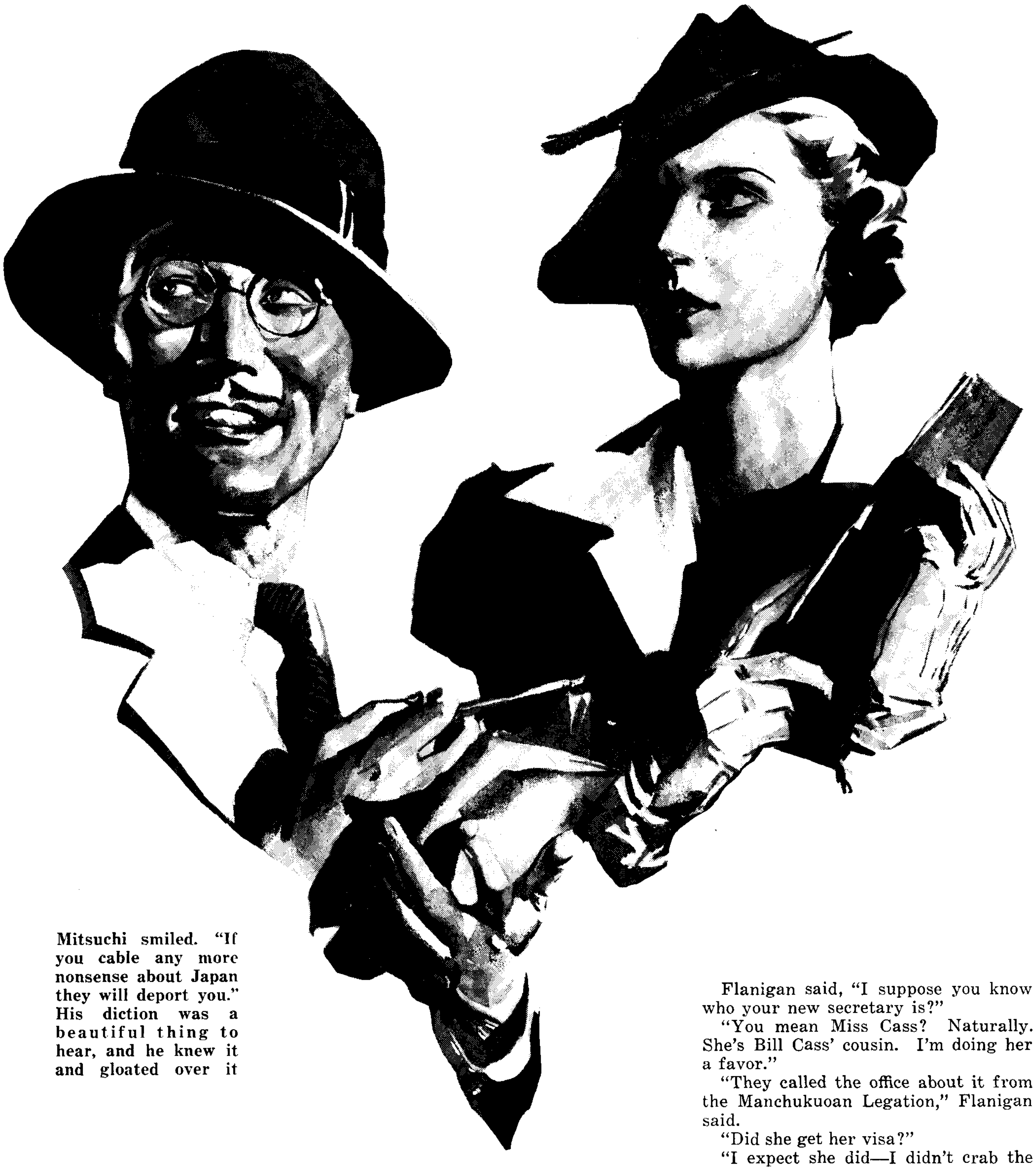
Del said, "I've got a car."

Sturgis said, "You lads fix it up, you know the words. I need a bath. Eight-twenty tonight, Miss Cass. Tokyo Station."

She held out her hand. "Darned decent."

Sturgis grinned and shook her hand. "Glad to help a good Tabor thrower any time."

TOKYO is a grand place in the early evening, even when the hot season is on. The shadows kill its harsh outlines and the modern city fades into a ridiculous myth. Bicycle lamps swarm in the darkness of the streets like clouds of fireflies. The clack of wooden footgear echoes in stations and subways and from the lesser alleys like hail on a pine shingle roof—thousands of people walk-



Mitsuchi smiled. "If you cable any more nonsense about Japan they will deport you." His diction was a beautiful thing to hear, and he knew it and gloated over it

ing on wooden-lifted sandals. But the people are hidden in darkness—with their gold teeth and their steel-rimmed spectacles, their black leather mouth-and-nose filters, their hawking and spitting, and their felt hats and drab kimonos. The waters flow quietly in the Imperial moats and lightning flashes sharply from the northward. The Tokyo-Yokohama Electric flashes back at it. Pink neon signs drip quick pink tears of Japanese characters. "Smoke Cherry Cigarettes"—"Smoke Airships" . . . "Smoke Happy Hittos. . . ."

Sturgis Hammond, with a towel around his middle and one over his shoulders, stood in the shadow of his room's balcony, cooling. You can do that at the Imperial. That's the way the balconies are fixed. If you forget the towel it doesn't matter after dark, for the balconies are all in and out and everywhere so that none of them overhang or overlook or intrude upon the others. There seemed to be a breeze somewhere and the early moon sheathed the fish ponds below in dull beaten silver.

The telephone rang. The desk announcing Flanigan from the office.

"Show her up." Sturg slid into his shorts and wrapped a bath kimono about his lean hips.

She had three more letters and the flash from Dixon in Mukden on the Japanese consul kidnapping, and she had four phone calls and the editorial warning in Nichi Nichi to the Count Ito. And the Count Ito's answer.

STURGIS smiled at the transcript. "You have to admire the old gentleman," he said; "this won't stop him nor anything else. His job is to go to Harbin and negotiate with the Russian representatives for the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway. So he's going. But I'd hate to think of what would happen if anyone did try to assassinate him." He read the letters and Flanigan's typed answers and signed them and penciled through Dixon's flash for relaying. He looked over the four phone calls and shook his head.

"Nothing," he said.

Flanigan said, "I suppose you know who your new secretary is?"

"You mean Miss Cass? Naturally. She's Bill Cass' cousin. I'm doing her a favor."

"They called the office about it from the Manchukuoan Legation," Flanigan said.

"Did she get her visa?"

"I expect she did—I didn't crab the act. It's *your* vacation, Mr. Hammond."

"That'll stop right there. The girl wants to get into Manchukuo—and I'm helping her. That's all."

"That's all except that besides being Bill Cass' cousin, she's a flier herself. She's got the Dawn to Dusk woman's record. And she's the little lady who soloed this spring to Australia. So what?"

"So what, what?"

"So what would she be doing going through Manchukuo with a guidebook and an excursion ticket?"

"Flanigan," Sturgis grinned, "you find out and wire me."

Flanigan snorted.

"Two of those telephone numbers I've given you are important. Cole and Wardell. You've got about three quarters of an hour left. I'll get them for you." She got them and Sturgis talked and hung up. Flanigan held out her hand.

"Good luck, Mr. Hammond."

"Thanks." They shook hands and she tipped him a finger salute and beat it. He pulled on his pants and phoned for a boy for the bags. Vonny Cass. Six years ago every flier who pulled a distance stunt was famous. Now nobody remembered the men who flew around the world last week. And it was almost six years ago that Bill Cass and Tommy Schley got as far as Tokyo on their round-the-worlder. She must have been a kid then. Vonny Cass—oh, sure—she was my secretary once. He grinned and knotted his tie. "Well," he said, "I once told Edna Ferber how to write before I knew who she was. Come on, Hammond, let's get going."

PAT NUGENT was in the lobby, all kit bags and stick and Burberry and pigskin gloves and British tweeds and whisky—and very much the major. Trail, of the Advertiser, called him the North-Irish-Protestant Imperial. He fed Sturgis a whisky tansan and took a long tug at his own drink.

There was a wheel chair crossing the lobby. Sturgis looked, and looked away, but the bright nickel and oiled leather of the chair stayed with him. Pat Nugent was looking and Sturgis looked again.

Not pleasant.

The man in the chair had broken his neck. There was a chromium-and-leather cradle under his chin that arched up over his cheekbones and was suspended from a fracture frame extension over the top of his head.

His gray-gloved hands lay dead on the padded arms of the rubber-tired chair. The polished tips of the shoes that encased his dead feet protruded foppishly from the fringe of his green tartan lap robe. Only his eyes lived—his eyes and the powerful Pekin boy who pushed his chair.

And there was nothing to redeem the picture. It was death—cold and crawling and still alive. Death in rich cheviot and linen and a wing collar. Death with a wide head and big ears and sparse hair.

Pat Nugent said, "That is Anton Krupp. He is the most indecently wealthy man in Manchuria. He lives in five houses from Dairen to Manchuli and, by Shakomuni, he won't die."

Sturg said, "What a thing to have happen to you! How'd he do it?"

Nugent looked into his empty glass. "I don't know."

"Krupp?" Sturgis said. "What Krupp?"

Pat said, "Take any Krupp from one to ten. Come on, let's go to Manchukuo. It's ten of eight."

JOHNNIE BONNELL and Del and Vonny Cass came in from the dining-room.

"Well?" Sturgis called to them.

"Thanks to you," Vonny said, "they gave me the visa. I'll be on the 8.20."

Sturgis stepped over to her.

"This is Major Nugent, Miss Cass. Shall we run you over with us to the station?"

"Seriously not," Vonny shook her head. She had good eyes—splendid eyes. That's all. You just had that feeling of splendid eyes—honest eyes. She wouldn't cheat you, Vonny. She said, "I'm not going to bother you or cadge taxi fares or any of that. I'm not that kind of a girl, but I *am* grateful to you."

Well, you know the way the lads get over unattached white women in Japan. Bo and Del just gathered her up and made off with her, prancing around after her bags and whatnot and the Italian embassy car purred off into the night—with the Italian flag flying and Pat and Sturgis trailing it in an insolent Japanese taxi.

There was a police cordon drawn up at Tokyo—against some kind of a demonstration. The taxi had to go around to the south entrance.

(Continued on page 30)

Women are Funny That Way

By Lyon Mearson

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The story of a girl who declined to marry her boss—and was fired, at just the right time for everyone concerned

DONALD TURNBULL, the head of the Turnbull Carpet Company, rose from his desk and walked to the window, where he stood in silence for a space, staring out at the traffic several stories below. At his desk sat a very efficient secretary, dark-haired, alert-eyed, pencil poised in readiness over her notebook. He spoke to her without turning.

"Take this letter, Miss Sanders."

She waited, unmoved, for the words to come. They did not come. She waited a while longer. She fidgeted a bit in her chair. At last he spoke:

"Marshall Ward and Company. Gentlemen: With reference to your order of even date we would say that you are probably the most beautiful woman in the world and I am just nuts about you. If you—"

She stopped writing. "Go on from 'even date'," she directed him, "and lay off that nonsense, will you?" Her tone was even, emotionless, though a shade of amusement flickered through her calm eyes.

He turned from the window back to his desk and sat down next to her. "Now listen, Kathryn Elizabeth. Why won't you marry me? You love me, don't you?"

"I never answer leading questions," she said. "Go on from 'even date' and make it snappy, Mr. Turnbull."

He went on from "even date."

THEY continued it over their cocktails at Tony's, the only place in New York that repeal seems to have left unchanged. They sat in the front room on an uncomfortable wicker settee, and from the kitchen came melodious sounds that indicated Tony was practicing his high notes regardless of the customers. They were drinking sidecars, and Kathryn Elizabeth had taken off her hat and laid it on the settee beside her. Her face was relaxed and there was now none of the business alertness visible. Her slender body was twisted around slightly toward him and he was playing with the fingers of her free hand. You would never have taken him for the capable business man he was, his blond hair slightly ruffled and his clothes with that fashionable bagginess that goes so well on almost any campus.

"Who's that girl who just came in—over there with the bald man?" she asked. He was about to speak, but she silenced him. "And don't tell me it's Dorothy Parker . . . you've already told me that four times today. You told me that elderly woman who went out into the kitchen was she . . . and that young girl—"

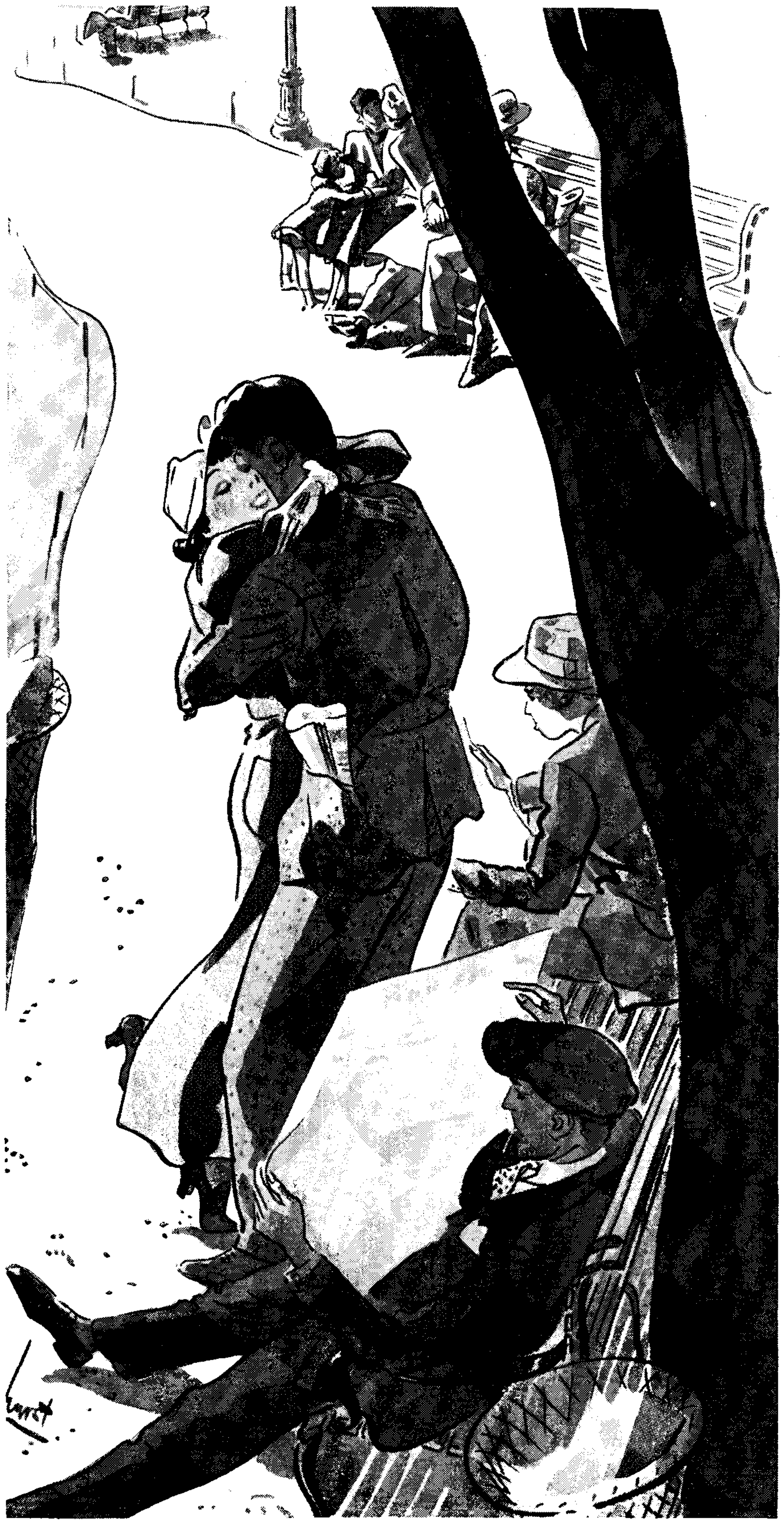
"Both of them are she," he assured her with conviction. "One as an old woman and one as a young girl. She's very versatile, you know."

"Thanks," she said. "You're so helpful."

They sat in silence for a moment or two the while she gazed abstractedly at the faded cartoons on the walls, nearly all of which appeared to be Heywood Broun or Alexander Woollcott.

"Don," she said at length, "why don't you ask me again to marry you?"

A swift light entered his eyes as he tightened his grip on her fingers. "Service is the watchword of the house of Turnbull," he announced. "Never shall it be said that D. Turnbull left any girl dying of unrequited love. Will you marry me, Kathryn Elizabeth?"



They were in each other's arms, and nobody paid the slightest attention

She shook her head slowly. "Not this minute, darling," she smiled at him, touching his hand lightly with her fingers.

"Then what did you want me to ask you for?" he said.

"Just to get finished with it—so we could talk about other things. You see, the subject blocks any connected conversation we might otherwise have, and you're so interesting when you aren't being sappy."

"But you'll have to be married some time, Kathryn Elizabeth," he expostulated, "and you can look far and wide, and vice versa, and never, no, *never*, will you find a worthier object for your affections than your boss, Donald Turnbull, President, Turnbull Carpet Company. Listen, sweet,"—he bent to her confidentially—"I love you, and I need you. . . ."

She sighed. "The truth of the matter is that you don't need me, in spite of what you say. You're—"

Tony came in at this moment and stopped at their table. "How's the voice-culture coming on?" asked Donald.

"Very well indeed," said Tony. "Mr. Benchley is correcting my Italian accent."

"That's swell," said Donald. "He doesn't know Italian, does he?"

"Certainly not," said Tony. "Not a word. He just doesn't like the accent, so I have to change it. Mr. Benchley has been coming here for years," he explained regretfully.

HE CALLED the waiter for them and Donald ordered two more sidecars.

"Don't be so sad about it," she said to Donald after Tony had left their table. "I really am sort of crazy about you . . . but there's something missing."

"What?"

She shook her head. "I don't know, exactly. It's awfully hard to put your finger on it. I really love you, Don." Her voice was soft and her whole manner changed.

"Fine!" he said heartily. "Then where's the obstacle? You love me and I love you . . . what more do you want?"

She withdrew her hand after a space. "I don't think I could tell you. Sometimes I think that something more than love is necessary to a marriage. Something further . . . something that goes beyond it. A compelling force, maybe, to get you to sign on the dotted line. I don't know."

He took her hand again, and this time she let it lie there.

"You apparently want a masterful man . . . someone to sweep you off your feet."

"I don't know," she said. "That isn't the only compelling force. Sometimes a man's weakness will draw you even more than his strength. You see, you have neither, I guess, if you have to give it a name. You're competent, but not masterful. And you're certainly not weak. Oh, I don't know, Don dear . . . wait a while, will you? Women are funny that way."

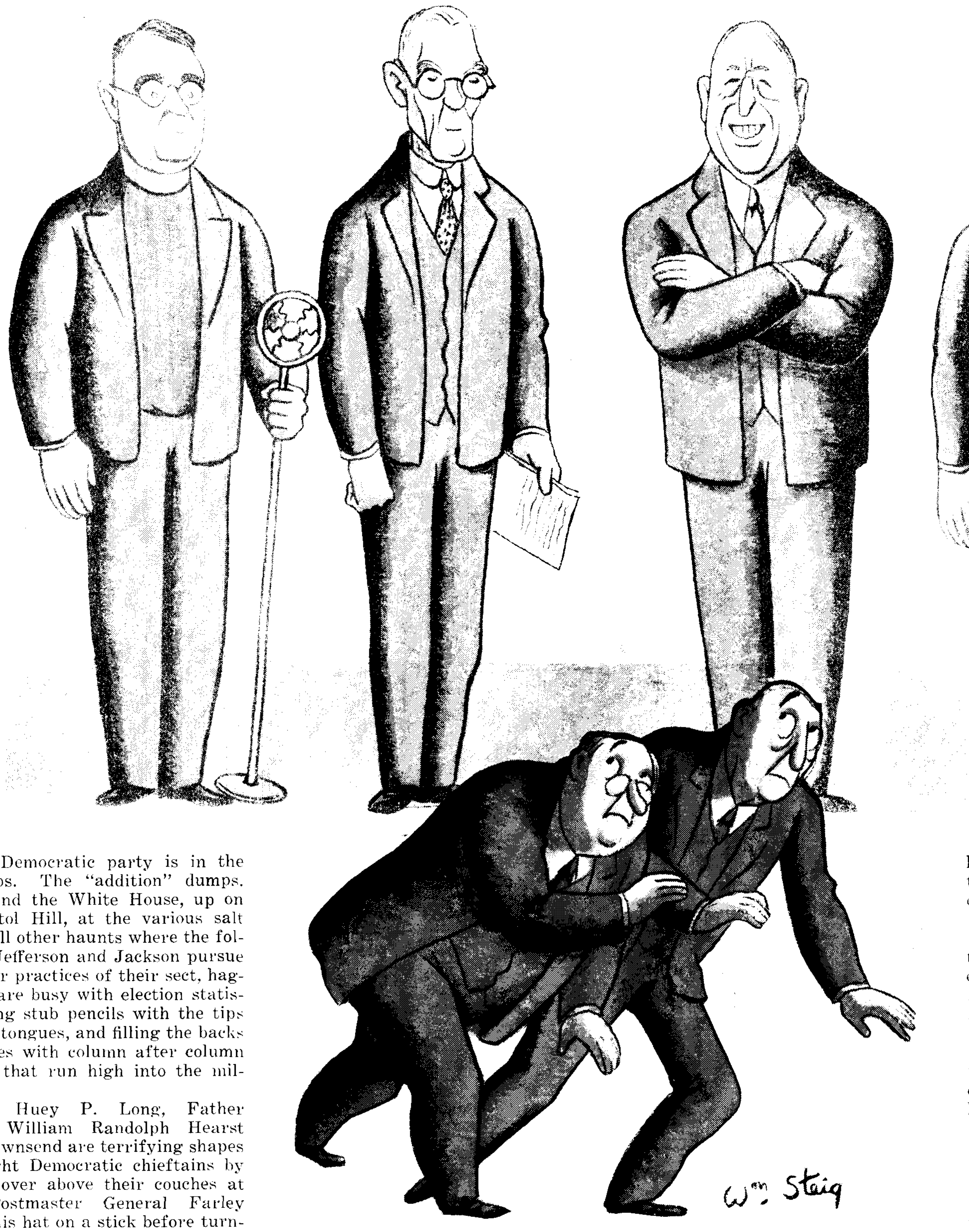
"They certainly are," he commented, and for once there was a trace of bitterness in his tone. She had left him

(Continued on page 68)

Bad Dreams

By George Creel

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



Democrats are having nightmares through which Bogeymen Coughlin, Townsend, Hearst and Long pursue them with countless billions of votes

THE Democratic party is in the dumps. The "addition" dumps. Around the White House, up on Capitol Hill, at the various salt licks and all other haunts where the followers of Jefferson and Jackson pursue the peculiar practices of their sect, haggard men are busy with election statistics, wetting stub pencils with the tips of fevered tongues, and filling the backs of envelopes with column after column of figures that run high into the millions.

Senator Huey P. Long, Father Coughlin, William Randolph Hearst and Dr. Townsend are terrifying shapes that affright Democratic chieftains by day and hover above their couches at night. Postmaster General Farley holds out his hat on a stick before turning a corner. Vice President Garner's eyebrows no longer fly like gonfalons, but droop disconsolately, interfering with his knee action. Even the President has not escaped the general panic, starting nervously when he hears anyone whistling "It's a Long, Long Trail."

What clutches at each heart with icy hand is the fear that the dwellers in the Cave of Adullam, by some miracle, may happen to strike an agreement, and pour forth as a united opposition in 1936. A Third Party, or at least a radical revolt, captained by the Kingfish, the reverend father, the good old doctor and that eminent publisher and molder of opinion who has the added popular appeal that comes from thirty campaigns, all fought single-handed, against the military might of Japan.

There are those who insist that the coalition has already been arranged, and the high commands duly allocated. Senator Long will be the generalissimo, of course, but instead of running for the presidency himself, will step aside in favor of his colleague, Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, as one better fitted to win the less radical progressives. Father Coughlin will be the Secretary of State, controlling foreign policies, Dr. Townsend the head of a Department of Public Welfare, and Mr. Hearst will content himself with the rôle of Elder Statesman, counseling and guiding.

Why wouldn't the mere thought of such a coalition bring out the cold sweat on every Democratic brow? According to the latest tabulation, made by a well-known firm of unaccountants, Huey Long now has five million votes in his capacious paw. Or is it five billion? He will control Louisiana without question; Georgia and Arkansas are also vassal states; and when he gets under way with a fleet of sound trucks, the entire Solid South, together with Oklahoma, California, Tennessee and Kentucky, will follow him as one tumultuous unit, crying "Oh, you Moses!"

The basement of the Church of the Little Flower in Detroit is said to contain ten million proxies, that number of citizens having given the Fighting Priest the right to cast their ballots as he sees fit. This on the authority of Father Coughlin himself, and certainly no true American, hating foreign entanglements, will dare accuse him of exaggeration. Think of it! Ten million proxies packed away in barrels already, and every radio speech adding thousands to the Coughlin army.

The Townsend Old-Age-Revolving-Pension plan figures are no less staggering. The doctor modestly admits that he already has twenty-five million signatures to his petitions, and reports that they are still pouring in. Any Doubting Thomas is invited to drop in at headquarters and count them. Not all doddering old people, either, but mostly young men and women who can hardly wait for their aged parents to get that $200 a month.

As for Mr. Hearst's strength, imagination reels when it comes to estimating the number of Half-Minute Men, the organization that he has formed to protect the United States against any entanglements but his own. Straw gave out on the last vote that he took, and corn shucks had to be used. Conservative calculation puts his following at 10,000,000, although there are those who place it as high as five hundred.

(*Continued on page 43*)

Hitler Changes His Clothes

By T. R. Ybarra

When Adolf Hitler turned out in a top hat, everyone in Germany knew that the Third Reich was changing. Gone were the sock 'em and rock 'em Brown Shirts. The hour had come for the fulfillment of promises. And how well have they been fulfilled? Collier's sent Mr. Ybarra to show you life in Germany as the Third Reich begins its third year

CLAY MODEL BY ALAN FOSTER

IT WAS in one of those beer halls, down in Bavaria, most joyous section of Germany—all thick tobacco smoke and foam-topped earthenware mugs, blaring music and boisterous revelry. We sat packed together, hundreds of us, on wooden benches ranged along rough, uncovered wooden tables—mostly sturdy Bavarians, in shirt sleeves and short leather breeches, with bare knees and embroidered suspenders and feathers stuck jauntily into green slouch hats. Waitresses pushed their way between the tables with more and still more foaming beer, giving and taking outrageous repartee, amid roars of deep-throated laughter.

A young lad, fighting his way through milling revelers, finally reached our table, and—after bowing politely to each of us in turn—squeezed himself into the few inches of bench which we managed to clear for him.

"Bring him a beer," shouted a big Bavarian on my right. The youth rose and bowed ceremoniously, in delighted gratitude. The big Bavarian whispered to me:

"That lad is in Hitler's Labor Army. He gets his food, clothes, lodging and a little—very little—money. A beer means an awful lot to him." He held a cigarette toward the boy, who took it with another deep bow. "So does a smoke. He probably gets about a mark and a half a week. But he has a job. He's a good lad—I know him well. A year ago he tried to kill himself because he was unemployed. Now he's at work again. All Germany is getting to work again. Heil Hitler!"

"Things in Germany better now?" I asked.

"They are. Of course, not everything. For instance, down here in Bavaria, some of us object to the smashing of our local rights—Hitler, you know, insists that the country must be one big whole, without local differences. But what of it? Old folks may grumble, but the young are solid for Hitler. You just can't stop him. People believe in him. They think he'll get us out of all our troubles."

He whipped his green hat from his head. On it were festooned, Bavarian-fashion, all sorts of metal emblems—prizes for good shooting, souvenirs of mountain-climbing, club badges. He pointed to one—the swastika of Hitlerism.

"See that?" he said. "Yes, I've taken to wearing it too—though I used to belong to the Bavarian People's Party—though I was a Prussian-hater, who put Bavaria first and Germany afterward. But now I'm like the rest of them. Hitler and his party tell us that, under the swastika, we are marching to victory. So be it."

More beer was brought, foaming from a dozen earthenware mugs. We knocked them together enthusiastically, standing up to do it, and it was a wonder the crash did not shiver them to pieces. We buried our faces in foam; and when they emerged, dripping, no smile on any face there was broader than the one on the face of the lad at the end of the table. Again the big Bavarian leaned toward me.

"We're on our way!" he shouted. "We're marching with Der Fuehrer. We're waiting for him to work miracles for us. Heil Hitler!"

Typical, that scene, of Germany today, as Adolf Hitler marches on in the third year of his rule.

Germans, millions of them, Germans of all classes, hail him—and, stretching out their arms in the Nazi salute, they call upon him to redeem to the full his promise to bring to the Fatherland prosperity and self-respect and salvation. Hitler is getting more solid, less fantastic. Adolf the Roughneck, who used to make a point of wearing on all occasions, at all hours, in all sorts of weather, the famous brown shirt of Nazidom, with no vestige of a coat, is nowadays just as likely to be encountered in a neat sack suit such as any American business man might favor; or in a formal day costume worthy of the best man at a fashionable wedding; or in full evening dress, including (brace yourself!)—*a top hat!* And in that sartorial transformation is embodied the whole trend of Hitlerism during the last few months.

It is getting smoother. It is becoming quieter. It is no longer essentially a shirt-sleeve regime. In its ranks. brown shirts are at a discount, just as they are in the wardrobe of its leader.

And, in proportion as Adolf Hitler tends to put on conventional coats over shirts no longer brown but white, he moves away from the rude swashbucklers of his party toward the cold disciplinarians of Germany's regular army. The Adolf Hitler of the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin is quite different from the Adolf Hitler of the Brown House in Munich.

And he is stronger than ever.

Nothing But Enthusiasm

That was proved to the hilt by the delirious enthusiasm with which Germans of all classes received his recent proclamation sabotaging the military clauses of the Versailles treaty by reintroducing into Germany universal conscription for the army. The frenzied rejoicing with which the proclamation was welcomed meant that Germans regarded it as the end of sixteen years of humiliation. For the time being every hesitant, apprehensive or openly hostile voice has been drowned in the uproar.

Political opposition to Hitler inside Germany has been crushed—for the present, anyhow. It is without organization, robbed of means of expression, driven underground. Against this scattered, inarticulate element stand those solid millions of Germans who—from conviction or expediency, self-interest or fear—raise their right arms in the Nazi salute and cheer loudly at sight of their Nazi overlord.

Though Hitler is edging toward the right in politics, toward Germany's more prosperous classes, he continues—paradoxical as this may seem—to fight heart and soul for the approval and support of the German workers. When, on the second anniversary of his becoming chancellor, he declared that he had accomplished in half the time which he had allowed himself for regenerating Germany two thirds of the great task he had set himself, he was thinking largely of his achievement in reducing unemployment and alleviating distress. In that achievement there is certainly excellent reason for Nazi self-congratulations—though many in and out of Germany shake their heads dubiously when asked how they think it will look a year or two from now. Yet, despite doubters, Hitler drives forward.

"The more hunger," they say in Germany, "the more Communists." Germany's overlord has taken that saying to heart. He allows no man, woman or child to go hungry in his realm. The loyalty of a whole mass of his humbler adherents is undoubtedly based not so much on admiration of the Twenty-Five Points, which Hitlerism proclaims every minute, as on appreciation of the two square meals which it provides every day.

"Every needy German," a threadbare musician told me—interrupting, for a moment, his fiddle scraping in a village café—"is getting employment, or help, or both. That was not so before. Wages are less than they were, but more of us are earning them. Coal in the winter, potatoes all the year round—free!"

He returned to his fiddling, and I, beckoning to the waitress, ordered beers for the whole orchestra.

"Prosit!" they cried through foam-covered lips. And the cornet player, leaning over confidentially, informed me:

"More people buy us drinks nowadays! Heil Hitler!"

"Nobody in Germany admits having any money," a resident of an important German city told me, "yet everybody seems to be spending it."

Cafés are so full of patrons that it is difficult to find a seat. In Munich I saw this sign outside a shoeshop, which had advertised a special sale: "No admittance owing to temporary overcrowding." And a big policeman, blocking the entrance, backed up what the sign said by forcibly pushing away all who sought to ignore its warning.

The same sort of thing occurs at theaters. In Frankfort-on-the-Main, a few weeks ago, a well-known variety theater had to close its doors, just before the curtain went up, by order of the authorities. They deemed it unsafe to admit any more spectators.

The Nazis, in 1934, increased the level of Germany's industrial production 25 per cent over 1933 and 50 per cent over 1932. The country's industrial plants, which two years ago (when Hitler had just climbed into the saddle) were being utilized only about two fifths, are now operating about two thirds of their capacity. A manufacturer in the Rhineland told me:

"In 1932 I employed four hundred men five hours daily, three days a week. Now I employ 1,500 men eight hours daily, six days a week."

He continued:

"A couple of years ago I put an ad in the paper for an engineer. It brought hundreds of answers. The other day I inserted a similar ad. It brought only thirty-one answers. Thinking I could take my time in picking the right man from among the applicants, I boiled the total down to four. From these I selected the one who sounded best and wrote him to come to my office.

"'Sorry,' he replied, 'I already have another job.' That scared me—so I wired to applicant number two. Same answer. The third one also had a job. I rushed a telegram to number four. He came to my office. Almost without asking his qualifications or references, I told him: 'The job is yours!'"

The Drive to Militarism

Much of this activity is undoubtedly due to the spurt in the manufacture of war material since Germany went under the sign of the swastika. Every day, the Reichswehr, Germany's regular army, takes on more importance in political councils; every day its numbers swell and its equipment improves. From all sides come well-authenticated details of the feverish drive which Hitler, egged on by the Reichswehr chiefs, is making to put his country on an equal footing militarily with her powerful neighbors.

"Of course you know what they are manufacturing at the plant of the So-and-So concern?" somebody in the industrial part of Germany asked me—mentioning the name of a big automobile factory.

"Automobiles, I suppose?"

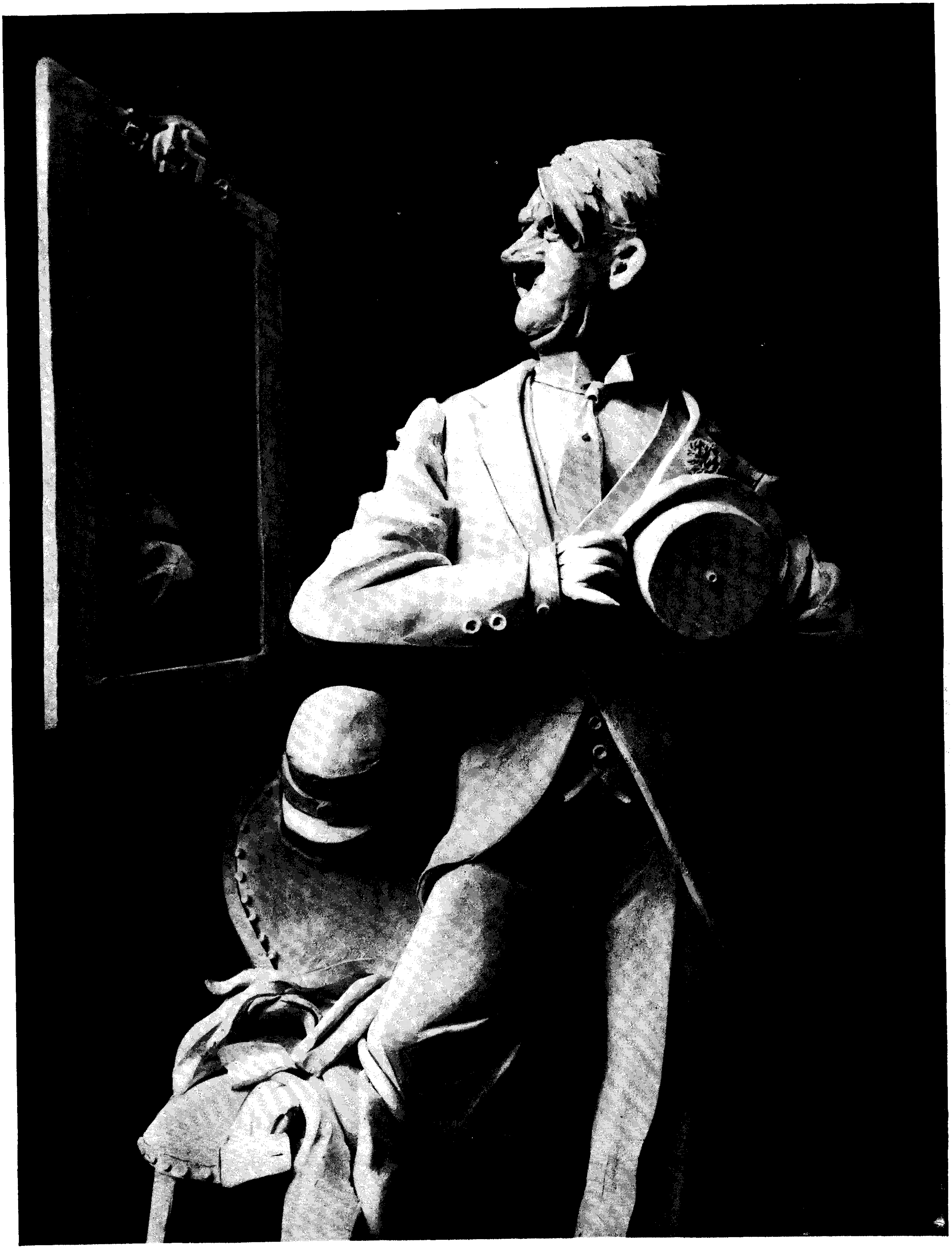
"Guess again! Automobiles, my eye! *War planes—all-metal ones—at the rate of two a day!*"

All over Germany you hear that sort of thing.

Germany's total of unemployed fell off, according to official statistics, from 5,773,000 at the end of 1932—just before Hitler came in—to slightly over 4,000,000 at the end of 1933, and to 2,600,000 on December 31, 1934. This represents a decrease, in the first year of Hitlerism, of 30 per cent, and—for its first two years—of 55 per cent.

The latest available figures, which I got when I was in Berlin early this year, covered January, 1935, and showed a result rather less flattering to Nazi pride. During that month the total of unemployed rose by 369,000, reaching just short of 3,000,000. This, however, was largely due to seasonal causes and was less than the corresponding rise in 1933 and 1934. Moreover, the grand total still represented only 51 per cent of the

(Continued on page 46)

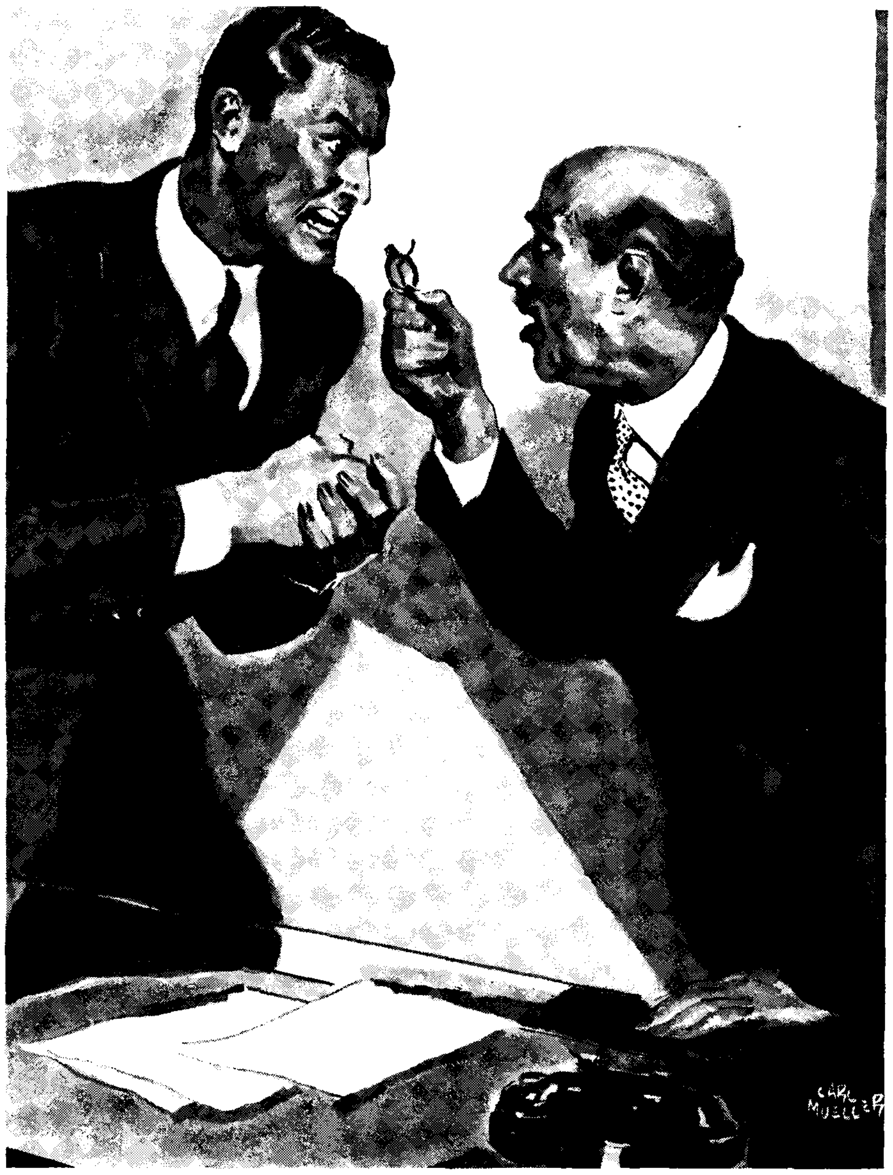


Melissa Mixes In

The surprising adventures of two fair-haired lads of advertising, one goat—and Miss Melissa Wibbing, of Boston. No guns. No shooting. But lots of action

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



He was ordered into Mr. Julius' office. We heard frenzied shouting for perhaps ten minutes. Then Mr. Gibbs reappeared

MELISSA WIBBING must realize now that I did everything in my power to save her. I warned her against Mr. Chet Ashburn and I warned her against Mr. Walt Gibbs. The truth is, and I regret that my uncompromising honesty as a character analyst compels me to say so, Melissa is essentially a light-minded person.

1. She allowed herself to be drawn from her proper stratum as a society girl and companion to her aging father, Mr. Henry Wibbing, to associate with Messrs. Gibbs and Ashburn in the Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch advertising agency.
2. She made no real effort to understand the peculiar crisis which suddenly confronted Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch.
3. She reacted with what I must term childish delight and heedlessness to the spectacular but unsound methods used by Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Ashburn to get her on their side in this crisis.
4. She allowed these two men, notorious for frittering away their remarkable genius as advertising experts in a senseless and bitter feud with one another, so to fascinate and hypnotize her that in the final dilemma her actions were utterly unreasonable.
5. She called her father "an old goose"; she referred to her Uncle Julius as "a billiard ball with too much English on it," and she castigated me, her friend since childhood, as "a nice boy, but dumb."

It is not my purpose to indulge in recriminations and personalities. I might remind Melissa that during our school days even her best friends described her as a blond extrovert and compared her to Miss Ina Claire, who is a stage comedienne. She never won any prizes except as The Best Dressed Girl (Miss Porter's) and Girl Most Likely To Marry Soonest (Lausanne Ecole des Arts). Even her beauty is open to question; she has élan and is distinguée, but lacks the nobler element of intellectual force.

I intend, however, to keep this discussion on a dignified plane, nor will I shirk my own responsibility for what happened to Melissa and Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch. I did, to use the vernacular, "get Melissa into it." But unwittingly and innocently.

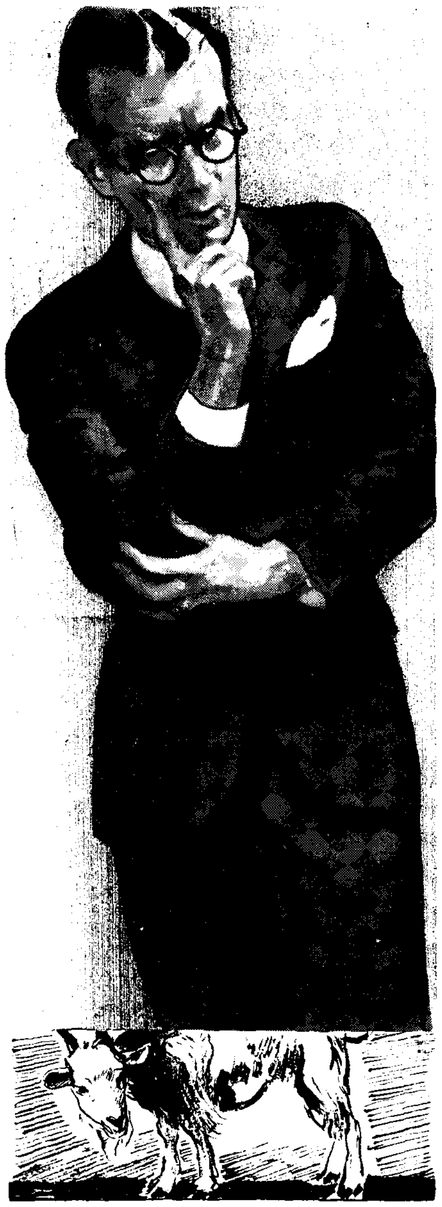
My Aunt Christine met Mr. Henry Wibbing at Antibes and told him I was ready, after graduating with scholastic honors, to enter the advertising profession. Mr. Henry Wibbing, despite several rude and unkind remarks by Melissa, who was present at the interview, kindly offered me a connection with Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch.

Since this firm was located in a Middle Western city, where the Wibbings maintained one of their homes, I was at first dubious. But upon making inquiry I learned that Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch had an excellent standing and commanded the services of two admitted advertising geniuses. In fact, my informant, a New York advertising man, remarked: "What Chet Ashburn and Walt Gibbs can't teach you about this game isn't worth knowing!"

I cabled my acceptance of the position and received an acknowledgment from Mr. Wibbing. As it will explain why I was so helpless to advise Melissa later on, I am reproducing the cable she sent me at this solemn moment when I was starting my professional career:

HELLO RICHARD YOU OLD DACHSHUND
YOU SCOURGE OF GOD STOP SO YOU'RE
GOING TO BE AN ADVERTISING MAN STOP
HA HA HA MELISSA

THIS note of flippant mockery, entirely characteristic of Melissa, disturbed me not at all; and it was with high hopes that I entered the offices of Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch, to begin my first day of service to advertising.



Alas, I sensed an immediate atmosphere of disquietude and approaching crisis. Mr. Jonas Byars, an elderly copy writer, showed me to a small glass-enclosed cubbyhole which was to be my office. When I asked to meet Mr. Chet Ashburn and Mr. Walt Gibbs, Mr. Byars shook his head uncertainly.

"I think Uncle Julius fired Mr. Chet yesterday and appointed Mr. Walt executive vice-president, or was it the other way around?"

He appealed to a motherly woman named Miss Hedges, who had the office next door.

"No, Uncle Julius didn't fire either of them. He made Mr. Chet executive vice-president and demoted Mr. Walt to research." Miss Hedges said.

My fellow workers sensed my bewilderment and Miss Hedges explained: "Mr. Chet and Mr. Walt dislike each other and Uncle Julius takes turns letting them be executive vice-president. It doesn't matter, really. They're both marvelous advertising men."

THIS state of affairs naturally confused and alarmed me. By "Uncle Julius" they obviously meant Mr. Julius Wibbing, Melissa's uncle. But I could not understand such familiarity, nor could I rationalize the bitter rivalry between Mr. Ashburn and Mr. Gibbs.

Presently, Mr. Ashburn sent for me.

My mental notes:

Very rich office. Cathedral choir stall gates. Leaded glass. Spittoon out of focus. Odd pillow on bishop's chair. Mr. Chet Ashburn: Dark, saturnine countenance. Sleek hair. Late thirties. Impudent brown eyes. Foppishly dressed. Dynamic. Hard.

"How did *you* get *your* job?" were his first words.

"I am a friend of the Wibbing family—" I began.

"I get it," he interrupted. "How long do you plan to stay in this nutty business?"

"Nutty, sir?" I said.

He grinned confusingly and waved a hand to indicate a lanky young man who seemed to be dozing with his head against a telephone receiver in a nearby office.

"Remember that terrible Potts Family program we had to yank?"

I said: "I thought it ranked well up—"

"Awful! Our listener check-up showed they weren't merely tuning it out. They were selling their radio sets!" He scowled at the dozing young man. "That was Gibbs. He did it. He liked it. He would. You steer clear of Gibbs and you'll get along!"

In all sincerity, I could not allow this disparagement to pass unchallenged.

"I was told that Mr. Gibbs was exceptionally able, sir," I said.

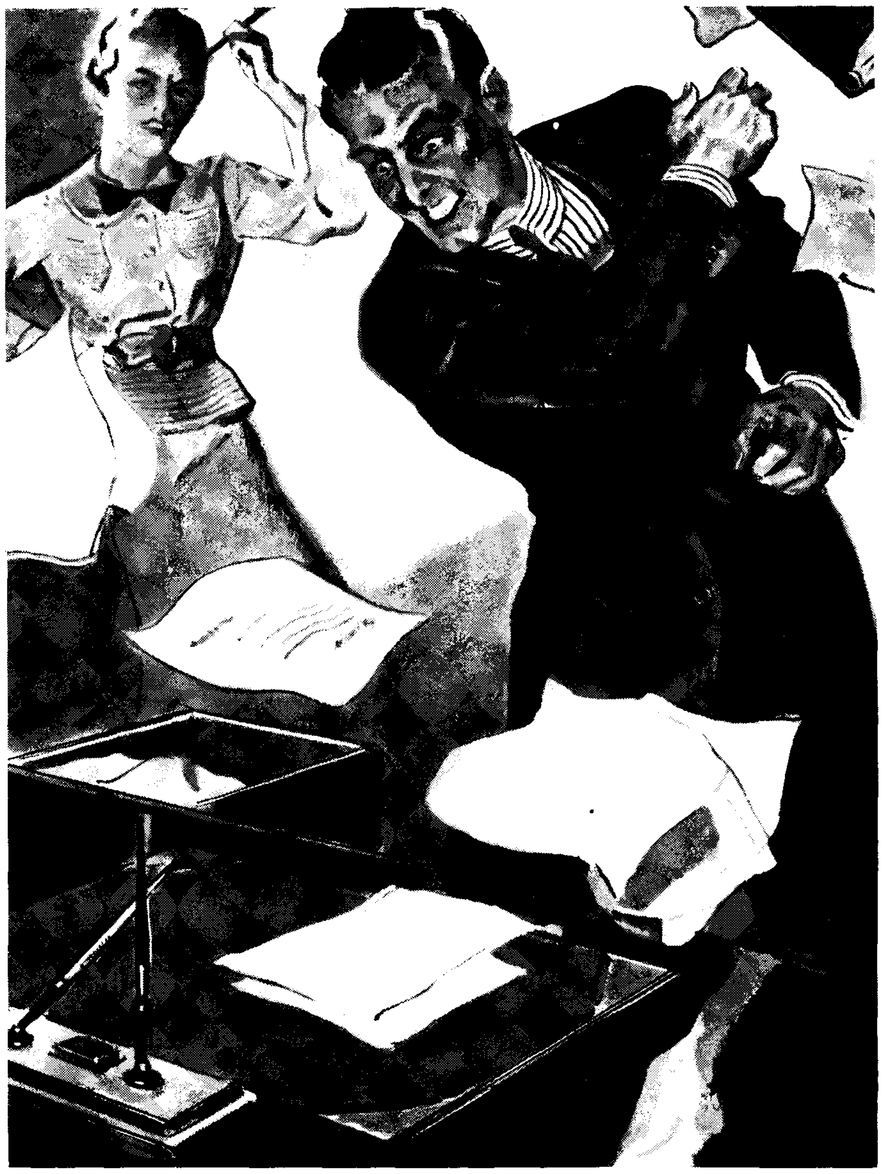
"They were kidding you," Mr. Chet Ashburn said. "Here—read these direct-mail folders. I'll talk with you about 'em later."

A few minutes later, I was trying to concentrate on the reader-interest problem connected with the folders when a shower of paper scraps fell on my head. I looked up. It was Mr. Walt Gibbs.

My mental notes:

Tall. Lanky. Shaggy. Reddish hair. Needs cutting. Moody eyes and lips. Tweeds quiet, almost nondescript. Slumbering intensity. Elaborate gestures. Footballish . . . yes, quite footballish . . .

"I christen you Wahdumbah, the Sac-



Mr. Ashburn threw all Mr. Gibbs' personal effects out of the executive vice-president's office and took possession

rificial Lamb," Mr. Gibbs said somberly. "You're in one hell of a business, kid."

"I can hardly believe that, sir!" I said.

Without a by-your-leave he took a folder from my hands and grunted at it.

"Did Ashburn give you this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Throw it away. I've just talked with Neelig of Simplex Products, and they're going to concentrate on mag spreads in this territory. Besides, as soon as Uncle Julius comes in he's going to fire Ashburn."

"F-fire him, sir?" I stammered.

Mr. Gibbs nodded.

"Associated Shoes has canceled. You been reading their putrid ads?"

"No, sir—but—"

"Ghastly. Ashburn is a has-been. He's all washed up. Last time I was executive vice-president I sent him to Memphis with a door-to-door crew. That's Ashburn's caliber!"

And Mr. Gibbs walked away.

I HAD a growing sensation of impending doom. Why did Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch tolerate such a condition? The office was patently in a turmoil. It seemed to me that my arrival had indeed been unfortuitous.

Mr. Julius Wibbing sent for me.

My mental notes:

Overpoweringly handsome office. Resembles refectory of monastery with throne room decorative scheme. Julius Wibbing: Small. Rotund. Bald. Extremely nervous. Bounces. Splutters. Could this be incipient dementia praecox? Popped blue eyes. Wild stare.

"Who in the devil sent you to this office?" were his first words.

"Your brother, sir. I'm sure the cable—"

"So you're starting in the advertising business? Ha ha ha. Not here, young man, not here! There isn't going to be any advertising business here!"

"You—you astound me, sir," I managed to say.

Mr. Julius Wibbing bounced out of his chair. He waved a letter at me.

"Associated Shoes have canceled! You know why? Because that idiot Chet Ashburn would have his little joke. That's why. The radio station didn't stop it! Look—Associated Minstrels' Hour—Mose says, 'Associated Shoes are wonderful. You can't wear them out!' And Sambo says, 'You don't dare wear dem out! Dey leaks!' Nation-wide hook-up. Eighty-six stations! Canceled!"

Mr. Wibbing described a sort of caroming arc out of his office and I heard him yelling: "You're fired, Chet, fired . . . fired . . . fired! And Walt . . . you're fired too. Don't stand there grinning. You could have caught that joke in time. You're fired, too!"

It was with mingled emotions that I managed to make my way to my small cubbyhole. Mr. Julius was still yelling at Mr. Ashburn and Mr. Gibbs, and they were engaged in a quarrel of their own. Mr. Gibbs was saying, "It was a punk joke. I should save that guy's neck!" and Mr. Ashburn was saying, "You framed me! Sprague was stewed and you told him to put that in the script!"

The three of them soon moved into the directors' room and their voices subsided. The rest of the staff—copy writers, account executives, research people and artists—milled around in a panic.

I was much depressed. I had entertained great hopes of a career with Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch. But I could not adumbrate this situation. It seemed to me critical, at best. All my colleagues agreed that never before had Mr. Wibbing discharged Gibbs and Ashburn at the same time. And never before had such a powerful advertiser as Associated Shoes been alienated.

I RETURNED from luncheon with grim forebodings.

Miss Hedges met me at my office door. She was sobbing.

"Mr. Henry Wibbing just wired from Boston that Uncle Julius must sell the agency at once!" she announced.

Almost immediately, Mr. Walt Gibbs sent for me. Mr. Gibbs had been reinstated during the lunch hour after his summary dismissal as assistant in research and was now executive vice-president.

He was occupying Mr. Ashburn's office.

"Kid," he said, in his abrupt manner, "how well do you know Melissa Wibbing?"

"I consider myself her best friend and most reliable adviser among the younger generation," I said.

Mr. Gibbs made an elaborate gesture of impatience.

"Have you any influence with her?" he demanded.

"Unfortunately not," I replied.

I was about to explain how our philosophies of life differed, but Mr. Gibbs sprang to his feet with a worried frown and pressed a button. He asked that Mr. Ashburn be sent in at once.

"We've got to get to work on that gal!" Mr. Gibbs exclaimed. "She bosses her father and she can stop this sale—"

Mr. Ashburn entered. It appeared that he too had been reinstated during the lunch hour and seemed to be at work on a packaging problem for Tommy Titmouse Tidbits. At least, he had a large replica of Tommy Titmouse under his arm.

"Ashburn!" Mr. Walt said, "I hate your guts and you hate mine. But this is different. Old man Henry Wibbing is planning to sell us down the river!"

"We've got to block it, Gibbs," said Mr. Chet, with considerable feeling.

"Right! We must get Melissa Wibbing on our side!"

"Your perception amazes me, Gibbs. I'll handle her by direct-mail and personal contact!"

"Wrong! Won't do at all. You never had any appreciation of the feminine angle, Ashburn. Flowers, telegrams, radio and flattery—"

"Asinine, simply asinine. You let *me* do it!"

THEY plunged into an ungentlemanly and ribald dispute. As soon as I could recover from the shock and realized the full import of their wild scheme, I was determined to speak for right and decency and the highest principles of the art we served.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I must insist that Miss Wibbing be eliminated from our discussion! My observations since joining this agency have led me to the painful conclusion that Mr. Henry Wibbing is right. You, Mr. Gibbs, and you, Mr. Ashburn, are responsible for the sad plight of Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch! Mr. Wibbing is quite justified in selling the agency!"

I will not attempt to discuss what followed. Many young authors of the realist school, blind to shame and devoid of ideals, might endeavor to describe the scene. It sufficeth me to say that I left Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Ashburn with a stinging rebuke and the firm resolve to thwart their disgraceful schemes.

Accordingly, I telegraphed Melissa in Boston as follows:

IGNORE A WALT GIBBS AND A CHET ASHBURN WHO WILL APPROACH YOU TO INTERFERE WITH SALE OF AGENCY STOP THEY ARE UNWORTHY STOP REGARDS STOP
RICHARD COPELEY

Character analysts will draw their own conclusions from Melissa's responding telegram:

HELLO RICHARD YOU MOLDY OLD WET BLANKET STOP GENTS YOU MENTION HAVE ALREADY APPROACHED ME AND AM I THRILLED STOP THEY SOUND TOO SWELL TO BE TRUE STOP DADDY AND I LEAVING FOR YOUR FAIR CITY AT ONCE STOP FEEL I MUST KNOW GIBBS AND ASHBURN BETTER BUT DON'T WANT TO KNOW YOU ANY BETTER STOP CRAWL BACK INTO YOUR GRAVE STOP LOVE AND LILIES MELISSA

This brazen flippancy at such a time genuinely alarmed me. Knowing full well that Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch, under a new ownership and with Gibbs and Ashburn permanently discharged, might march on to greater things, I determined no longer to remain a passive onlooker.

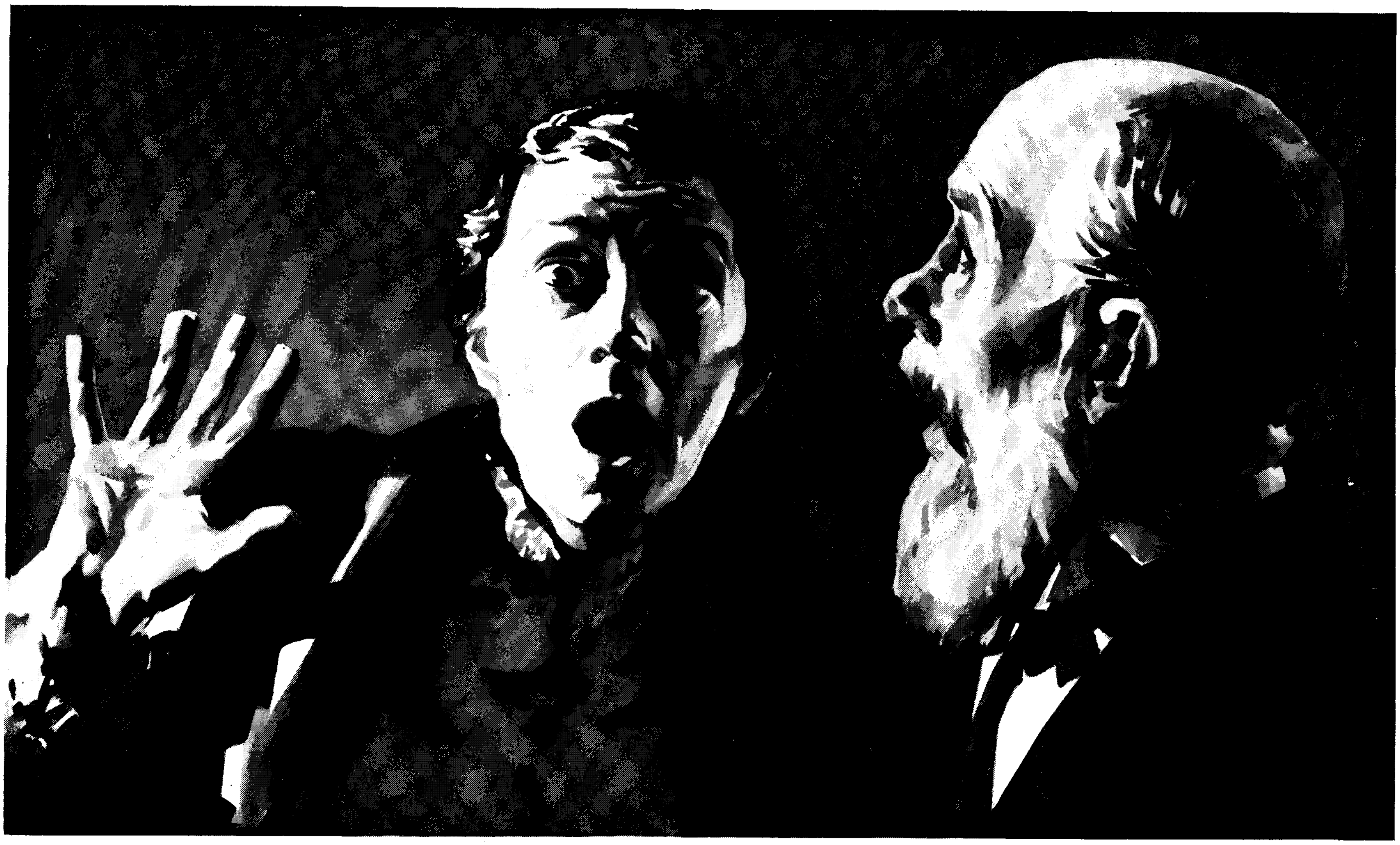
The evening of Melissa's arrival, I called upon her at her home.

My mental notes:

Sumptuous living-room. Dust covers untidy. Melissa Wibbing: Not improved by foreign travel. Hair moppish. Eyes lacking repose and sense of social fitness. Voice boisterous. No awareness of this crisis.

"Hi-yah, Richard!" were her first words. "I'm going to try to get Daddy not to sell the agency. He's just peeved because Associated Shoes canceled some

(Continued on page 52)



"He says he saw a giant with a great big knife walking through the town by moonlight"

A Tall Story

Another paradox of Mr. Pond, who, being challenged, relates the story of the man who was too tall to be seen

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

THEY had been discussing the new troubles in Germany: the three old friends, Sir Hubert Wotton, the famous official; Mr. Pond, the obscure official; and Captain Gahagan, who never did a stroke of work in the way of putting pen to paper, but liked making up the most fantastic stories on the spur of the moment. On this occasion, however, the group was increased to four; for Gahagan's wife was present, a candid-looking young woman with light brown hair and dark brown eyes. They had only recently been married, and the presence of Joan Gahagan still stimulated the captain to rather excessive flights of showing off.

Captain Gahagan looked like a Regency buck. Mr. Pond looked like a round-eyed fish, with the beard and brow of Socrates. Sir Hubert Wotton looked like Sir Hubert Wotton; it summed up a very sound and virile quality in him, for which his friends had a great respect.

"It's an infernal shame," Wotton was saying, "the way these fellows have treated the Jews; perfectly decent and harmless Jews, who were no more Communists than I am; little men who'd worked their way up by merit and industry, all kicked out of their posts without a penny of compensation. Surely you agree with that, Gahagan?"

"Of course I do," replied Gahagan. "But I fancy the Jews must be kicking themselves for having been so faithful to Germany and even, everywhere else, pretty generally pro-German."

"Even that can be exaggerated," said Mr. Pond. "Do you remember the case of Carl Schiller, that happened during the war? It was all kept rather quiet, as I have reason to know; for the thing happened in some sense in my department. I have generally found spy stories the dullest of all forms of detective fiction; in my own modest researches into the light literature of murder I invariably avoid them. But this story really did have an unexpected and rather astonishing ending.

"Of course, you know that, in wartime, the official dealing with these things is very much exposed to amateurs, as the Duke of Wellington was exposed to authors. We persecuted the spies; and the spy-maniacs persecuted us. They were always coming to us to say they had seen certain persons who looked like spies. We vainly assured them that spies do not look like spies. As a matter of fact, the enemy was pretty ingenious in keeping the really suspicious character just out of sight; sometimes by his being ordinary; sometimes actually by his being extraordinary; one would be too small to be noticed, another too tall to be seen, one was apparently paralyzed in a hospital and got out of the window at night—"

Joan looked across at him with a troubled expression in her honest brown eyes.

"Please, Mr. Pond, do tell us what you mean by a man being too tall to be seen."

Mr. Pond smiled—and proceeded, in his slightly pedantic way, to narrate the story which is now retold here.

IT ALL happened in a fashionable watering place, which was also a famous seaport, and therefore naturally a place of concentration for all the vigilance against spies, whether official or amateur. Sir Hubert Wotton was in general charge of the district, but Mr. Pond was in more practical though private occupation of the town, watching events from a narrow house in a back street, an upper room of which had been unobtrusively turned into an office. And he had two assistants under him—a sturdy and very silent young man named Butt, bull-necked and broad-shouldered, but quite short; and a much taller and more talkative and elegant government office clerk named Travers but referred to by nearly everybody as Arthur.

The stalwart Butt commonly occupied a desk on the ground floor, watching the door and anyone who entered it; while Arthur Travers worked in the office upstairs, where there were some very valuable state papers, including the only plan of the mines in the harbor.

Mr. Pond himself always spent several hours in the office, but he had more occasion than the others to pay visits in the town, and had a general grasp of the neighborhood. It was a very shabby neighborhood; indeed, it consisted of a few genteel old-fashioned houses, now mostly shuttered and empty, standing on the very edge of a sort of slum of what is called labor unrest in a degree very dangerous, especially in time of war. Immediately outside his door, he found but few things that could be called features in that featureless street; but there was an old curiosity shop opposite, with a display of ancient Asiatic weapons. And there was Mrs. Hartog-Haggard next door, more alarming than all the weapons of the world.

Mrs. Hartog-Haggard was one of those persons, to be found here and there, who look like the conventional caricature of the spinster, though they are in fact excellent mothers of families. Rather in the same way, she looked very like the sort of lady who is horribly in earnest at pacifist meetings; yet, as a matter of fact, she was passionately patriotic, not to say militaristic. And indeed, it is often true that those two extremes lend themselves to the same sort of fluent fanaticism.

POOR Mr. Pond had reason to remember the woeful day when he first saw her angular and agitated figure darkening his doorway as she entered out of the street, peering suspiciously. There was apparently some slight delay about her entrance. Some repairs were being made on the porch and some loose board or pole was not removed sufficiently promptly from her path—was in fact, as she declared, removed reluctantly and in a grumbling spirit by the workman employed on the job; and by the time she had reached the responsible official, a theory had fully formed and hardened in her mind.

"That man is a *Socialist*, Mr. Pond," she hissed in the ear of that unfortunate functionary. "I heard him with my own ears mutter something about what his trade union would say. What is he doing so near to your office? He certainly doesn't look English. He may be a spy!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Hartog-Haggard," said Pond patiently. "I will certainly make a note of your warning and see that inquiries are made about it."

And so he did, with the laborious precision of one who could not leave any loophole unguarded. Certainly the man did not look very English, though perhaps rather Scandinavian than German. His name was Peterson: it was possible that it was really Petersen. But that was not all. Mr. Pond had learned the last lesson of the wise man—that the fool is sometimes right.

He soon forgot the incident in the details of his work; and next day it was with a start that he looked up from his desk, or rather from Mr. Butt's desk, which he was using at the moment, and saw once again the patriotic lady hovering like an avenging shadow in the doorway. This time she glided swiftly in, unchecked by any Socialist barricade, and warned him that she had news of the most terrible kind. She seemed to have forgotten all about her last suspicions; and, in truth, her new ones were naturally more important to her. This time she had warmed the viper on her own hearth. She had suddenly become conscious of the existence of her own German governess, whom she had never especially noticed before.

POND himself had noticed the alien in question with rather more attention; he had seen her, a dumpy lady with pale hair, returning with Mrs. Hartog-Haggard's three little girls and one little boy from the pantomime of Puss-in-Boots that was being performed on the pier. He had even heard her instructing her charges, and saying something educational about a folk-tale; and had smiled faintly at that touch of Teutonic pedantry that talks about a folk-tale when we should talk about a fairy-tale. But he knew a good deal about the lady; and saw no reason to move in this matter.

"She shuts herself up for hours in her room and won't come out," Mrs. Hartog-Haggard was already breathing hoarsely in his ear. "Do you think she is signaling, or does she climb down the fire escape? What do you think it means, Mr. Pond?"

"Hysterics," said Mr. Pond. "What! Do you think the poor lady cannot be hysterical, because she does not scream the house down? But any doctor will tell you that hysteria is mostly secretive and silent. And there really is a vein of hysteria in a great many of the Germans; it is at the very opposite extreme to the external excitability of the Latins. No, madam, I do not think she is climbing down the fire escape. I think she is saying that her pupils do not love her, and thinking about *Weltschmerz* and suicide."

Here again, however, Mr. Pond was careful not to ignore or entirely despise the warning. He kept an eye on the German governess and even engaged that learned lady in talk upon some trivial pretext; if anything she touched could remain trivial.

"Your study of our national drama," he said gravely, "must sometimes recall to you the greatest and noblest work that ever came out of Germany."

"You refer to Goethe's Faust, I presume," she replied.

"I refer to Grimm's Fairy-tales," said Mr. Pond. "I fear I have forgotten for the moment whether the story we call Puss-in-Boots exists in Grimm's collection in the same form; but I am pretty certain there is some variant of it. It always seems to me about the best story in the world."

The German governess obliged him with a short lecture on the parallelism of folklore; and Pond could not help feeling faintly amused at the idea of this ethnological and scientific treatment of a folk-tale, which had just been presented on the pier by Miss Patsy Pickles, in tights and red boots in the character of Puss; supported by that world-famed comedian who called himself Alberto Tizzi and was born in the Blackfriars Road.

When he returned to his office at twilight, Mrs. Hartog-Haggard was awaiting him. She ducked under the frame of scaffolding and darted into the room, crying out as she came:

"Mr. Pond, do you know what is right opposite your own house?"

"Well, I think so," said Mr. Pond doubtfully, "more or less."

"I NEVER read the name over the shop before," cried the lady. "You know it is all dark and dirty and obliterated—that curiosity shop I mean; with all the spears and daggers. Think of the impudence of the man! He's actually written up his name there: 'C. Schiller.' "

"He's written up C. Schiller. I'm not so sure he's written up his name," said Mr. Pond.

"Do you mean," she cried, "that you actually know he goes by two names? Why, that makes it worse than ever!"

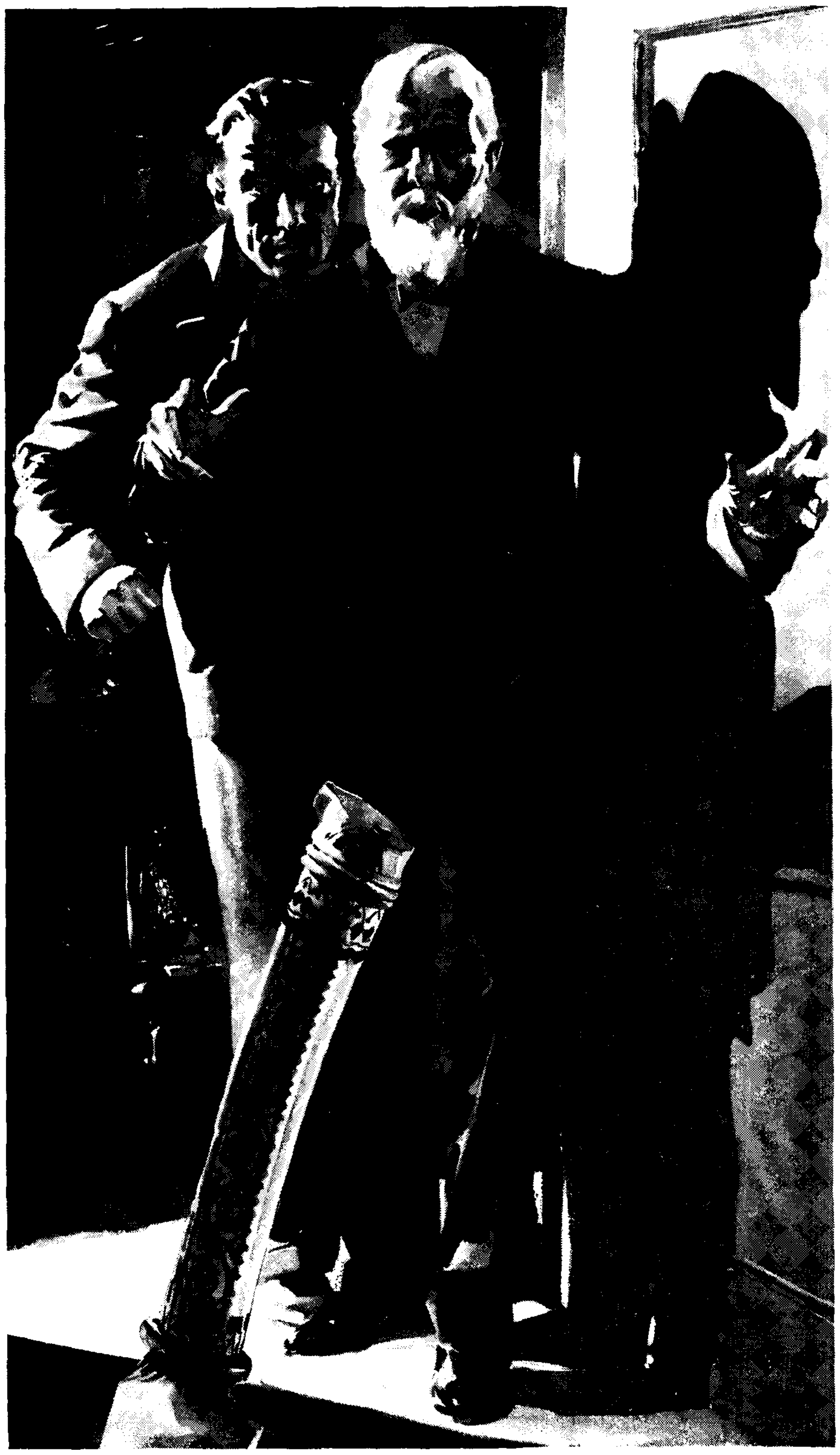
"Well," said Mr. Pond, rising with a curtness that cut short all his own courtesy, "I'll see what I can do about it."

And for the third time did Mr. Pond take some steps to verify the Hartog-Haggard revelations. He took the ten or twelve steps necessary to take him across the road and into the shop of C. Schiller, amid all the shining sabers and yataghans. It was a very peaceable-looking person who waited behind all this array of arms—not to say a rather smooth and sleek one; and Pond, leaning across the counter, addressed him in a low and confidential voice:

"Why the dickens do you people do it? It will be more than half your own fault if there's a row of some kind, and a jingo mob comes here and breaks your windows. Why can't you call yourself Levy, like your fathers before you—your fathers, who go back to the most ancient priesthood of the world? And you'll get into trouble with the Germans, too, some day, if you go about calling yourself Schiller. You might as well go and live in Stratford-on-Avon and call yourself Shakespeare."

"There's a lot of prejudith againth my rath," said the warden of the armory.

"There'll be a lot more, unless you take my advice," said Mr. Pond with unusual brevity, and left the shop to return to the office.



They flung open the door and they saw all that was to be seen

The square figure of Mr. Butt, who was sitting at the desk looking toward the doorway, rose at his entrance, but Pond waved him to his seat again and, lighting a cigarette, began to moon about the room in a rather moody fashion. He did not believe that there was anything very much in any of the three avenues of suspicion that had been opened to him; though he owned that there were indirect possibilities about the last. Mr. Levy was certainly not a German, and it was very improbable that he was a real enthusiast for Germany; but it was not altogether impossible to suppose, in the tangle and distraction of all the modern international muddle, that he might be some sort of tool, conscious or unconscious, of a real German conspiracy. So long as that was possible, he must be watched. Mr. Pond was very glad that Mr. Levy lived in the shop exactly opposite.

INDEED, he found himself gazing across the street, in the gathering dusk, with feelings which he found it hard to analyze. He could still see the shop, with its pattern of queer archaic weapons, through the frame of the last few uprights left in the low scaffolding around the porch; for the workmen's business had been entirely limited to the porch itself and the props were mostly cleared away, the work being practically over; but there was just enough suggestion of a cluster or network of lines to confuse the prospect at that very confusing turn of the twilight.

Once he fancied he saw something flicker behind them, as if a shadow had shifted, and there arose within him the terror of Mrs. Hartog-Haggard, which is the terror of boredom and a sort of paralyzed impatience, one of the worst of the woes of life. Then he saw that the shifting shadow must have been produced by the fact that the lights had been turned up in the shop opposite; and he saw again, and now much more clearly, the queer outline of all those alien Asiatic weapons—the crooked darts and monstrous missiles, the swords with a horrid resemblance to hooks and the blades that bent back and forth like snakes of iron.

He was all the more surprised, when he turned sharply round, to find that Butt, one of his two subordinates, was not working but, like himself, was staring, not to say glaring, as in a congested mystification, into the twilight.

"Is anything bothering you?" asked Pond in a gentle voice which people found very encouraging.

(Continued on page 75)

The Grandstander

The story of a baseball marvel who was greater than anyone dreamed—except one girl and one man

By Brassil Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

THE great Larry Dickon of Paxton. He had a fast ball and two strikes on the world. A tall lad, with cropped black hair, with a smile like a sword flash, and amused gray eyes. He looked too good to be true—and was. Petra O'Brien told him that firmly one April night.

They were in the O'Brien kitchen, three of them, seniors at Paxton. Petra was doing the dishes, a slim, sturdy girl in an apron; blue Kerry eyes and a wise, sweet mouth. Her smooth hair was like cherry wood under the light.

Blond Doris Teale was admiring Larry and wiping an occasional spoon. Larry sat on the set tubs, big hands on the board, swinging his feet, talking of baseball and Larry Dickon.

He was, he admitted, the best college pitcher in the West. He could leave Paxton any day to play professional ball. Eagan of Butte was on his trail now, offering him plenty to quit school and sign up for the season. He'd do business with Eagan after he graduated.

Petra frowned, listening to him. "If you're not too old," she said lightly.

Larry cocked a black eyebrow and grinned, undisturbed. "My wild Irish rose," he said, "with large thorns."

Petra wrinkled her nose at him and went into the pantry with dishes.

Doris Teale said quickly and softly, "I'm going out for a fag. There's a moon." As she drifted toward the door to the porch, her pansy-soft eyes said, "Come, too."

A loud voice burst out to them: "Oh, Larry!" That was Petra's father, The O'Brien, in the living-room, demanding attention.

Larry went in to him, and Doris, losing interest in the moonlight, slipped up the back stairs to her room.

DORIS and Larry roomed with the O'Briens in the big old house Petra's grandfather had built when the O'Briens were rich and important. Her father had failed to exchange the old place for an Alaskan mine or a dry oil well, because his departed wife had come into it as a bride. He had compromised with a mortgage.

Petra came out of the pantry, put away her apron, and took her crystal-clear milk bottles out to the porch. There was no light; it was cool and dark under the vines that screened the porch. She stood there a moment, breathing the April night, wishing Larry were different, looking into the future and wondering.

She and Larry were engaged; a campus engagement. They had danced and picnicked and crammed for exams together. Now, in June, all that would be over. And then? In the dark, the door opened behind her and Larry came out.

She felt his strong hands on her shoulders. His lazy voice said, "Believe I'll kiss you—Doris." Then aware of Petra, he said easily, "I was just fooling. I knew it was you."

Petra's voice was edged with scorn. "You wouldn't lie to me, Larry?"

He chuckled. "Jealous, Petey?"

He would call her Petey. She didn't like it, and suddenly she didn't like Larry. She didn't want Larry. She moved away from his arms. "Please, Larry, don't."

He said cheerfully, "Don't be cross, Petey. You are my girl."

"I was your girl, Larry"—a small cold voice. "I'll give you your pin in the morning."

"I won't take it." Larry was angry. "Just because you're jealous."

"No, Larry," she said quietly, "because the girl grew older. Because you're not the kind of man I want to marry."

Larry was surprised and indignant. "Why not? What's the matter with me?"

Petra was close to tears but her voice was firm: "You're too good to be true, Larry; too conceited and spoiled to be true."

There was silence between them. The night wind stirred in the vines.

"Thanks," he said bitterly. Behind her the screen door closed quietly.

Petra sat on the steps, watching the moon rise over the garage, hardening her heart against Larry. She had worries enough without Larry. Her father, The O'Brien, bearing bravely the loss of his inheritance and the collapse of the dreams he called his affairs, was selling real estate, now, planning big deals, while Petra managed the house as best she could and studied hard for a teacher's certificate.

Petra loved her father. She never with word or look pricked the bright balloons of his hopes, but she did long for safety, for the peace of bills paid on the first of the month. She loved her father, but she wanted a husband unlike him, and unlike Larry Dickon. A modest, provident man, unaccustomed to cheering sections and indifferent to pansy-soft eyes.

Larry didn't come back. The moonlight silvered the yard. A train whistled coming out of the mountains—a long, mournful sound in the night.

It was time to go in and coax her father away from his reading. When he sat up late he had headaches and looked reproachfully at Petra.

She would give Larry his pin in the morning.

In the morning Petra was in the living-room, running the vacuum sweeper, when Larry dashed downstairs, late as usual for his eight o'clock class.

"Wait, Larry," she called over the buzz of the sweeper. "Here's your pin."

"Can't wait," he said cheerfully. "Can't hear you." The front door closed with a bang.

From the window Petra watched him stride down the walk, hatless in the rain, swaggering a little. Under the dark, curling lashes her blue eyes were smiling. Larry would never grow up.

The cook put her head through the dining-room drapes. "The butter and egg man," she announced moodily. "He wants his money." Petra sighed, and went out to be firm with the butter and egg man. And her father had never grown up.

IN GRAY tweeds and a white polo shirt, Petra stood on the steps of Main Hall. It was three o'clock and her classes were over for the day. A stream of students flowed by her; voices and voices and many feet. The rain of the morning had washed the sky to a porcelain blue, leaving clouds like soap foam on the mountains. On the green Oval, trampling the dandelions, the student corps marched and marked time, their rifles shining in the sun.

Boys beside her were talking of Larry. "A swell egg, Dickon! A great pitcher. The only one we've got. Gleason's no good." Two worried sophomores. They moved off down the steps on their way to the ball field where the varsity was playing the scrubs.

Petra was tempted to follow along. She should go home to her vacuum sweeper, but it would be nice in the sun in the bleachers. Larry would—

A dry voice said, "Are you going my way?" It was old Dr. Thorne, smiling at her over his glasses. Petra smiled back and went down the steps beside him.

Dr. Thorne marched along, hugging his green bag. "And how," he asked, "is the notorious Larry? Will he graduate?"

Petra said, "Oh, yes. He wouldn't miss Commencement for anything. He's Senior Marshal, you know."

Dr. Thorne nodded. "'A thing,'" he said, "'a little soiled i' the working.' Do you know where that comes from?"

Petra didn't.

Dr. Thorne said crossly: "No one quotes any more. It's old-fashioned. I'm old-fashioned, and so for that matter is Larry Dickon."

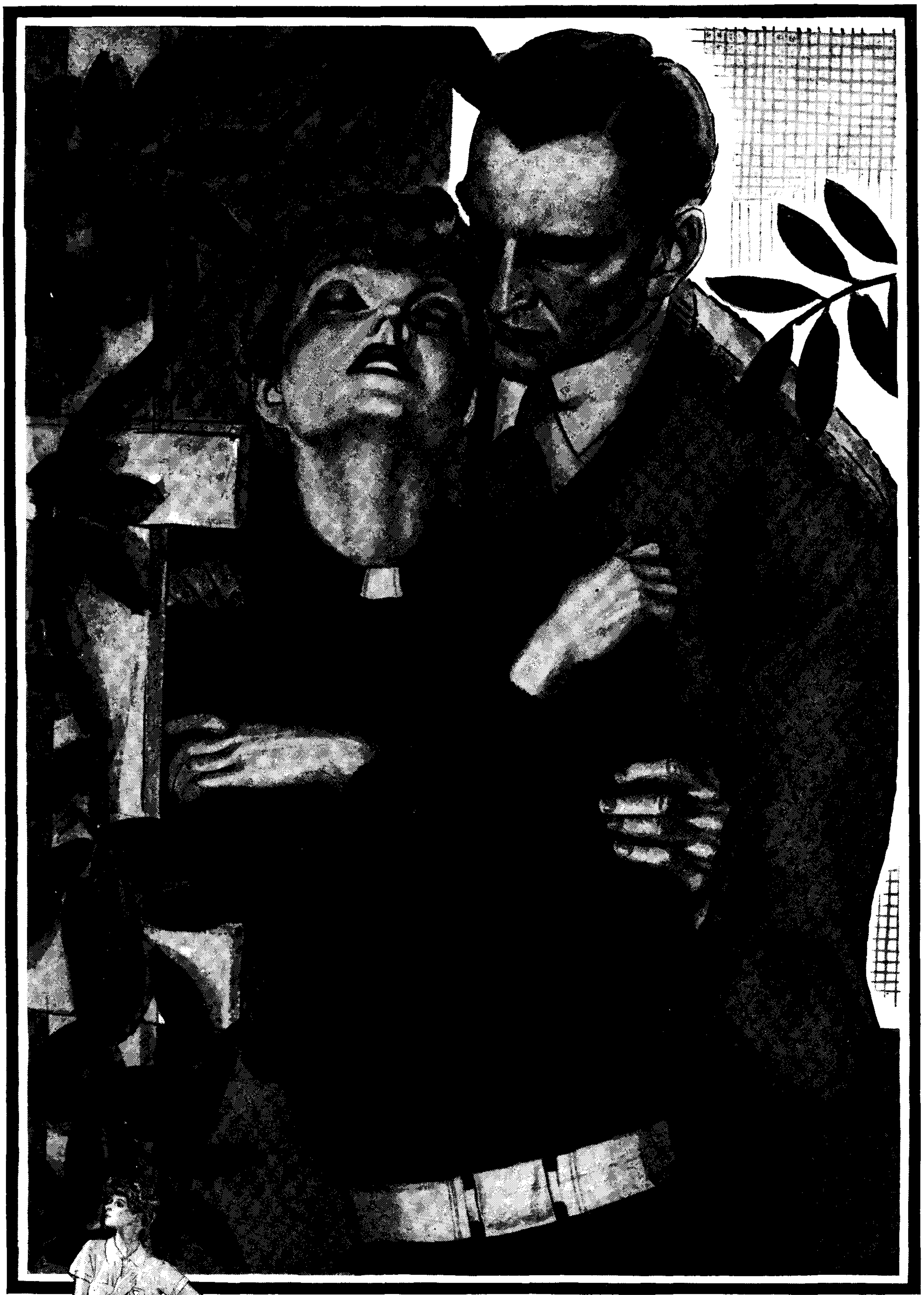
At the Faculty Club the professor stopped. He looked at Petra over his glasses, trying to remember something. He thought: "She's a nice child, a very pretty girl." He said: "You look very healthy. Yes. That reminds me. I'm sending you a roomer. Young Tate of the English department. You'll like him. He's quite sound on Chaucer."

Petra smiled shyly. "You're kind, Dr. Thorne."

"Not at all. Not at all," the old man said, and took his bag into the Club.

MR. TATE came to the house that afternoon, and was like an English instructor—a very young one. He had brown hair and brown eyes and an Oxford accent.

"Dr. Thorne has been telling me about you," he said, with a nice smile. "I hope we'll be friends."



His lazy voice said, "Believe I'll kiss you—Doris"

Petra hoped so demurely, and when he had gone, went singing upstairs to her work. Doris Teale called to her. Doris, in a mandarin robe, was curled on her window seat, painting her nails. She had heard Mr. Tate in the hall.

"I wonder," she said dreamily, "if he knows I'm staying here."

Petra said cheerfully, "I didn't tell him. And he's paid a month in advance."

Doris smiled, regarding her scarlet-tipped fingers. "Larry wants to take me to the Delta formal," she said, and lifting innocent, pansy-soft eyes, "Men are so fickle."

"And blind," Petra said lightly. When she left Doris she slipped into Larry's room, to put his pin firmly and finally on his study table, where he would see it when he came in. Larry and Doris Teale! It would serve them right.

Roger Tate, of Iowa and Oxford, moved in with his books and etchings, and made himself quietly at home. He listened politely to Mr. O'Brien, and showed Petra an article of his in the English Journal. It concerned a poem not written by Chaucer. He seemed unaware of Doris and indifferent to Larry.

The great Dickon went his way, swaggering in and out of the house, ignoring Petra, showing her how little he cared.

One Wednesday evening Mr. Tate took Petra to the plays at the Little Theater. After the performance, in his neat, new little coupé, they drove for an hour out the valley road and back again through the soft April night. Mr. Tate drove carefully, talking of England and Oxford. He was planning to return to Oxford to complete his graduate studies and do a book on Chaucer.

"You'd like England," he said. "So different from all this."

His voice dismissed the world Petra knew; the clustered lights of Paxton and the Rockies looming dark and strange in the starlight.

Before they reached home he asked her to call him Roger, and invited her to go with him to the ball game on Saturday.

THEY said good night at the foot of the stairs, and Petra lingered a moment alone before the hall mirror. The girl in the mirror had eyes like stars.

The cook was brooding again, and the dinner dishes were stacked, waiting for Petra. She didn't mind; living was fun. Where was her father?

The O'Brien was in the chair under the reading lamp.

She stood behind him smiling. "Me and England," she said. "Mr. Tate likes us."

He didn't speak. His shoulders looked old and tired. She moved to see his face and knew that something was wrong.

He looked up at her, trying to smile.

"What's the matter?" she asked quietly.

He shook his head and sighed. "I saw Dr. Marsh tonight. He says I've got to get out of the mountains. There's a specialist in Los Angeles he wants me to see. There's something wrong with my heart."

Petra slipped an arm around his shoulders. "It will be all right," she said bravely. And, "When will you go?"

"Soon," he said. "There's no hurry."

She knew what he meant. He couldn't afford to go.

"We'll raise the money on the house," she said.

"Yes, of course."

THEY both knew that the bank would refuse to increase the loan on the house. Her father's eyes were frightened; his underlip trembled.

Petra was frightened, too, but she spoke lightly, smiling down at him. "I wish you were older," she said, "and all gray. I'd feel safer about you down there in Los Angeles."

Her father frowned, trying not to look pleased. She perched on the arm of his chair, talking gay nonsense, until he sat up and pulled his tie into place. She mustn't worry, he told her. It would be all right. He had one or two deals on the fire that looked promising, very promising indeed. No end of openings in Los Angeles for a man of his vision. Getting into a rut here. Getting into a rut.

He patted her hand. "Well, run along to bed, little girl. Don't worry. You leave this to me." The O'Brien was himself again.

Petra kissed him good night and went away on light clicking heels, to sit in the dark of her room, alone with her thoughts. A cold stone lay on her heart.

She heard her father come briskly upstairs and go into his room. Then she changed her dress, powdered her nose and went quietly down to the dishes.

There was a light in the kitchen; it

(Continued on page 34)

The Kid from Spokane

The story of Mr. Bing Crosby, whittler, who sings all the time and counts on the luck that has never failed him

By Quentin Reynolds

Bing, otherwise, Harry, Crosby, a lazy fellow who liked to sing and who followed the line of least resistance to international fame and a $300,000 yearly income

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS felt awful. It was just one of those days when everything goes wrong. On the way to the studio her car had a breakdown and she had to finish the trip in a cab. Arrived at the office, she was greeted by some disconcerting news. She had just finished writing a picture with a certain star in mind and now at the last moment the studio had displaced that star with a terrible ham who, she felt, would ruin any picture.

She sat down on the set where a director was starting to shoot her picture. She felt very, very badly.

"What's the matter, Adela? You look unhappy." She looked up. Bing Crosby had strolled on the set.

"Oh, nothing makes sense today, Bing," she told him morosely.

"Listen, I'll tell you something." Bing sat down, pulled a jackknife from his pocket and picked up a piece of wood from the ground. "When things go wrong and you feel awful you know what you ought to do? You ought to whittle."

She looked up. "Listen, you bathroom baritone, it doesn't make me feel any better to hear your bum gags. Run along, Crooner."

"But I'm leveling, Adela," Bing said earnestly. "I'm not kiddin'. I've had troubles; you know that. When I get so mad I want to crown somebody I take a piece of wood and start whittling it. Here, Adela, I'll lend you my knife. Try it."

Ten minutes later the crooner and the writer were laughing and a pile of shavings lay at Adela's feet. Her troubles were forgotten. The crooner walked away smiling. His homemade remedy for cheering up a troubled person had worked. Bing was satisfied.

Bing is always whittling. Once when he was a kid he almost whittled away a pair of legs with a double-edged axe. He was sixteen, then, and living with his family in Spokane, Washington. He got a job one summer in a lumber camp, but his arm was bad. He came home from the camp with two nice gashes, one above each knee. Those gashes worried him. They worried him a lot. He was afraid they'd slow him up so he couldn't play shortstop any more. Well, they did slow him and he never did play shortstop. He played the outfield, though—at Gonzaga University—and he won his letter.

Only a few short years ago Bing was a student at law school, wrestling with the intricacies of real-property law during the day and manipulating a pair of drumsticks at night in a pick-up band. Today Crosby is the biggest thing in pictures, a man who earns something like $300,000 a year and who could earn a lot more, but, as he says, "What's the use? The income-tax people would only grab it."

American standards being what they are, any man who earns $300,000 a year entirely because of his own efforts is important. The career of any man who is important should be interesting, so suppose we peruse the career of Master Harry "Bing" Crosby from the time he became an ex-lumberman.

An Incorporated Crooner

At present Bing is working for Paramount. On the Paramount lot there is a two-story wooden building called the Writers' Building. On the ground floor there is a door opening into a two-room office and over the door it says, "Bing Crosby, Ltd., Inc." Walk in and you'll be greeted by serious-looking Larry Crosby, who handles the publicity and radio end of the Crosby corporation; by Everett Crosby, the manager of the corporation and undoubtedly its brains, and by Pop Crosby, a delightfully genial old gentleman who opens the mail for the corporation. And like as not you'll find Bing there, leaning back in a chair, his feet up on a desk. These are the members of "Bing Crosby, Ltd., Inc." The idea of incorporating Bing was Everett's. It is very handy to be incorporated in case of suits or income-tax squabbles. Anyone making as much money as Bing makes has to surround himself with every protection the law allows.

Sit around with the Crosby family and you'll get the story of Bing's phenomenal rise and you'll be delighted to learn that hard work, attention to detail, and the other story-book maxims have played no part in his success. He's been lucky since the day he was born. His first break was having Ma and Pa Crosby for parents. The other breaks all followed in due course.

There's nothing worse-looking than a full beard unless it's a half beard. When I dropped into the Crosby office Bing was wearing half a beard. He was preparing to make a picture called Mississippi. In it he had to wear sideburns and a heavy mustache, with nothing on his chin. His director insisted that he grow them. It did look very mangy.

"Looks like hell, don't it?" Crosby suggested.

It did. Bing wouldn't even go over to the Paramount restaurant to lunch. He was afraid someone would kid him about it. Most of the conceited spotlight-loving hams in Hollywood would have gloried in the attention such a make-up would have drawn to them.

On Wings of Song

And sitting there in the two-room office, the story came from Pop and Everett and Larry and Bing—but mostly from Larry and Pop. In the end Bing summed the whole story up in one sentence. Without any false modesty or any simpering intent to be contradicted, Bing said, "I've just been a very lucky guy."

Bing was brought up in a musical household. Pop kept the financial status of the family in continual jitters by buying every musical instrument to which he took a fancy.

"He kept the family in hock all the time," Bing laughs. "He was always buying a new guitar or phonograph or something."

There were seven little Crosbys and at night they'd gather around and sing while Pop played. Even at sixteen Bing loved to sing. He didn't have much of a voice, but it was true and it wasn't loud. However, Bing had no intention of ever making money out of it.

(Continued on page 56)

The Root of Evil

The story of a noble experiment. Show it to that rich uncle of yours. Then cross your fingers

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

AT THE sound of the master's step on the veranda, Willetta scooped up her game of solitaire from the kitchen table and, rising, opened the oven door. A cloud of smoke came out; she banged the door shut.

"Pshaw!" she muttered to herself. "Ain't no peace for no one in this world."

Young Harley Greenleaf heard that step, and hastily cut short the telephone conversation he had been conducting for a long, long time.

"Well, think it over, Gracie," were his parting words, in a bitterly reproachful tone. "Some day you'll realize—"

His sister Marjorie, hearing that step, threw down the magazine she had been reading and rushed up the stairs to put more powder on her face, so that she might look as pale as she felt. And Mrs. Greenleaf thrust all those bills back into the desk and went out into the hall, to welcome her husband.

"I smell smoke!" he said, giving her a hasty kiss.

"There does seem to be a little," she admitted.

"Any word from your Uncle Russell?"

"No, there isn't. I'm *so* sorry, Ben. It's a shame—"

"No," said her husband, with superhuman calm. "No. There's absolutely no reason why anyone on earth should have the least confidence in my ability and judgment. I don't expect any— Why the devil do the children always begin that—that scurrying as soon as I set foot in the house?"

"They don't realize things . . ." said Mrs. Greenleaf. "If you'll go up and wash, Ben, we'll have dinner."

"Dinner!" he said, with a short laugh. "When I've just lost the opportunity of a lifetime! I tell you, Helen, if I could have taken up that option on the Golden Glade property tomorrow morning, I'd have tripled the money."

As he began to mount the stairs, Mrs. Greenleaf hastened to the kitchen.

"Willetta! What is all this smoke?"

"It's nothing, ma'am," said Willetta soothingly. "Jest fat. A bit of fat cotched, that's all."

Mrs. Greenleaf moved about, opening windows, to clear the air.

"I'm very sorry about Ben's option," she thought. "Those things mean so much to him. . . . I suppose I'm not nearly ambitious enough. Those women who help their husbands . . . I mean, Disraeli's wife. . . ."

SHE sighed, ashamed of her contentment. She remembered how Miss Thatcher had used to talk at school. "Aim high," Miss Thatcher had told her pupils. "Aspire greatly." Mrs. Greenleaf was obliged to admit that personally she really didn't aspire to anything except a new shower-curtain and a muff. The shower-curtain she would be able to buy out of next month's money, if she were careful, and Ben would give her a muff for Christmas.

"Of course, I wish Ben could take up that option," she thought. "And I wish Marjorie could take that trip, and I wish Harley could have that electric lathe. . . ."

The table, she thought, looked very dainty; the dinner, though plain, was good. It was a curious thing that Willetta so frequently produced those clouds of smoke, and still could bring on a dinner not at all burned.

"It really must be fat," thought Mrs. Greenleaf. "She has all those little jars and bottles of fat in the ice-box. . . . I can't imagine where she gets them from, or what she does with them."

The air in the dining-room was quite clear now; closing the windows, Mrs. Greenleaf went into the hall and sounded the gong for dinner.

Nothing happened for some time, and then Greenleaf descended and at once wished to know why his son and his daughter were not there. He sat down at the table, and looked with suspicion at the soup.

"It's something new," said Mrs. Greenleaf. "It's called potage au neige."

"It looks like rice again," said he.

His attention was distracted by the entrance of his daughter. She was nineteen, and, as a rule, very pleasing to the eye. But tonight she had a ghastly pallor and dark shadows beneath her eyes. He stared at her.

"Now, see here, Marjorie!" he said. "You—you don't get out in the air enough. You don't eat enough, or something. You ought to have more *sense*—"

Mrs. Greenleaf was worried, but not about the girl's health. Liquid powder and eye-shadow. . . . But she knew what was coming.

"MAYBE I should," said Marjorie, listlessly. "But, after all, what does it matter? I can't seem to get a job and *earn* the money for the things I *need*—"

"What is it you need and haven't got?"

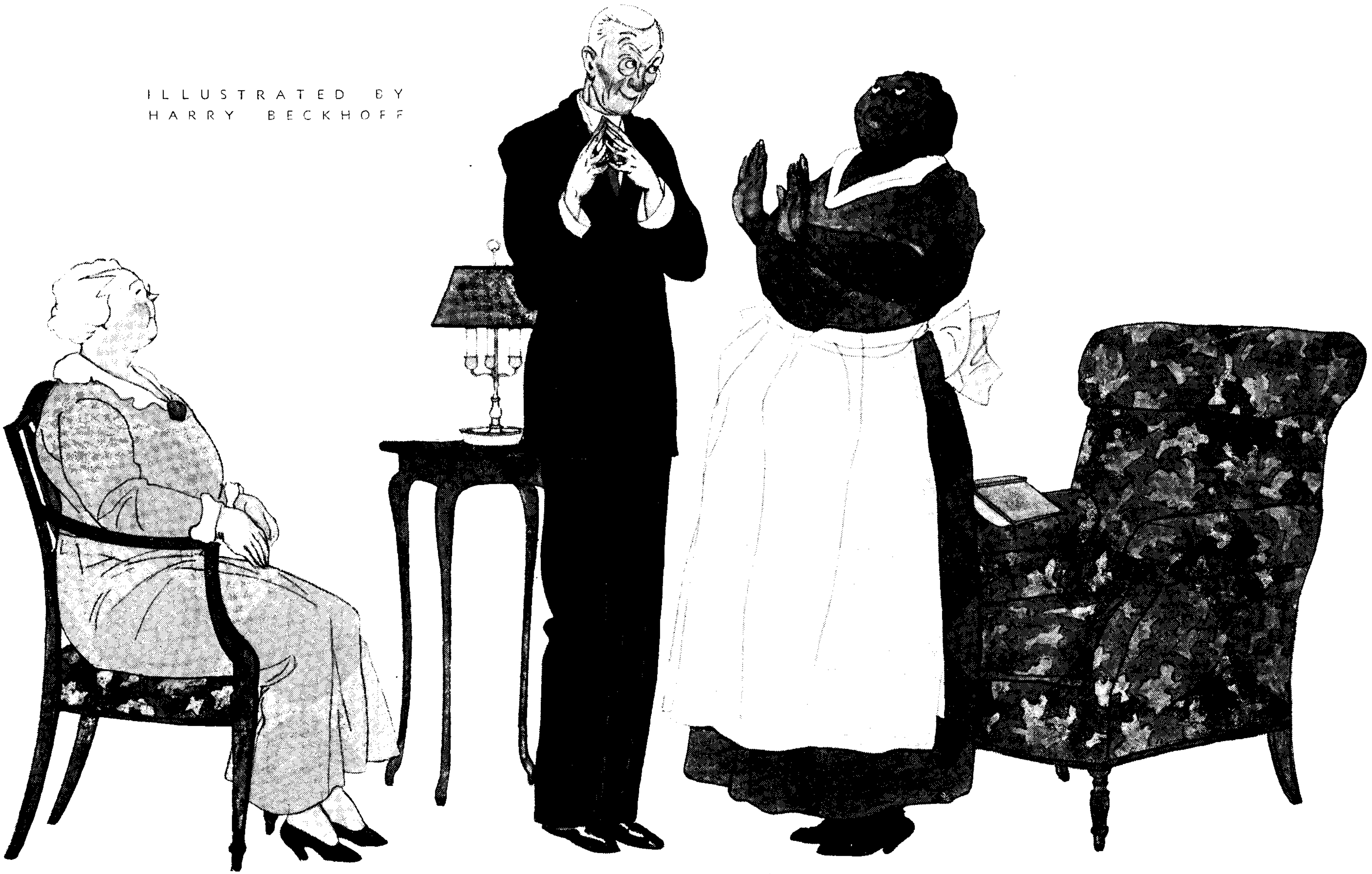
"Oh, I suppose I don't really *need* it," she said, with a faint smile. "It's only that I do feel that if I could get out of this environment, I really could *write*."

"You mean," said her father, "that you want to go on that West Indian cruise with the Porters. Well, I've told you that I can't afford it. I—"

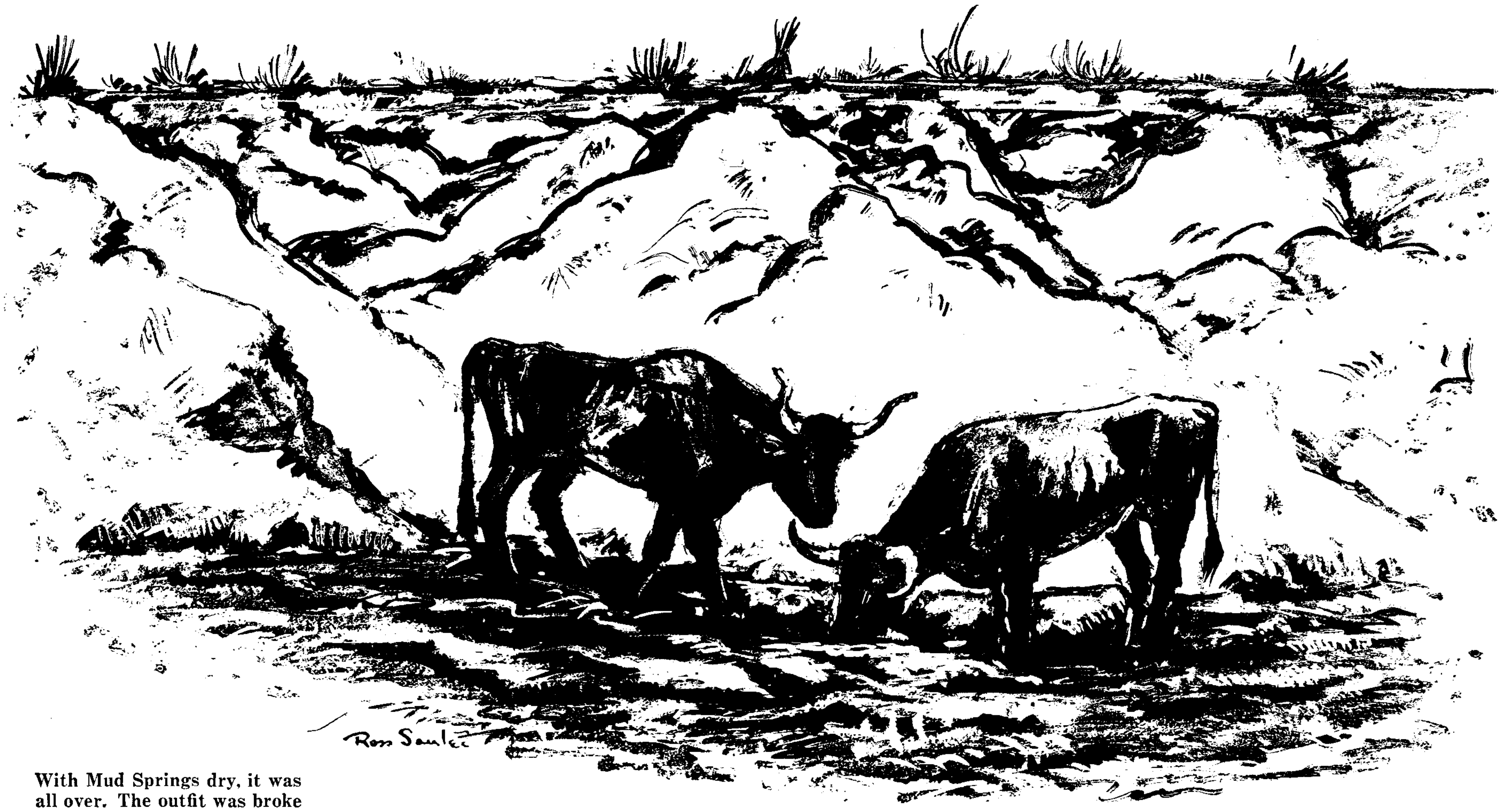
Young Harley came in and sat down, hitching up his chair in that annoying

(*Continued on page 59*)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



"Willetta, I suppose you have set your heart upon something which would make you happy?"



With Mud Springs dry, it was all over. The outfit was broke

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Water

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Ross Santee

SMITH dug out the spring while I fought the cattle back with a shovel. They were crazy for water. They had upset the trough. It was dry as a bone and they had tramped the pipe into the mud. There was a big steer in the bunch that had showed his hocks to my pony several times on Mescal Mountain. He was as wild as a black-tailed buck. Now his sunken eyes burned like live coals. I had to bat him twice with the shovel.

We set the trough in place and Smith cleaned out the pipe with a wire. There was only a trickle of water. He ran the wire through the pipe again—there was only a little trickle. Smith went kind of crazy then. He picked up a shovel and throwed it as far as he could. He said he hoped to God it never rained. He laughed and he cursed.

Then he went an' got on his pony. He didn't speak all the way into the ranch. I didn't say anything either. There wasn't anything to say with Mud Springs dry, it was all over. The outfit was blowed up and broke.

It was tough on Smith. It was tough on his wife, too. I was thinking of her as we rode to the ranch. Only the day before I'd come in ahead of Smith and found her kneeling on the ranch-house porch. "God give us rain," she says.

I don't know how she stood it as long as she did with the cattle bawling for water. They bawled all day. They bawled all night. It was a never-ending sound. It was getting on me so I dreaded to come in nights. Even in the ranch house it was always in your ears. Supper was waiting when Smith and me got in that night. His wife was pleasant as usual. And Smith was apparently over that spell of his at the spring. It was when she fetched the light that I noticed how old an' tired she was. Then I looked at Smith. He had aged ten years that day.

I noticed she didn't touch her food nor take a sip of coffee. Once way back when it started she had said it was all she could do to get it down when she thought of the thirsty cattle.

Nobody spoke. Outside, the cattle bawled for water. Her eyes were on Smith's face. He wasn't eating either. Finally he pushed his plate aside. "I guess you know," he says.

She nodded her head. When she spoke her voice was firm. "I know," she says, "Mud Springs went dry today."

Something pinched me in the throat when the woman smiled, an' I walked outside the house. I knew they wanted to be alone.

Some thunderheads were hanging low over Mescal Rim. Once in the long ago it had been a sign of rain. But with tomorrow's blazing sun they would disappear again. A new moon was rising over Turnbull Peak. I had watched the new moon rise two years ago from the same place on the ranch-house porch the night I came to work for Smith.

IT WAS a regular cow spread then, with fat ponies to ride and fat cattle. There had been good rains the year I come. There was plenty of feed and water. The big flats were covered with filaree where the cattle grazed knee-deep. There was grama on every hill. There wasn't an outfit in Arizona any better fixed for water.

I had often heard the woman speak of how they started out over twenty years before. She was teaching school. She had met Smith at a dance one night when he was a wild young puncher breaking horses at the Circles. Smith started to save his wages then an' he kept away from town. It was four years later that she put her money in with his and they bought a little remnant of cattle.

Smith had built the little house himself and he had put in all the corrals. Often she had held the lantern when he worked on them at night. There had been her little garden and an orchard.

LIKE all cow folks in Arizona they had had their ups and downs. There had been wet years and dry. They had owed the bank at different times but they always had paid out. They had watched the little remnant grow until they owned five thousand head. Then the drought. Now there wasn't half that many.

With rain the outfit could pull through even now. The cattle could live on browse and buck brush if only they had water. Even now there was plenty of feed way back in the hills if it rained an' put out water.

Thinking back, it was hard to remember when Smith or I had used a rope or branding iron. We rode with picks and shovels digging out the springs an' water holes. For weeks and months the thunderheads had come each day to mock us in the sky. But somehow there was always hope until Mud Springs went dry.

Their light still showed when I unrolled my bed roll on the porch. It didn't seem as if I'd been asleep. But it was the patter on the roof that woke me at daybreak. The sky was dark an' overcast. Mescal Rim was hid. The patter stopped an' then it came, it came in driving torrents.

I could hear the folks inside as I pulled on my boots. I guess I acted funny. I didn't remember that I yelled. Later Smith said it was the first time he ever saw a puncher drunk on nothing except water.

But I remember the woman kneeling in the rain an' Smith, his head thrown back, the water streaming from his face, both hands stretched toward the sky.

And still it came. It was noon when we thought of breakfast. We laughed an' talked all through the meal. We ate with the rain still pelting on the roof without any sign of a letup.

The three of us sat late that night, it was pleasant on the porch. We sat and listened to the rain. And for the first time in the long, cruel months the bawling cattle were quiet.

It was just before they went inside Smith turned to me an' spoke. "Yesterday at the spring," he said, "I didn't mean that—what I said about it never raining."

The Damnation Bowwows

By Bill Cunningham

Going to the dogs? The greyhounds, we mean, those tense and lovely racers that pursue a mechanical bunny round the track with such verve and apparent joy. The promoters call it good, clean sport. Maybe so—for the onlookers. But not for the dogs. And not for all the rabbits

THE greyhound, or its almost identical twin, the saluki, is at least as old as Egypt. The Pharaohs did, and modern sheiks from the Caspian to the Sahara do, run him in the open across flat patches of prairie against the gazelle, the jackal, the fox and the hare.

Modern Americans and English and French and Canadians race the same quivering, streamlined, wind-burning creatures around quarter-mile tracks under the blaze of lofty floodlights in futile pursuit of an electrical rabbit, and bet unestimable millions of dollars, pounds, francs or whatever they're using for money, upon which is the fastest dog in any given group of eight over distances varying from three sixteenths to nine sixteenths of a mile.

What began as a gory, plains-country sport with fifty centuries of precedent behind it, changed almost overnight exactly fifteen years ago into a glorified, open-air gambling device which now has humane societies, clergymen, business organizations and civic groups fighting desperately on a half dozen fronts to confine it at least to Florida, California and the shore towns of Jersey, where the suckers or tourists don't mind being trimmed so long as they're barbered attractively.

With the horses running interference for them, however, through the various state legislatures and pari-mutuel bills passing all over the map, the dog interests, now powerful, now reasonably well-organized and craftily experienced in the fine art of lobbying, are driving inland toward hitherto sacrosanct regions. Oregon and Massachusetts have lately sanctioned the puppies, New Jersey did a while back, and other voters in other sections will undoubtedly follow suit, upon the general premise that racing is racing and what difference does it make whether it's horses or dogs?

It doesn't make much, and again it makes a lot. It depends upon whether you look at the race or the community.

An electrical engineer named Owen P. Smith was solely responsible for the modern dog track, and if a statement he made prior to his death in 1927 can be taken literally, the idea was born out of pity.

Western and Southwestern sportsmen have always fancied greyhounds. The long-legged, deep-chested, razor-fanged speedsters are designed for the plains and the tablelands. They fit in an apartment like a giraffe in a church and look about as natural on a leash as an eagle on a clothesline. They belong by heritage and instinct to the open prairie, and that's where most of them were, with the lordly jack rabbit as their natural foil, and an occasional mixup with a coyote to vary the monotony.

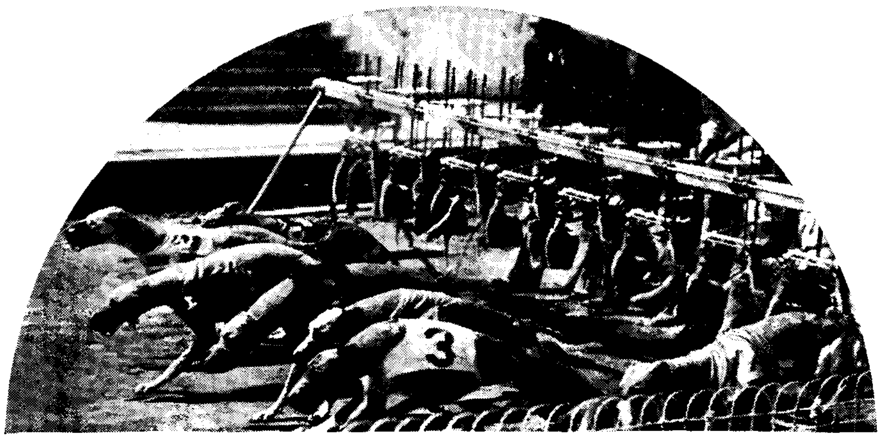
"Rabbit kills" were, and in some places still are, standard entertainment out there on Sabbath afternoons and holidays. These are rather ghastly tournaments wherein live hares are turned loose, and the dogs are set after them. The dogs usually represent different owners and the winner is the canine that outraces the rest to make the bloody kill. Much money changes hands and the fame of certain dogs travels.

This was especially hot sport in the Far West in the early 1900's, but it was already being increasingly deviled by the various humane societies, who called it degenerate entertainment, on a par with cockfighting, dogfighting and other blood-spattered pastimes wherein the superior animal, man, exploits the murderous instincts of lesser creatures for his own sadistic amusement.

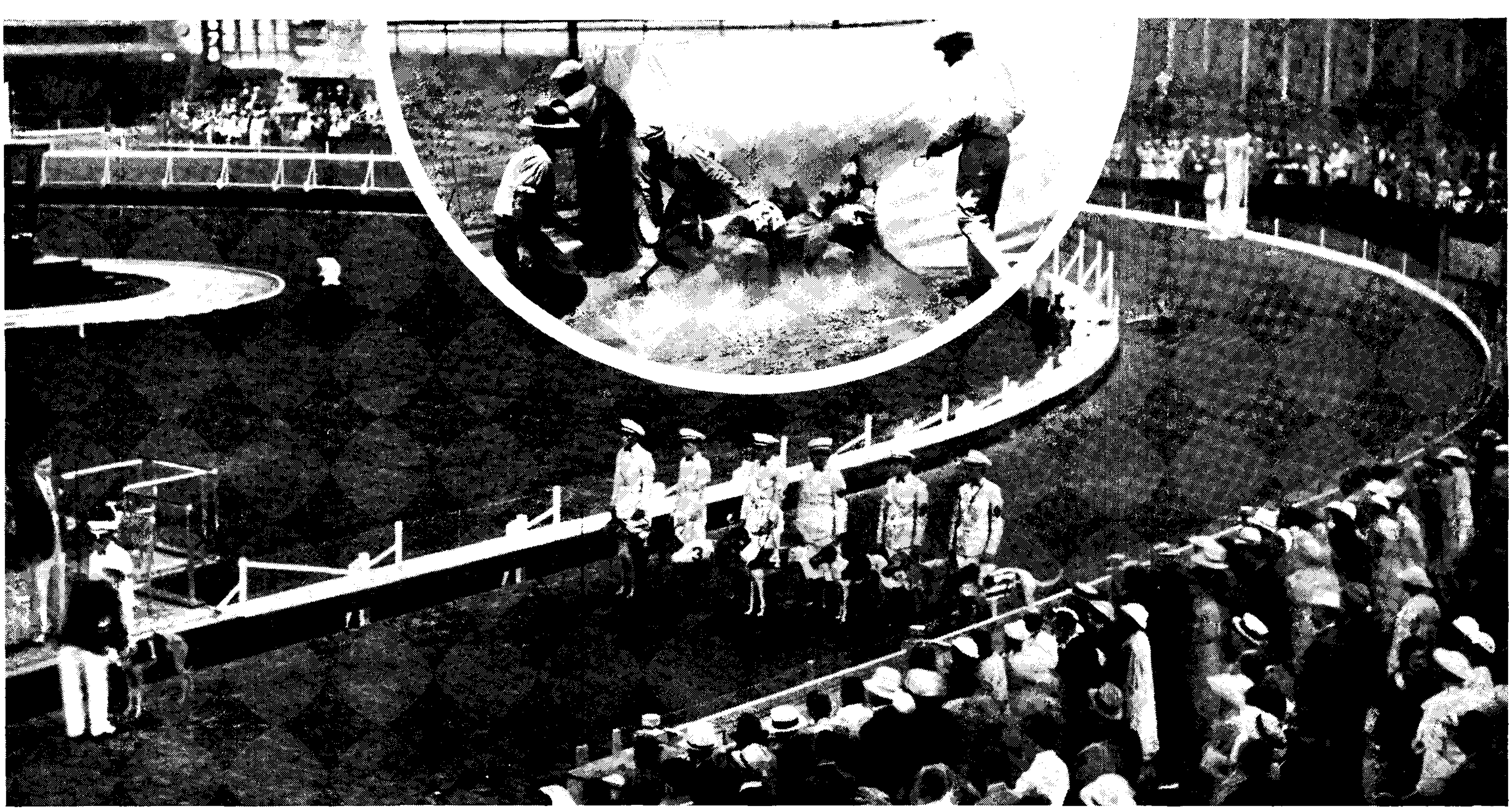
To the rescue came the inventive genius of the Tennessean, Smith, who evolved the mechanical hare. He had a crude one as early as 1909, but it took him until 1920 to perfect the present system and to get the basic patents that protect it.

Before he died, seven years later in Miami, as Lord High Commissioner of

(Continued on page 71)



Above, greyhounds starting from a special type of barrier in a training race



Below, a canvas halts the dogs at the finish as the mechanical bunny disappears

Parade to the post. Greyhound racing has grown up to all the pomp of its rival, horse racing

ACME

The Bat Flies Low

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

LINCOLN HAYES, wealthy Egyptologist and head of a great electrical corporation, gives a New York museum an ancient Egyptian lamp, strangely contrived, which, were its principle known, might revolutionize present-day lighting systems.

Several years later, Captain Paddy Rorke, Hayes' agent in Egypt, discovers a bit of worn papyrus, wherein the lamp is minutely described. He brings it to Hayes, in New York; reports that someone, or some group, has been trying to steal it.

Whereupon—while Hayes, Rorke, and Ulric Stefanson, a brilliant young scientist, are discussing the situation in Hayes' home—the papyrus is stolen. There are two suspects: Mohammed Ahmes Bey, a distinguished Egyptian whom Hayes had invited to his house; and Simon Lobb, president of an electrical company which is Hayes' leading competitor.

When, on the following day, the lamp at the museum is "accidentally" destroyed by an Egyptian "student," Hayes decides that Ahmes Bey is the thief. He resolves to follow him (the visitor has sailed for Europe). With Ann Wayland, his lovely secretary, Rorke and Stefanson, he goes to England. On the steamer, Rorke is worried. He admires Ann Wayland. But in Hayes' home he had detected her in the act of cabling someone in Cairo, notifying him of Hayes' decision! He resolves to watch her carefully. . . .

In London, Hayes sees a woman—*Mohammed Ahmes Bey's companion in New York!* She steps into a car. Hayes signals a taxicab and follows her. Far out in the country, the woman leaves her car and enters a cottage. Hayes boldly follows her. She does not seem surprised. "You," she greets him, "are Mr. Lincoln Hayes. I was expecting you." Admiring her brilliant, exotic beauty in New York, Hayes now finds himself completely fascinated by her personality. He mentions the papyrus. The woman—she calls herself "Hatasu"—admits nothing. But— "Mohammed Ahmes Bey has a better right to it than you," she says. And when Hayes takes his leave presently, he feels sure that she knows something of his plans.

Riding away in his taxi, Hayes, strangely happy, passes a large, gray house not far from Hatasu's cottage. He glances back. It is dark; but he is aware that someone, or *something*, is staring at him. A shadowy, sinister figure.

V

THE S. S. Bramahpoona left Marseilles at about eight o'clock at night. A suite with private bath had been secured by Lincoln Hayes. He had been compelled to pay for the reservation as far as Java, although the party was leaving the ship at Port Said. These small comforts are some of the minor things which millions can command. Slim, Hayes' town chauffeur, usually accompanied his employer abroad, for Slim, apart from his amazing traffic sense, had other qualities. He was an unexcelled manservant, with a peculiar knowledge of foreign peoples and an aptitude for picking up their languages.

Lincoln Hayes, once the ship was clear of dock, walked out on deck. Slim might be relied upon to unpack and to prepare the staterooms, not only for himself but also for Paddy Rorke and Stefanson.

Ann Wayland was used to traveling. Within an hour her stewardess would be her devoted slave. Her inclusion in the party might have aroused comment among the prurient, but Lincoln Hayes throughout his life had ignored the prurient and, by virtue of his blameless record and the high standard which he demanded of his associates, had confounded them.

It was a cloudy night, with a heavy, greasy swell. An uncomfortable drizzle was falling, and the decks were deserted. There was some activity forward where hatches were being battened down, but it was not the sort of night which tempts promenaders. Lincoln Hayes, muffled up in white oilskins and wearing a very large tweed cap with a very long peak, paced round and round the ship, a cigar protruding from the corner of his thin mouth.

His heart was elated but his mind was depressed.

He had met and had spoken to Hatasu! She was even more desirable than he had dreamed her to be, and he thought that she was attracted to him. The more he considered that strange interview in the cottage in Surrey, the more he realized that some barrier, which might prove to be impassable, stood between them. He had refused to abandon his purpose; yet at their final parting her hand had lingered in his.

THEN had come that strange, gaunt figure in the lane. . . .

He could not conquer his idea that Hatasu's enmity was active.

Twice, thrice, he walked around, *meeting never a soul. Lights streamed* out from public rooms upon the wet deck. He saw people playing cards; others gathered around tables in the smoke-room. Two elderly ladies in a small room amidships were reading.

Then another hardy traveler appeared, braving cold and drizzling rain.

He wore a heavy traveling coat of a depressing brown color, and the pallor of his face was accentuated by the presence on his head of a Breton béret. Once he passed Hayes—for he was promenading in the opposite direction—but as they met for a second time on the starboard side:

"Excuse me, sir—" he said timidly.

Lincoln Hayes pulled up and stared.

"Yes?"

"You don't remember me?" the other traveler went on, mournfully. "Natural enough. But you may recall, sir, that I made the mistake of speaking to you in the Ritz Hotel day before yesterday?"

And then, suddenly, Lincoln Hayes remembered. This man *had* spoken to him in the lounge of the Ritz.

"I was looking for Mr. McKinley of the Express Company." Hayes moved slowly on, and the other fell into step beside him. "Well, if you can believe me, he didn't turn up."

"Bad business."

"It *was* a bad business. What was I to do? He had my passport and my tickets for the journey right through to Egypt. I rang up the Haymarket, *and they said he had started out. So I* just waited."

Something naïve about this gloomy little soul appealed to Hayes' sympathetic nature, and:

"Must have come all right," he said, "since you're here."

"It did. I don't deny I have wonderful luck. But not being used to traveling the world, if you understand what I mean, it was a tough break for me."

"What had become of this Mr. McKinley?"

"He'd gone to the Savoy! Can you beat it! He'd gone to the Savoy!" The speaker was becoming almost animated. "It was close on eleven o'clock before I established contact. Boy! what a relief when I finally succeeded!"

"Must have been."

"I'd given up hope—I may say I was desperate."

"Anyway, you're here all right."

"That's just my wonderful luck."

They continued to pace round and round the deck, the pale man having now adapted his step to the long strides of Lincoln Hayes. "It's this way with me. My name is Mick—"

"Mick what?"

"I knew you'd say that. Everybody does. But it's just Mick—Mr. Mick."

"Uncommon name."

"Yes, I know it's a funny name—everybody laughs; but I got it from my father and what can I do? But I certainly have the most wonderful luck."

"That's clear."

"I do. Nothing can beat it. I'm ordered on a sea voyage, and to go right on to Egypt for my health. I nearly don't get there—but here I am."

"You are undeniably here," said Lincoln Hayes, dryly. "What about a drink?"

"I'm on a quota by doctor's orders."

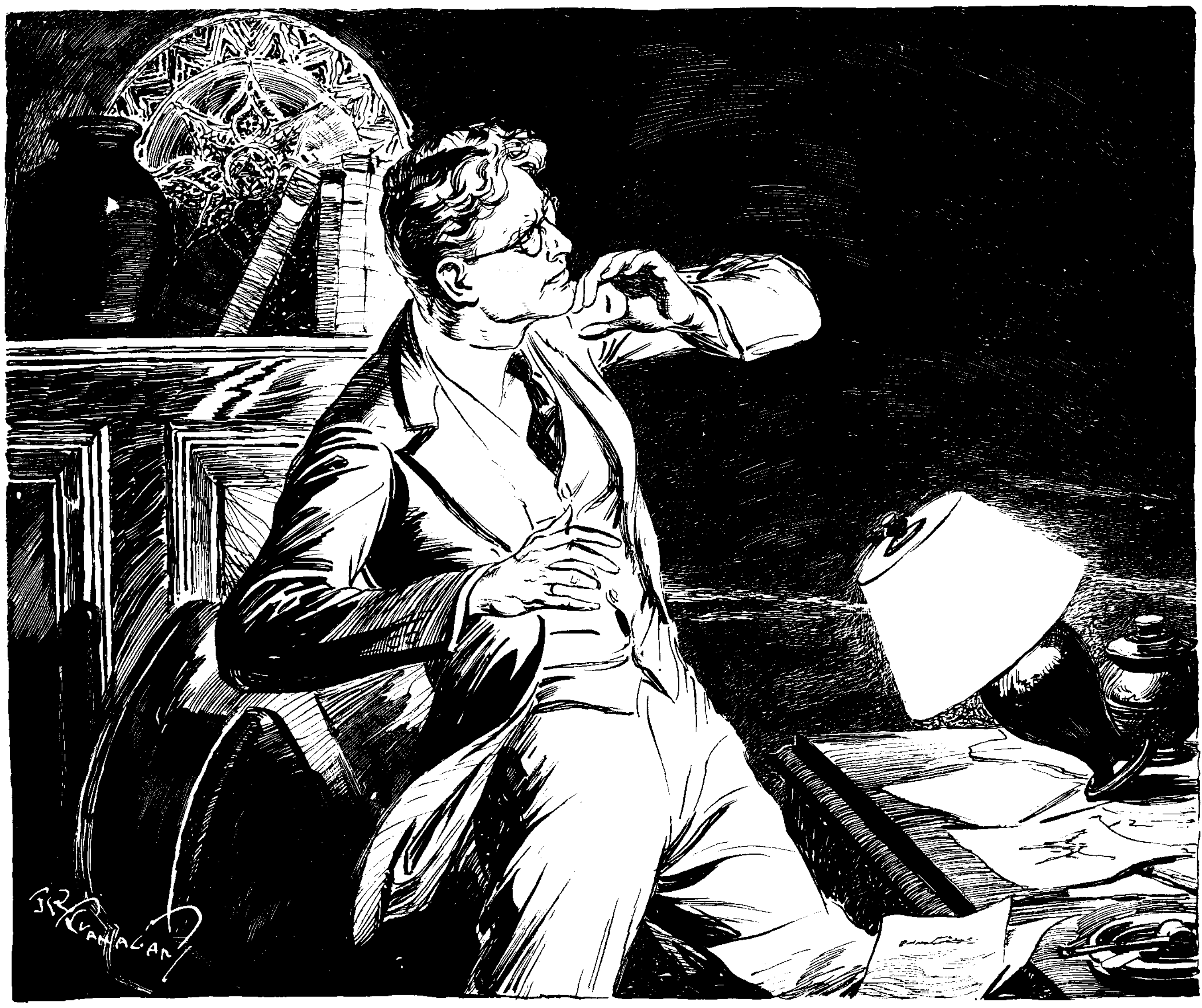
They had pulled up before an entrance to the smoke-room.

"Exceeded the quota, yet?"

"One drink on the credit side."

"Come in and have it. My name is Lincoln Hayes."

LAST night on board (the ship was due to dock at Port Said in the morning) a council of war was held in Lincoln Hayes' stateroom.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

Unrolled on the table and kept flat by means of a number of books lay an ordnance map covering a wide area of desert from the Ghîzeh Plateau out to the Oasis of Sîwa. The famous steel box stood upon the table, and in it lay Stefanson's notes, now as complete as he could make them. The box had been taken out that evening by Hayes from the purser's safe.

The Mediterranean was calm as a lake. Hayes' stateroom lay forward, and through two portholes looking out on the well-deck, beyond which rose the fo'c's'le head, battalions of diamonds held the night. The movement of the ship was scarcely perceptible; but in spite of increasing heat Hayes had the door of his stateroom bolted.

Half kneeling on a settee, he was bending over the map; Stefanson stood on the other side of the table, also looking down; and Rorke, standing between them, traced with the point of a pencil a zigzagging red line which he had drawn from the village of Ghîzeh out across the desert to a spot some twelve miles east of a place called Aghormi.

"As I have explained," he said in his somewhat casual manner, "this route is partly imaginary, because the indications in the papyrus were maddeningly indefinite. I had not finished it by a long way at the time that the papyrus disappeared. So that from this point"—he indicated a deviation in the red line—"it's more or less guesswork. Of one thing only I am sure: the general direction is right."

He looked up and glanced at his wrist watch.

"Ann's a long time," he remarked.

"Sympathetic soul," Lincoln Hayes murmured. "She's quite upset about our poor little acquaintance."

Mr. Mick, the pale traveler who had been ordered to Egypt for his health, had had a severe relapse two days before, and was in the hands of the ship's doctor. The doctor had intimated that his patient was suffering from an obscure form of endocarditis. Ann Wayland, who had taken a fancy to the little man, insisted upon visiting his cabin twice every day. Hayes usually looked in as well—but Ann was the popular visitor.

"She'll be here in a m-minute," said Stefanson, bending eagerly over the map. "You say th-that this d-dotted circle in your opinion embraces the s-site of the t-temple?"

"So I believe."

"It s-seems to me that your m-map is nearly as hazy as m-my n-notes."

"By overtaxing that mighty intelligence," Rorke replied, "you may be able to grasp the elementary fact that this route leads to nowhere, so far as the man who made the map was aware. Therefore, anyone observing this red line and following it might realize, if possessed of an ordinary, C3, or subnormal brain, that something of importance must be contained within the dotted area."

"Q-quite!" said Stefanson.

"Only had the thing out of the safe once before since we sailed," said Lincoln Hayes, "and you remember what happened?"

"I d-do."

ON THE occasion to which Hayes referred, they had held a conference respecting the route to the temple. The cabin door had been on the hook, when some instinct or chance sound had warned Stefanson, who was nearest, of an eavesdropper. Quickly as he had sprung forward and thrown the door open, he had been rewarded with no more than a glimpse of a retreating figure darting into a cross alleyway.

"Don't forget that there happens to be an Arab steward among the crew." Rorke said quietly. "He's working his way to Egypt. I spoke to the purser tonight."

"Doesn't attend on these cabins," said Hayes.

"No. He's in the second-class. But still, he's on board. Hello! this will be Ann."

There was a loud rap on the door. Rorke stepped across, freed the bolt and opened.

Ann Wayland came in, smiling radiantly.

"Poor little Mr. Mick is definitely better," she reported as Rorke closed and rebolted the door. "Although he is so weak that I am afraid he will have to be carried ashore. I think it was wicked of his friends to allow him to travel alone."

"So do I," Rorke agreed. "What did you smuggle in there tonight, contrary to doctor's orders?"

Ann laughed delightedly. The sea air had enhanced her beauty—she was glowing with health and high spirits. Paddy Rorke's eyes rarely left her.

"Half a bottle of champagne. He *was* glad."

"You'll k-kill the poor little devil," Stefanson declared.

Ann laughed, squeezing his arm affectionately.

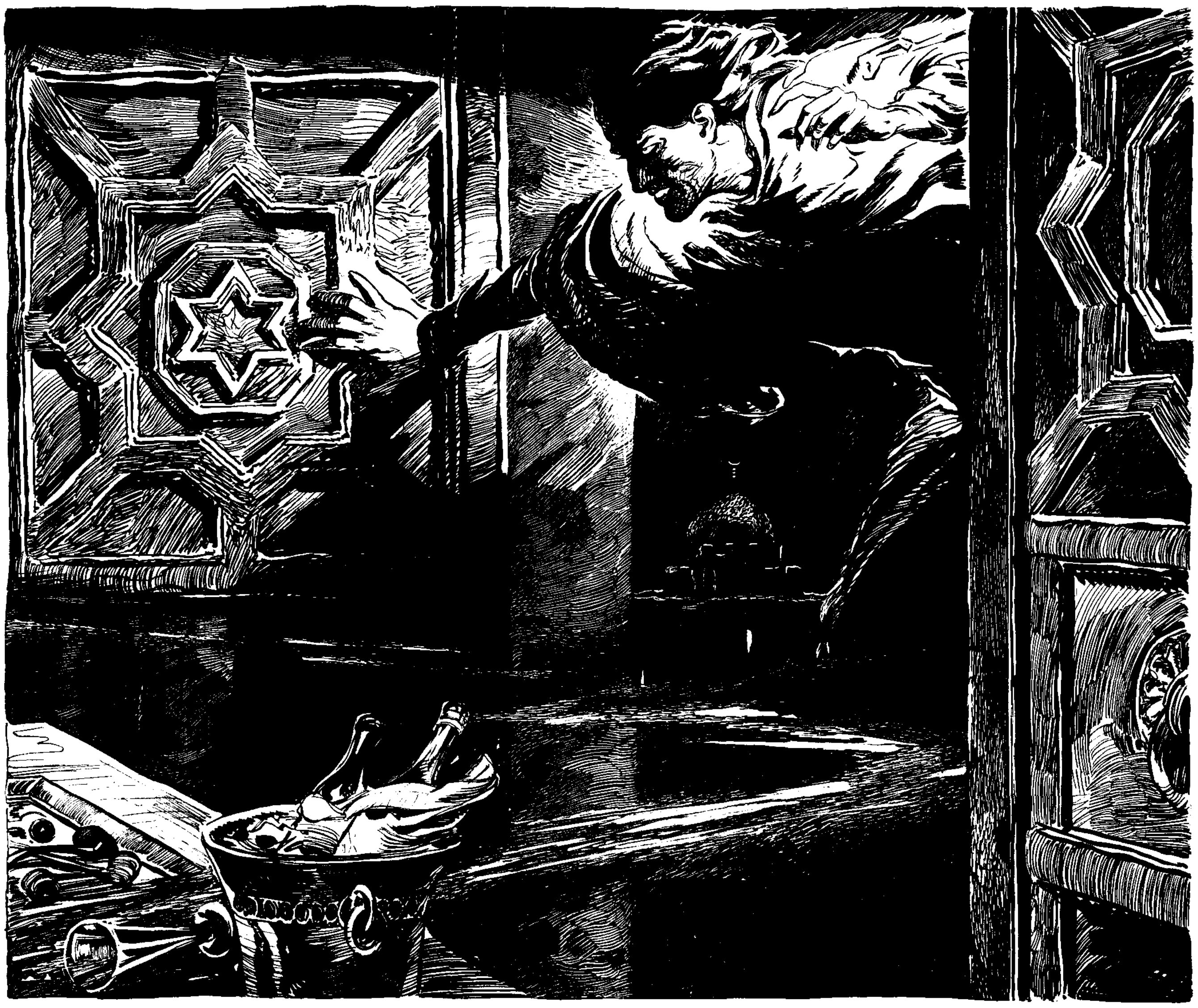
"You took him whisky," she charged; "you can't deny it!"

"Anyway," Lincoln Hayes interrupted, "we are all up to date so far as our information goes. Let's put the map back in the box, and perhaps Paddy will return it to the safe."

Rorke folded up the ordnance map and replaced it in the steel box with Stefanson's notes. He was about to close the lid, when:

"Man overboard!" came a chilling cry from somewhere above.

It was echoed from point to point. "Man overboard! Man overboard . . ."



A tall, an extremely tall man, dressed in black, stepped into the room

There was a dim sound of a bell, and a sort of quiver ran through the hull of the ship. The engines had been rung off.

Then came shouted orders, and the tattoo of running feet upon the deck.

"By heavens!" said Rorke. "Who can it be?"

"Oh! let's go and see!" cried Ann.

All were of the same mind. But as they ran out of the alleyway:

"One moment," said Lincoln Hayes grimly.

He turned and locked the door of his stateroom and then followed the others.

THE decks were crowded on the port side, where a boat was being lowered away with that smooth efficiency which belongs to the Dutch mercantile marine. There was a nearly full moon. The oily surface of the sea resembled a steel mirror. Several passengers were focussing glasses. The ellipse of the ship's wake could be traced for a great distance. Nothing showed upon the surface.

"Who gave the alarm?"

Lincoln Hayes asked the question of a passing deck hand.

"Officer of the watch."

The man hurried on his way.

The boat rode the water and was pulled clear of the side. The Bramahpoona's engines began to move again slowly and the ship was swung about so that her searchlight could be brought into play. It suddenly cast its dazzling gleam on the mirrorlike surface, which it began to explore in slow arcs.

Lincoln Hayes walked to the foot of the bridge ladder at the top of which the Dutch commander was standing, night glasses focussed on the path of the light.

"Any idea who's overboard, Captain?"

The captain lowered his glasses and looked down; a fine-looking old man, white-bearded, and mustached.

"No idea at all, Mr. Hayes," he replied, speaking the perfect English of his class. "Mr. Fisher, here," he indicated the second officer who stood at his elbow, "reports that he heard a cry for help from the after end of the boat deck. Running to the wing of the bridge, he saw a body plunge overboard, just forrard of number two lifeboat."

He returned to his inspection of the distant sea.

"A DAMN' mysterious business," Rorke remarked.

An hour had elapsed. No trace had been discovered of the man overboard. The search party had been ordered back. In the meantime the purser had called the roll. No passengers were missing in any class, and the total of the crew was complete!

"Very mysterious," Lincoln Hayes agreed, as he inserted the key in the door of his stateroom. "What do you think, Ann?"

"Well," Ann replied. "I am naturally glad. But I can't make it out."

"N-no m-more can I," said Ulric Stefanson.

They filed into the stateroom.

"Hell!"

The exclamation came from Lincoln Hayes.

Rorke's steel box, empty, lay upon the carpet near the settee: the map and Stefanson's notes had disappeared!

"What is the character of these documents, gentlemen?" asked Captain van den Heyde.

He had much the appearance of a judge, as he sat in his revolving chair, turned around, now, back to the desk so that he could face his visitors.

Lincoln Hayes and Rorke sat upon the sofa; Rorke was smoking a cigarette

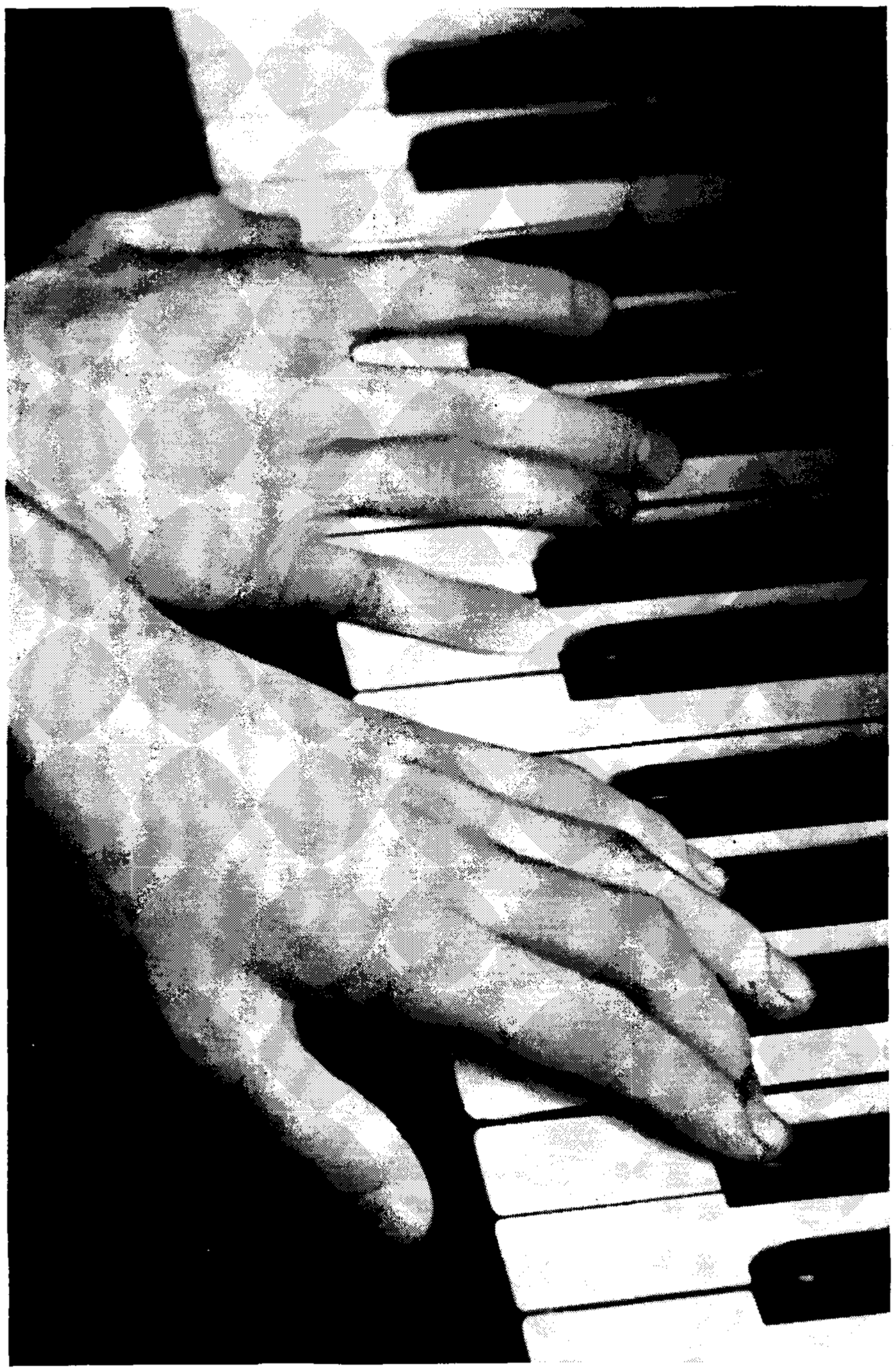
(Continued on page 64)

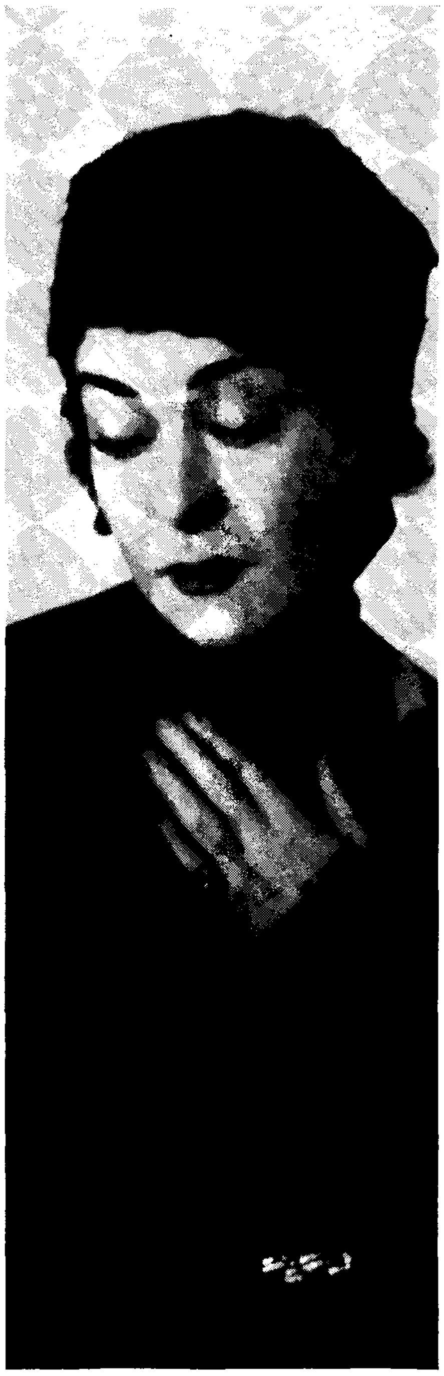
It's in Your Hands

By Katharine Roberts

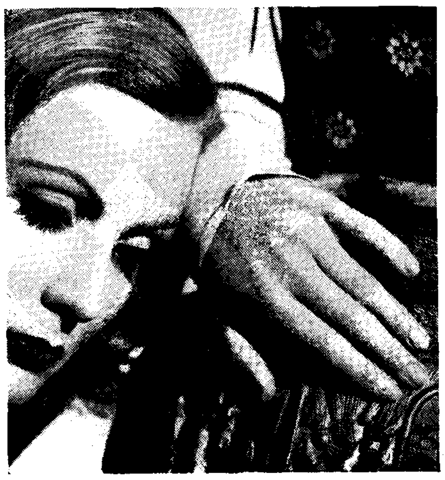
Your hands tell things about you—whether you're lazy, creative, practical, impulsive or just stubborn. You can't stop them—but you can make them express it well

VANDAMM





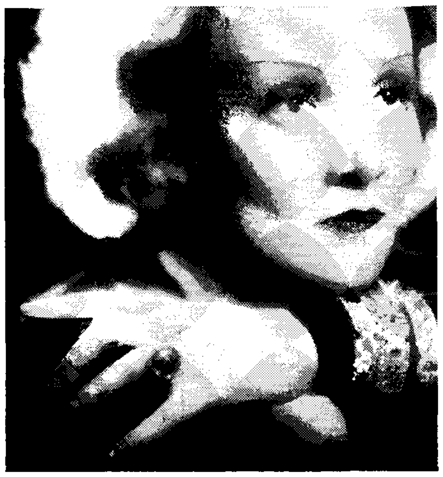
The hands of Alla Nazimova (above) show a creative power backed by practicality and endurance—signs of a lasting artist. The strong hands of Katharine Cornell (left) are those of an actress-manager; executive, intellectual, independent, emotional



(Left) Greta Garbo's intelligent, sensitive hand indicates forces that have not yet shown in her pictures. (Right) Marlene Dietrich's flexible hand reveals an impulsive, emotional determined nature

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

PARAMOUNT



STYLES in hands have changed—women's hands. If this sounds like a denial of nature, consider that styles in women have changed not merely in their clothes, but the women themselves, their characters, what they aspire to be, what modern man wants them to be—what they are. The day when a woman posed for her portrait and the painter called in a model for the hands is past. They are now a part of the portrait, those revealing hands of the woman whose character shows in them almost more than in her face.

The too pointedly tapering, boneless hands of the sybarite—once the ideal—are no longer desired. Interest has switched from those useless appendages of the lazy lady of passive mind to flexible hands that think, and that are no less tender because they can wield a tennis racket. Hands must be alive!

What *are* beautiful hands? That is, aside from well-cared-for nails that are polished to a state that is neat but not gaudy. How do they show character? What makes them beautiful? Observance of a number of famous women of the stage and screen about whose "beautiful hands" reams have been written by the coldest of critics, proves that, upon close inspection, not one pair of them follows in line the conventional pattern usually labeled beautiful or artistic. But distinctly they have beauty.

And they give the comforting knowledge that no woman need worry one half-minute even if her fingers are so differently and individually shaped that it seems as if no two of them could have come from the same pattern—that is, she need not worry if she has made them flexible enough and intelligent enough to be used without awkwardness and, of course, if the personality revealed through them does not embarrass her. There are ways of gaining that necessary flexibility—but more of that later. As to character—well, we all roll our own!

Today on the stage are two women whose eloquent hands have justly become as famous for their beauty as the faces of their owners. In a great variety of rôles, critics have pointed out the "delicately sentient" hands of Alla Nazimova. They are well-shaped, yet far too full of meaning to follow an insipid line. The contrasting hands of Katharine Cornell, "do-er's" hands with their astonishing strength, are turned at will into the frail fingers of the invalid Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett in The Barretts of Wimpole Street or into the vital hands of a lovely Juliet.

Telltale Fingers

Let's go in a moment and ask these two actresses what they can tell us about using hands and about creating character with them. Let's look at those hands closely and find out what is basic in them that has sent their owners through to their artistic success.

On the way, we might pause to wonder why on earth, when Marlene Dietrich first came to this country, there was so much to-do as to whether she or Garbo would triumph. It was a good publicity stunt—perhaps. But one glance at their hands and you realize the absurdity of it.

Look at these hands in their turn, look at your own, at those you meet in various drawing-rooms, on the street, in the shops. What do they say? This has nothing to do with fortunetelling, but merely with the character impression created by the hands themselves. Just as there are handshakes you like and don't like, so are there hands that make you say, "I'd like to know that person," and others that stir a vague uneasiness—"She seems all right, but

(Continued on page 48)

WE ASKED SPORTS CHAMPIONS:

"IS THIS FACT IMPORTANT TO YOU?"—

"CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND."

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

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R. J. Reynolds
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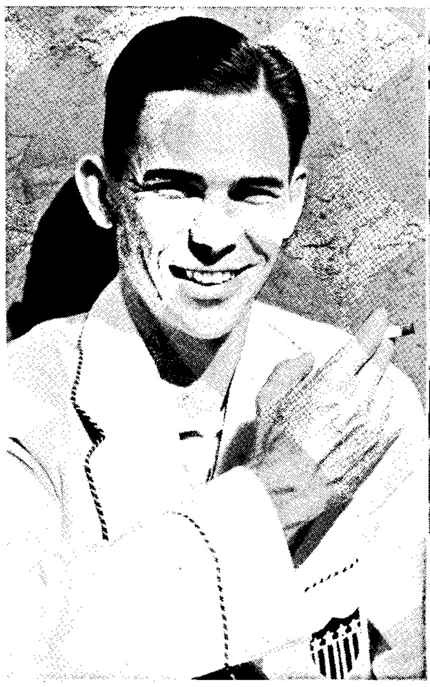
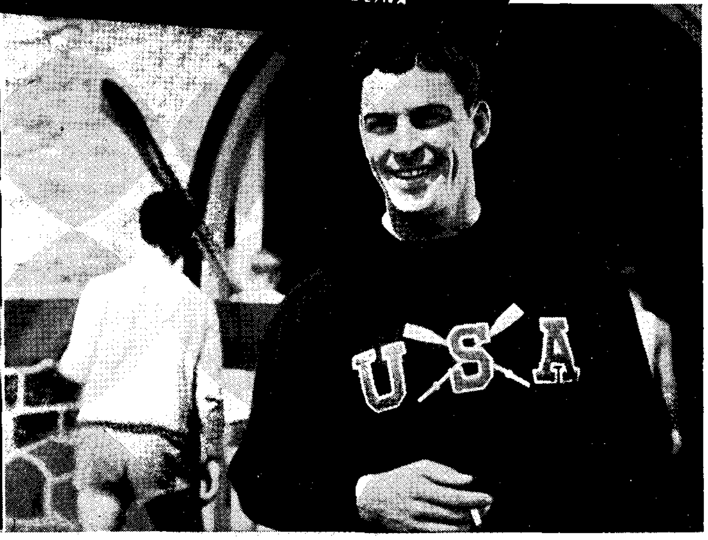


FLAVOR! "A Camel certainly tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., the brilliant tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"

SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion, comments: "I can enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

ENERGY! One of the world's most famous women golf champions, Helen Hicks, says: "Championship golf puts a tremendous tax upon your energy. I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"

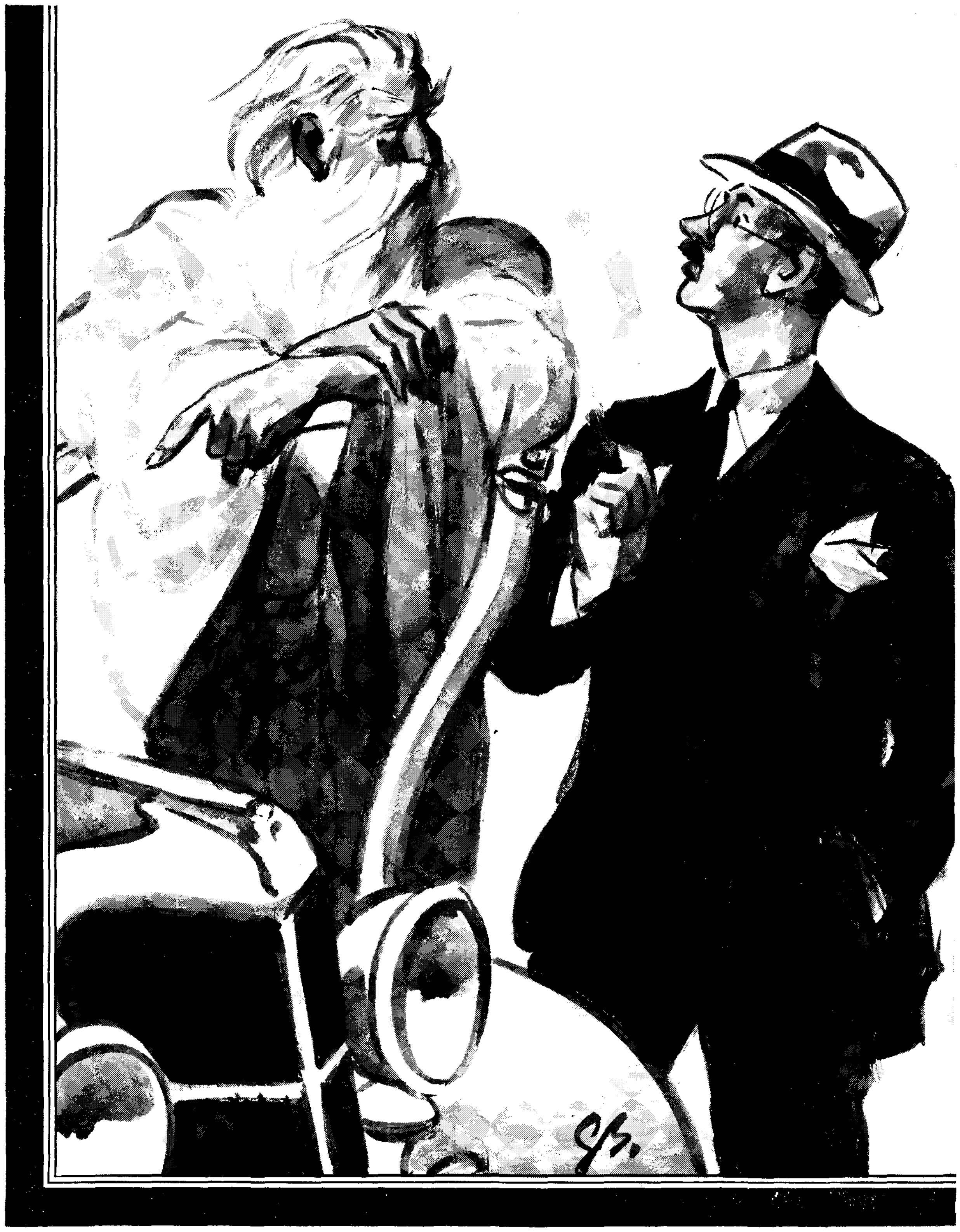


VALUE! An answer from Bill Miller, all around athlete and 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor when you consider that they are made from more costly tobaccos. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

HEALTHY NERVES! Hollywood, Calif.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, star Olympic swimmer. Above, you see "Stubby," snapped by the color camera after a gruelling water polo game, about to enjoy a Camel. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says. "They are gentle and mild."

Mr. Experiment has a talk with Father Experience



Mr. Experiment: Tell me, father, why do you always stick to the same brand of oil? Don't you know the oil laboratories are developing new processes every year?

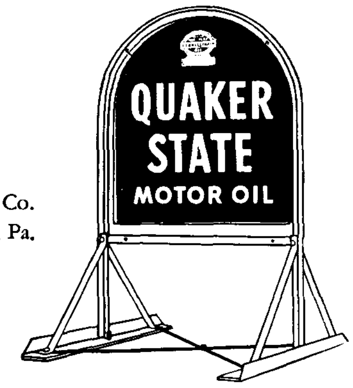
Father Experience: Laboratories? My boy, I've got the best one in the world—right there under that hood.

Mr. Experiment: But father—excuse my impertinence—you're just an ordinary motorist. How can you know all about the various refining processes, and their merits?

Father Experience: Young man, I admit that what I know about *making* motor oil wouldn't earn me $2 a week. But what I've experienced in *using* it tells me all I want to know. I know I've used Quaker State in every car I've owned without a major repair. I know my motors have run almost as quietly when I traded them in as the day they were bought. And I know that in a dozen years, I haven't had to add oil between regular refills.

Mr. Experiment: But, father, you must believe in progress!

Father Experience: You are right, my lad. But when experiment becomes experience—that's progress. And I have a conviction that when that time comes, you'll find the name Quaker State on the best motor oil of the day. It's always been that way up to now.



Quaker State Oil Refining Co.
Oil City, Pa.

"First choice of Experience"

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The reactions of plants are similar in many ways to those of animals. Plants are benumbed by cold, stupefied by chloroform, intoxicated by alcohol, excited by electrical stimulus, hurt by external blows and killed by poison. They are even affected by noise. A vase of carnations, placed near a dance orchestra, will—after several hours—be found leaning away from it.—*By C. H. Ouimet, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.*

True mahogany, one of the world's most popular woods, is now so scarce that there is little if any on the market. The "real mahogany" used today comes from about 70 other species of trees whose wood has similar characteristics.

Most American courts still consider pleas of insanity from the standpoint of moral responsibility instead of mental derangement. In 29 states a person is not liable for a crime when he proves he did not know that the act was wrong. In 17 states, even when knowing the difference between right and wrong, he is immune from punishment when his crime was committed under "an irresistible impulse" due to a mental disease.—*By J. W. McKenna, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

Calvi, Corsica, has for centuries maintained on one of its houses a tablet stating that Columbus was born there in 1441. Yet historians know that the date and place of the nativity of this great man never were revealed and recorded.

Both wild and tame animals have been known to charge and derail large standard-gauge railroad trains. Not long ago in the Malay States an elephant succeeded in knocking an engine off the tracks and recently near Cecil, Alabama, a huge bull dashed headlong into the side of a freight locomotive and derailed it, killing the engineer and fireman and injuring five others.—*By M. Mokozyiki, Elizabeth, New Jersey.*

Although the English actor, Joe Miller, never wrote a joke in his life, a year after he died in 1738 someone published "Joe Miller's Jests" and these witticisms were so widely used for more than a century that, even to this day, any stale joke still is known as "a Joe Miller."

Sherry wine possesses singular characteristics. Its brilliance and delicacy are not damaged by tobacco smoke, it grows stronger—instead of weaker—with age, and unlike all other wines, it passes through a special second fermentation which is still, to a great extent, a mystery.

All towns and villages near the great tropical jungles of Africa start forest fires at a certain time each year—when the wind is right—to keep the surrounding plant world and its animals, reptiles and insects, from encroaching upon them. These fires, although well under control, sometimes develop into vast sheets of flame more than two miles in width.

Almost to the time of the Civil War, Americans considered soup an effeminate dish and no "red-blooded" man would be caught eating it. General Winfield Scott, one of our greatest soldiers and Indian fighters, covered himself with ridicule and contributed materially to his defeat in the presidential campaign of 1852 by admitting, in an unguarded moment, that he was to have soup for dinner.—*By Cameron Koppenhoefer, Ray Brook, New York.*

Divorce, like marriage, has become an institution. In this country the amount of money which is spent in correcting marital mistakes—in alimony, on attorneys and judicial procedure—is conservatively estimated to average more than $50,000,000 a week.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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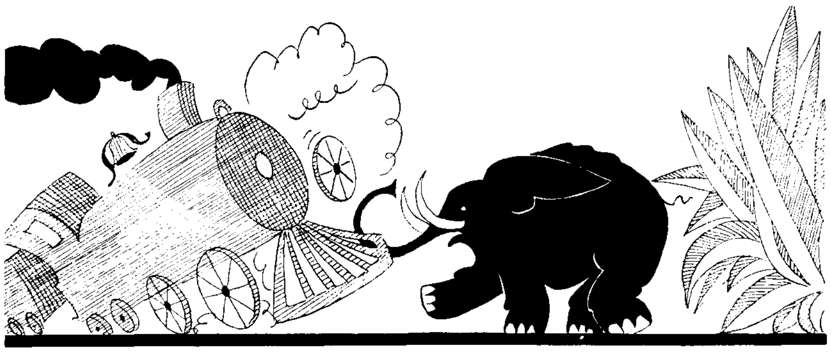


AUTOS REGAIN SPEED AFTER NEW KIND OF OVERHAUL FOR $18 UP!

JIM-WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR CAR? IT RUNS SIMPLY GRAND!
I WANTED YOU TO TRY IT OUT BEFORE I TOLD YOU IT HAD BEEN OVERHAULED! THE COST, YOU KNOW HAS TO COME OUT OF THE FAMILY BUDGET
OH-SO THAT'S IT-I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS ABOUT $40
NO, HONEY I GOT THIS WONDERFUL NEW RAMCO OVERHAUL FOR LESS THAN HALF THAT
RAMCO DID YOU SAY?-WHY THAT'S WONDERFUL! THE MONEY WE SAVE ON OIL ALONE WILL PAY FOR THAT IN NO TIME
RIGHT YOU ARE!

Car Owners Discover That New Type Cushion Piston Rings Restore Pep, Power, Quiet and Oil Economy

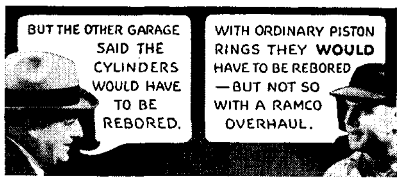
When cars suddenly perk up and take off with first year speed—that's NEWS!

That's what happens all right, after a Ramco Overhaul—wonderful new speed, pick-up, performance. It's the sensation of the motor world! No expensive cylinder-rebore, no big expense involved at all! But—amazingly!—after this simple Ramco installation, away she roars at a touch of the throttle, just like when your car was new.

The Ramco Overhaul works these miracles because Ramco Piston Rings are **compensating** rings which automatically expand and "take up" the wasteful clearances in your worn, out-of-round cylinders. This stops oil pumping, increases compression and stops power "blow-by."

Then to make the job complete, the Ramco "Skirt Expander" expands the alloy piston's skirt (or lower section) which always collapses after a few thousand miles, outward to its original shape. Thus the costly rebore operation is eliminated, and there's no expense for new pistons, either.

Stop at the next Ramco Service sign you see—ask at any garage, repair shop, or dealer's. Any mechanic will tell you about this new marvel and quote you a price that you can afford to pay. Meanwhile, send for our FREE booklet.


BUT THE OTHER GARAGE SAID THE CYLINDERS WOULD HAVE TO BE REBORED.
WITH ORDINARY PISTON RINGS THEY WOULD HAVE TO BE REBORED—BUT NOT SO WITH A RAMCO OVERHAUL.

RAMCO REPLACEMENT RINGS USUALLY SAVE REBORING COSTS

As Ramco Rings are made for worn motors, as well as new motors—they usually save you the expense of reboring cylinders. Ramcos have an Inner Ring of "live" steel that cushions the piston—expands the piston-ring to fit the irregularly worn cylinders, scientifically sealing the oil and increasing compression .... Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders restore collapsed piston "skirts," compensate for piston wear, making alloy pistons like new—which saves new piston cost.

Ask your repairman today for a FREE estimate on a Ramco Overhaul!

ENDORSE RAMCO OVERHAUL

F. E. K., Jr. of Roanoke, Va., says a Ramco Overhaul increased his car's speed 10 miles per hour and stopped oil pumping. E. A. F. of Cedar Rapids used to buy 4 quarts of oil every 140 miles—now he gets 1200 miles out of every oil change. L. S. of Stroudsburg, Pa., got 62,000 miles out of his old Studebaker after a Ramco Overhaul.

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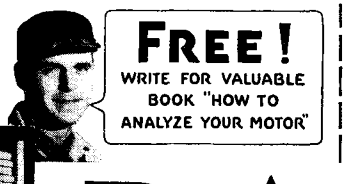
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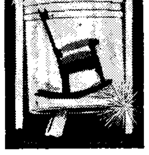

RAMCO
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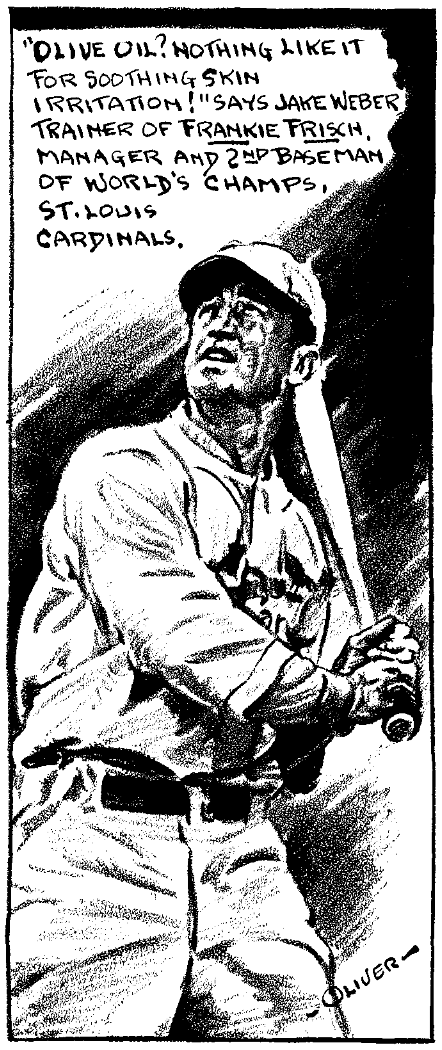
THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER


"OLIVE OIL? NOTHING LIKE IT FOR SOOTHING SKIN IRRITATION!" SAYS JAKE WEBER TRAINER OF FRANKIE FRISCH, MANAGER AND 2ND BASEMAN OF WORLD'S CHAMPS, ST. LOUIS CARDINALS.
OLIVER

TO END RAWNESS AFTER SHAVING!

Change to Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

BASEBALL'S plenty hard on a man's skin . . . but pulling a razor over your face every day is no fun, either!

But—to eliminate the burn and sting of the usual shave . . . to keep your face in fine shape all the time, we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil. And Olive Oil, you know, is what thousands of trainers and athletes swear by for keeping skin in perfect condition.

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You'll find also that, because the unique Palmolive formula includes Olive Oil, you get a richer, thicker, creamier lather. Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes on the face. Lather that *soothes* your face—that never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had! Why not make it a point to get a tube of Palmolive today?

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PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
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40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

The Brass Gong Tree

Continued from page 9

The barrier was still closed on the 8:20 so they stood there in a circle of their bags with their porter.

Vonny Cass and Bo and Del weren't in the station yet or, if they were, Sturgis couldn't spot them in the crowd. Then suddenly he did spot them across the rotunda and he saw Anton Krupp in his wheel chair with his Pekin boy pushing him and he saw what the demonstration outside was all about.

The doors opened and the Count Ito, the grand old man of finance, came through two lines of flag-waving children, came through escorted by his staff, bowing and smiling—but none of it registered on Sturgis, for he was looking at a woman.

SHE walked slowly with her maid, behind her porters, this woman. She was very beautiful and she was straight-backed. She walked cleanly from the hips with a full, long-thighed swing—a healthy swing to the sharp clack of her lacquered heels on the pavement. You can't learn to walk that way. That's in your soul. It goes with straight noses and blue eyes. It goes with boots and silver spurs and sabretaches. It goes with black snake whips perhaps, and dogs howling at night.

Sturg was looking at her and she was looking at him now, for she had stopped because of the closed barrier. Then the police lines moved and brought them closer together, but neither of them noticed any of that because for a moment they couldn't notice anything but each other. Their eyes talked wildly, incoherently, and they were helpless to stop themselves. And it was just one of those things that happen—only different, because there was something terrible, something desperate, about this. It was as if each one, dying, reached out and touched the other. And there isn't any use trying to talk about it or explain it. It just was—and both of them knew it and forgot everything else there ever was in their lives, for that moment, for none of it mattered.

Then suddenly he saw the color die in her face and her hands half reach toward him in cold fear—as something spattered in warm droplets across his eyes and forehead.

He blinked and whipped his handkerchief across whatever it was on his face, and whatever it was, was blood.

The banzais for Ito were choking off into one long wail of anguish that howled under the station canopy like the scream of hot brake bands. The old nobleman was still on his feet—held up by his aides—but his face was gone. There was the white fringe of his hair across his bronze scalp and there was the sodden wreck of his collar and tie below. But his face was gone. Part of it was smeared across the khaki tunics of the officers who held him up, part of it was on the platform and the rest of it was on Sturg Hammond's handkerchief.

Then the woman had Sturg by both wrists in that moment, and her fingers on his flesh were frantic springs of metal.

"You—you are not hurt?"

"No," he said. "No—I am not hurt."

She recovered herself and she said, "Of course—" and immediately it was as if neither of them had spoken.

Tokyo station was in an uproar. There were police whistles now and the little white-uniformed policemen with their little dummy swords were locking hands and forming a living chair. Ito was down somewhere on the platform, with his people bending over him. But he was gone. Everyone knew that. He was gone—and there had been no shot—no smoke.

Sturgis woke up and started to slug through the crowd for a telephone but the police stopped him. There were more police pouring in from the outside. The foreigners in the station—the handful waiting at the barrier for the 8:20—were forced down against the gates and the crowd began to scream at them. A special police cordon herded them all in close to the barrier. Again the woman was close to Sturgis. Their hands touched and they gripped each other's fingers tightly, helpless, looking into each other's eyes.

"*No—no*," she whispered, "don't let them hurt *you!*"

A sudden mass movement of the threatening crowd brought them up against the bars of the barrier. Then the police opened the gates and they stumbled through under the train shed—about thirty jostled white people with the English among them sputtering and the Americans swearing and the Germans glowering and saying things in German.

Johnnie Bonnell and della Torre di Salvaggio were yelling in language-officer Japanese at a little policeman and pushing their embassy seals into his flat face; meanwhile they each held onto Vonny Cass with one free hand. Anton Krupp's big Pekin boy stood over the wheel chair, fending the crowd off with his colossal arms. Pat Nugent was grinning from sheer enjoyment and fingering his stick in the way a man does who loves to crack heads. Then suddenly he saw the woman next to Sturgis and he leaned forward.

"Sturgis—look—right beside you—Nahta—" he whispered.

And the barrier gates clanged again and for a moment they could all breathe. Then the crowd broke the lines and came down on the gates shouting and stretching arms through the bars, howling and cursing. And it was not pleasant. But everything about it was unreal to Sturgis except the woman beside him whose fingers he could still feel on his—whose faint perfume filled his nostrils.

THE police waded into the angry crowd at the barrier to break it up but it was a crowd of simple people and it didn't give way from its anger easily.

Ito was an actuality to them—a part of their daily lives. To them, he lived. They could touch him and see him and speak with him. He was not the cold figurehead of politics. There was no party formula to him—no difficulty of approach. Seiyukai or Minseito, it made no difference if the cause was just. A kindly old man with a heart and a sympathy for the farmer and the fisherman and the carpenter and the artisan. Ito had saved them a dozen times—saved their small monies in the district government banks—fed them and kept them living. Ito was a sort of god to the man in the street. He was important to life—and he was gone, whipped down by something unseen and unheard. So, like simple people the world over, they turned upon their nearest antipathy—foreigners—and screamed imprecation through the grill of the barrier. And who can ever blame simple people?

Fortunately there was nothing for them to pick up and throw, but the police inside the barrier took no chances of an international incident, and presently the order came to pass the Europeans down the train platform away from the gates. There were darkened cars on the right and the Kobe express on the left.

The falsetto discord of the crowd's screaming and the stamp of their wooden sandals died down to an overtone behind. The smell of old clothing, boiled in saccharine water, faded under the metallic and hot steam smell of the train. The Europeans were moved down to the forward cars. Thirty or so of them, highly indignant now and snorting among themselves.

Sturg Hammond looked again at the woman. She was a lovely creature—and yet not at all the way that sounds. Lovely creature is a slovenly expression but the impulse to think it is what counts. She was a lovely creature and she had been afraid for him. She had touched him and spoken to him and for the moment that was enough. His heart was quite full and his soul was grateful and he was a thousand miles away from everything he had been one brief hour before.

Her maid was a severe creature with Slavic cheekbones and the hips of a peasant woman but her hands were delicate, which redeemed her somewhat for a lady's service. Her luggage, which the porters carried, was covered uniformly in gray gabardine snap-on covers with a broad distinguishing band of maroon for identification.

STURGIS knew that she would not speak to him again and he knew that he would not speak to her, but it seemed quite necessary to him that he study all the small details that were available to him.

Will it be wise to paint her picture completely or is it better to leave her image in Sturgis Hammond's eyes, where he saw it that night more perfectly than anyone else?

Perhaps a few things.

The clean band of her hair, brushed smoothly below the tight brim of her small tricorn hat. A very tiny square of obsidian in her ear—a very tiny one with a full, hot fire within it that caught the platform lights once, and burned with the quick intensity of a distant beacon—a little dagger blade of black flame. Two broad bands of plain gold that encircled her wrists over the cuffs of her black gloves like tightly welded manacles. Her fingers were long in her gloves. Long and slender, and he wanted to touch her hand again—to cup it gently in both of his. And he was glad—glad as a little boy is glad—that he was tall and that he had kept his waist good and that he didn't drink too much. Humbly glad.

Johnnie Bonnell came over to him.

"Listen, Sturg." Johnnie wiped his lips with the wide border of his fine linen handkerchief, wiped them nervously and deftly. "This is a devil of a thing that has happened, of course. I expect you'd better come over with Vonny if you don't mind. They are going to allow everyone to go on the train who has a ticket. But no one else."

Sturgis looked at him stupidly.

"Vonny?"

Bo said, "You see Del has just convinced the police she's your secretary. He and I are going out across the platform with the rest of the people who are not taking the train. A policeman is escorting us through. So if you *will* stand by Miss Cass—there is to be a police investigation of all foreigners' credentials."

"Done," Sturg told him. He crossed over to them. Just before they got to Vonny and Del, he took Bo's arm and

(Continued on page 32)

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Now only

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AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

De Soto knows the way to a woman's heart with dozens of niceties in finish and upholstery that make motoring much more enjoyable.

The big, beautiful Airstream De Soto four-door sedan, shown below, is priced at only $795 f. o. b. factory, Detroit.

(*Below*) AND AFTER he's fed, he takes a nap. For nobody gets bumped in the back seat of a De Soto... not even on rough roads. Everybody rides *between* the axles in cradled comfort.

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WHO DOESN'T want to be smart? And these days who hasn't *got* to be thrifty? This big Airstream... brother in steel-and-style to the famous Airflow De Soto ... is just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

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That's simply the beginning. The list of Airstream De Soto features stretches far beyond the low-price field. You get advanced engineering that cuts down fuel and repair bills, assures long life.

You get extra refinements in finish... all the way from chromium-plated headlights to tufted upholstery... individual foot-rests... ash trays... controlled draft-free ventilation.

But see for yourself this extra value. Note how much bigger, longer, roomier this Airstream De Soto is. Then take the wheel . . . put it through all its thrilling paces . . . and discover what a world of difference a few dollars make.

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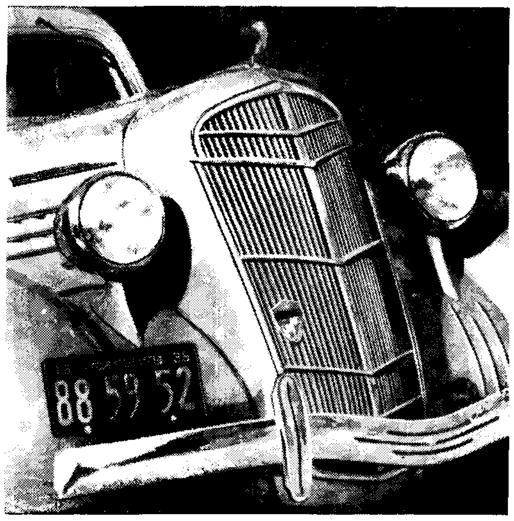

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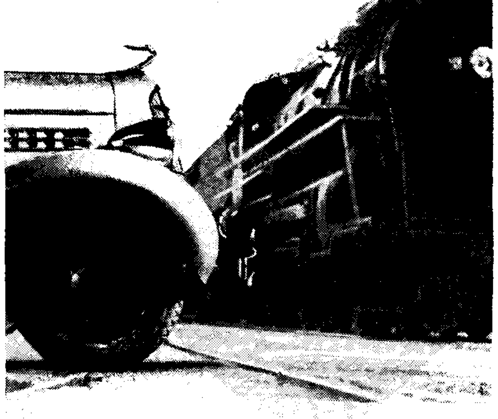

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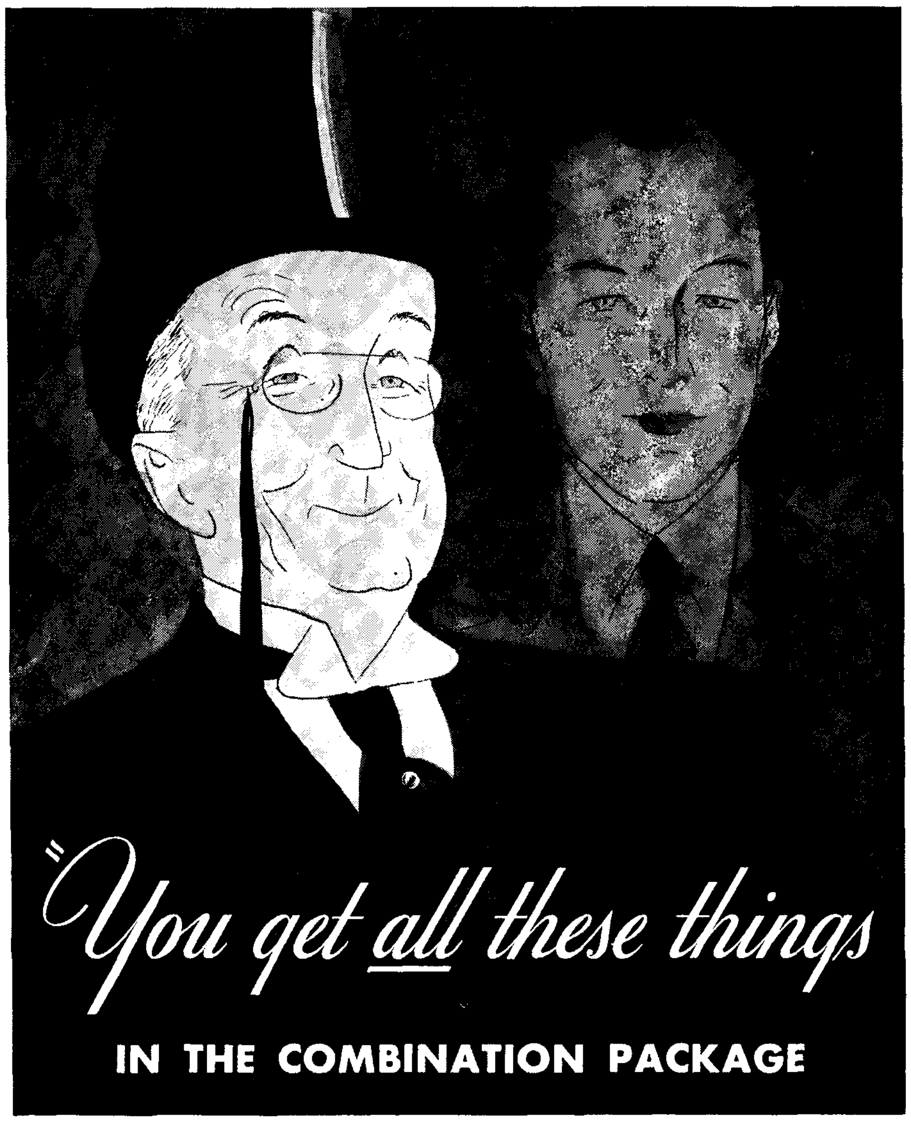

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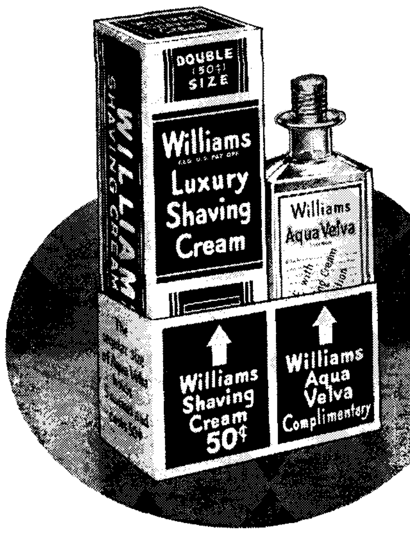
And for a short time all this at a positive bargain! You buy the huge Double Size tube at the regular price (50c) and receive with Williams' compliments a generous sized bottle of Aqua Velva (half the regular 50c size). Here is 75c value for 50c. Here are shaving comfort and complete satisfaction.


DOUBLE (50¢) SIZE
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
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The Brass Gong Tree

Continued from page 30

stopped him. "Look," he said, "the way they've got things stacked here I won't be able to get out to telephone. As soon as you do—you call Flanigan at my office. Forget you're a diplomat and let her ask you any questions she wants to about Ito's assassination. You don't have to tell her your name—but I want her to get the story through, in case they clamp a censor on it. If she thinks you're kidding her—tell her I said she'd know it was on the level if you told her the names of the two men I called from my room tonight. Cole and Wardell. Remember that. Cole and Wardell."

After a moment or two, Del and Bo shook hands and went off with their little policeman.

Vonny said, "There is a little spot of blood on your cheek."

He nodded and folded his handkerchief into his pocket again. She didn't look like a female flyer. She looked quite young and attractive and he rather liked the cool way she took the whole thing, now that he thought it over. "Oh, yes," he said, "what is it you're going up into Manchukuo for? You never did tell me that."

"I couldn't very well, because I don't exactly know myself. I just happen to be in this part of the world and I want to see it. I mean I'm not stupid about it. I've heard people talk about Mukden and Dairen and Harbin and as long as I'm here I might just as well see them at first hand."

"How long a time are you spending?"

"I can't know that either. Just at present I am enjoying the delightful experience of being my own boss. But I can't tell how long it will last. While it does, I shall take advantage of it."

"Why not?"

"As you say," she smiled, "why not? Do you suppose these people have decided what to do with us yet? They seem to be waiting for someone. There is Major Nugent beckoning." Pat came over to them leisurely, his cadaverous face wagging solemnly above the heads of the small group of passengers on the platform.

"Not much of a show at that," he said easily. "I expect we're to go aboard now, aren't we?"

THE doors of the Kobe express were open and people were going on. Sturg looked around quickly but Nahta was gone with her maid. Already aboard. The porters were sliding luggage sullenly into car vestibules under the watchful eye of the police. The little group at the forward end of the car stood back from Anton Krupp's chromium and leather wheel chair. Easily, his big Pekin boy leaned over him and lifted him free. The great muscles of the boy's shoulders scarcely rippled beneath the fabric of his European jacket. He carried Anton carefully aboard the train.

Anton was like a wooden idol in his arms—a stiff wooden idol carven rigidly in a sitting position. His feet and hands never moved from the positions they had held in the chair. They might still have been resting on the arms and on the footboard. Krupp's expression did not change. Nothing about him moved as the boy lifted him, except the highlights in the moisture on his eyeballs.

Presently the big China boy came back, folded the chair into amazing compactness and took that aboard the train under one of his great arms.

Pat Nugent craned his neck. "There must be a bar car—will anyone? After all—this *has* been a show. We might partake I suppose, during the lull—until whatever is going to happen is decided upon."

Their car was a corridor compartment car with an open lounge space at the back end, and chairs. They went in and sat down. Vonny easily, leaning on the arm of her chair, enjoying the excitement. Pat Nugent with his legs stretched out straight in front of him and his head on the back of the chair. With his finger tips all touching each other in an ecclesiastical attitude—and the cage they made held up under his nose so that he had to look between his hands to see people. Sturgis stood. There were two German factory engineers talking near the door. And some other people.

A JAPANESE came through. "All foreign residents and transients please have your papers ready for police inspection. Identification cards and passports, please." He took the Germans' first and examined them. "Kobe?" he asked. "Yes," they answered. "Quite so. That is all, gentlemen." He looked at Pat Nugent. "English?"

"British," Pat said and handed up his passport.

"Irish," the Japanese said. "Quite so. North Irish—by your accent."

"Thanks," Pat nodded solemnly. "I hadn't noticed my accent."

"I have been in Londonderry," the Japanese said.

"Nice country, isn't it?" Pat nodded again.

"I know you," the Japanese said. "You were on the advisory staff of Chang Tso Ling in nineteen twenty-seven, is that not true, Major Nugent?"

"That is quite true."

"You fought in Shansi Province?"

"I rode in a very dilapidated staff Morris Oxford in Shansi Province—and the roads were abominable."

"Quite so," the Japanese bowed and folded Pat's British passport. "And you made about one hundred thousand pounds out of your advising. That is a profitable business, Major Nugent—but one I should not care to be in. One makes too many enemies. Your passport, Miss, please?"

Vonny handed hers up to him.

"Why is it you are going into Manchukuo, Miss Cass? You are employed there?"

"At present," Vonny smiled, "I am Mr. Hammond's secretary."

The Japanese turned around quickly and looked at Sturgis.

"So," Mr. Mitsuchi raised his eyebrows, "they haven't deported you yet, Mr. Hammond?"

"Not yet," Hammond shook his head.

Mitsuchi smiled, "If you cable any more nonsense about Japan disseminating free opium to the Chinese in Manchukuo to lull them into quiescent submission they will deport you." His diction was a beautiful thing to hear and he knew it and gloated over it. He handed back Vonny's passport and nodded to Sturgis. "Hammond san—good night," he said.

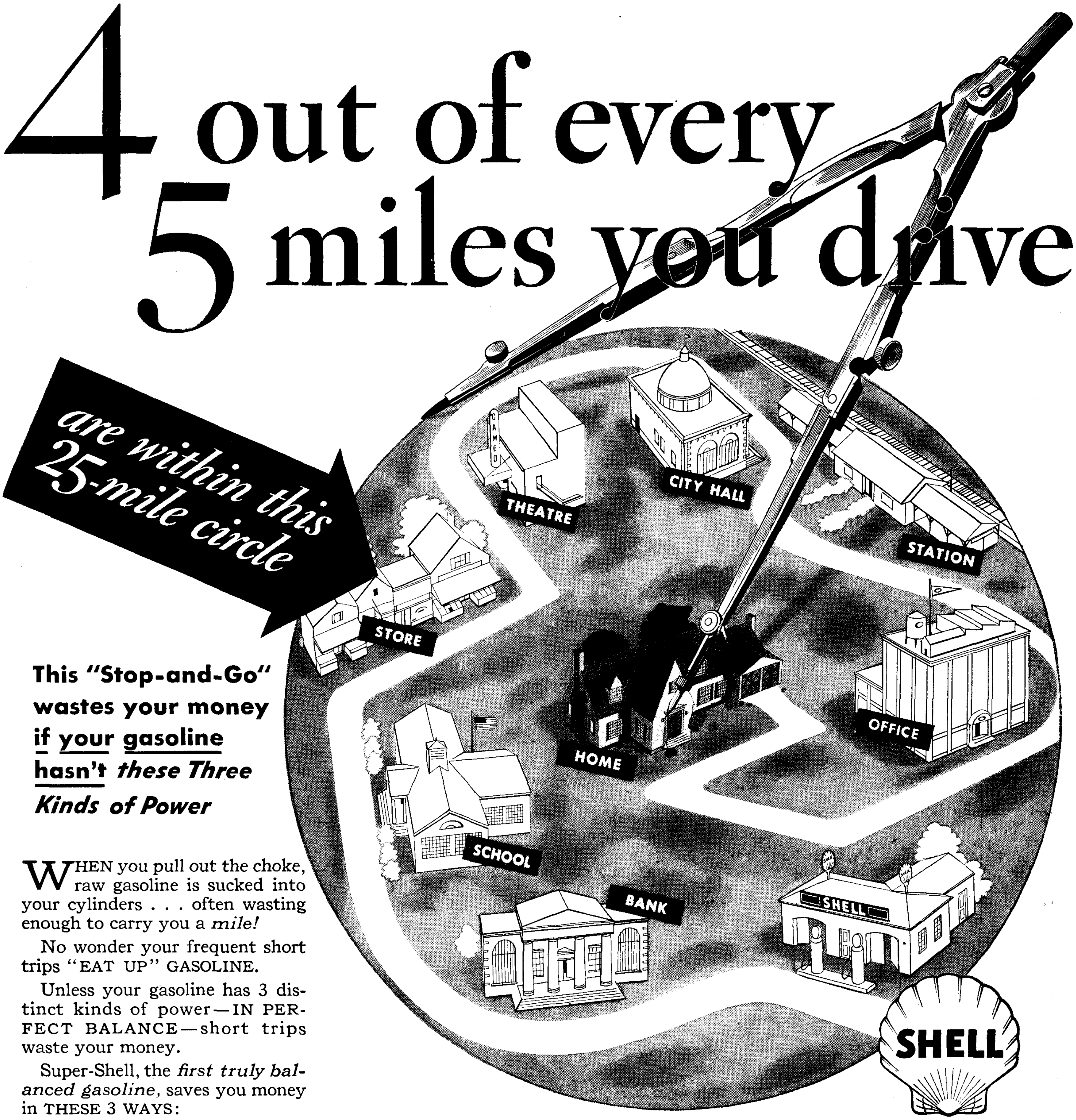
Sturgis grinned. "If the opium wasn't free—how much did you people charge for it?"

Mitsuchi smiled and cracked him on the shoulder with his open palm in a very fair imitation of the gesture.

"Good night, Hammond san." And he crossed to the first compartment door, knocked and opened it. As he opened it, Sturgis saw the Russian woman inside, and seeing her made the insides of his wrists have little cold knots in them.

(To be continued next week)

4 out of every 5 miles you drive



This "Stop-and-Go" wastes your money if your gasoline hasn't *these Three Kinds of Power*

When you pull out the choke, raw gasoline is sucked into your cylinders . . . often wasting enough to carry you a *mile!*

No wonder your frequent short trips "EAT UP" GASOLINE.

Unless your gasoline has 3 distinct kinds of power—IN PERFECT BALANCE—short trips waste your money.

Super-Shell, the *first truly balanced gasoline*, saves you money in THESE 3 WAYS:

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline on "Cold" Starting. In summer or winter, Super-Shell starts instantly, often warms up in *half* the time of ordinary gasolines—with less choking. So you use less gasoline. Remember that 16 cupfuls saved amount up to a whole *gallon!*

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline in 10 Minutes of Hard Pulling—With Super-Shell's even volatility, you can race up steep hills or accelerate rapidly—*on less gasoline*. And you avoid that *knocking* which alone in a few minutes can waste up to 10 per cent of your power.

Can save up to a cupful of gasoline in One Hour of Steady Running—many motorists report. Every drop of Super-Shell vaporizes more completely. At all speeds it delivers maximum power. On your long drives as well as on short trips, it saves you money.

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THESE THREE SAVINGS of gasoline from this super-performance naturally result in MORE MILEAGE per tankful—a big monthly and yearly economy!

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"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"

Why take chances? COLGATE'S removes the cause of most bad breath while it brightens teeth.

HERE is why dentists tell you that the regular use of Colgate's Dental Cream is a safe, sure way to correct bad breath:

The same thing, they point out, that causes dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay *also causes bad breath.* That is, improperly cleaned teeth, decaying food deposits that lodge in crevices between the teeth, around the gums and tongue.

So remedies that do not *clean* cannot give protection. Nor can toothpastes that only polish the surface.

But Colgate's penetrating foam works into every crevice of the teeth and mouth. Odor-breeding deposits are washed away.

Every surface of every tooth is *thoroughly* cleaned. You know—from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing—that you have a breath beyond reproach.

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Your teeth gleam with renewed natural lustre.

Double Your Money Back!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. In addition—if *one tube* fails to do all we claim, we'll refund twice what you paid. See your dealer for full details.

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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢ LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

The Grandstander

Continued from page 19

was probably Larry raiding the icebox. She opened the door and stared. It was Larry, his tuxedo thrown over a chair, his sleeves rolled up; he was doing the dishes all by himself.

He grinned cheerfully over his shoulder.

"Your dad told me, Petey. Don't worry, kid. I'll fix it."

Petra smiled through sudden tears. Larry had nothing, but her father was welcome to half of it. "I'll get you an apron," she said.

On Saturday Petra went with Roger Tate to the Aggie game. She wore her old linen suit and a bright blue scarf for Paxton. She looked nice. Roger's brown eyes told her that. She forgot her cares, watching the game, enjoying it all; the sharp clear crack of a hit; the breathless second when a long fly dropped to a fielder; the color and the noise of the crowd.

She watched Larry out there in the sun, pitching Paxton to victory. He had something the others lacked; a kind of rhythm, a strong, careless ease of movement; power and speed. It was Larry's show. The crowd loved him and he loved the crowd. In the ninth inning, Paxton leading, he struck out three men, tossed down his glove, and swaggered in to the bench. Larry Dickon, in person!

When the applause died away and the crowd settled down, a fraternity brother of Larry's, sitting behind Petra and Roger, was boasting:

"A grand guy, Dickon! He'd give you his shirt, or steal yours, without batting an eye. Knows his apples, too. He hocked his watch to bet on this game."

Someone said, sotto voce: "Stow it. That's one of his girls in front of you."

Petra's cheeks flamed. She looked straight ahead, hating Larry, hoping Roger hadn't been listening. She tried to imagine Roger pawning his watch, stealing shirts. She couldn't. Roger was an adult.

Walking home across the green, quiet campus, Roger spoke of Larry: "He plays to the grandstand," he said casually. "They get spoiled, these popular heroes. Too much applause—too many girl friends."

THE days passed and nothing happened. Petra was cutting her classes to do typing at home; term papers and theses at ten cents a sheet. The butter and egg man was paid. That much she could do.

Through open windows the May afternoon came into her room; children at play, shrill cries and a clatter of roller skates. Petra didn't hear them; her typewriter clicked steadily.

"Petra! Petra! Where are you?"

Her father was calling. She hurried down to him. The O'Brien was standing in the hall, monarch of all he surveyed, a new green hat on the back of his head, a white box under his arm. "Candy," he told her proudly. "Five pounds of the best for my little girl." He had sold the Allen ranch. He showed her his commission, a check for four hundred dollars.

Petra hugged him, laughing and crying.

"Give it to me, Daddy," she said eagerly. "I'll put it in the bank till you're ready to go."

He smiled at that. "Now, now," he said, "you leave this to me." He added reproachfully, "You didn't notice the hat." He looked troubled. "I'm afraid it's too young for me."

It was Friday night. Petra was going to a party, her first with Roger, a Kappa fireside, which he had been asked to chaperon.

At nine she came downstairs in her eggshell velvet and silver slippers, pleased with herself and the world. Her father and Larry were in the sitting-room, talking quietly together.

She posed in the doorway, feeling tall and stately and lovely. "What are you two conspiring about?" she asked gayly.

They turned quickly. Her father was startled. "Just baseball," he said. "Nothing you'd understand."

Larry looked uncomfortable. "Where are you going?" he asked.

Petra smiled graciously. "Roger and I are chaperoning the Kappas." She made eyes at him shamelessly. "Do I look nice?"

She knew she looked nice.

Larry studied her: a bad angel with laughing blue eyes and a smooth satin cap of chestnutty hair. She was lovely!

"Do I look nice, Larry?"

"You look all right," he said. "Nice and clean."

She made a little face at him. "It's such a bore," she said airily, "chaperoning you undergraduates."

Hearing Roger on the stairs, she fled to escape Larry's answer.

SATURDAY morning. The O'Brien, over his breakfast coffee, had made a new fortune and joined the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. He would be leaving, he told Petra, the first of the week. He was closing a small deal that day, a few hundreds, all he'd need. Petra almost believed him.

The house was quiet now, after his going. Larry, upstairs, was sleeping the sleep of the just. Roger, in flannels, had gone off to play tennis with the dean of the faculty. In the afternoon he was taking Petra to the game, the State College of Mines against Paxton. It would be a good game. The Miners were strong; they had a fast, hard-hitting nine. But Paxton had Larry.

Petra gathered the morning paper from the floor, where her father had dropped it. Larry smiled at her from the sporting sheet. In bold print, under the picture, "Can he win today?" And in smaller type, "Miners say No." Petra read on. A paragraph in the gossip column had caught her attention: "A visiting mine owner has been offering large money that Paxton's winning streak will end this afternoon on Clarke Field. We hear that a local realtor has invested heavily on Paxton and Larry Dickon's right arm."

Petra bit her lips, thinking. Larry and her father in the living-room; their faces startled and guilty at the sound of her voice. She knew now what they had been talking about.

Larry sauntered into the dining-room, grinning sleepily. "Morning, Petey. Coffee?" His voice changed. "What's wrong?"

PETRA'S blue eyes were cold and accusing. "Did you get Father to bet on the game today?"

Larry frowned, avoiding her eyes: "Never mind the coffee. I can't wait for it."

Her voice was quiet and insistent: "How much did he bet?"

"Four hundred," Larry said sulkily. "It's O. K., Petey. He'll double it."

Two big tears welled up and rolled down her cheeks.

Larry strode to her. His big hands gripped her shoulders; he shook her gently. "Don't, Petey," he said. "I got your dad into this. I won't let him down."

She looked up at him then.

"Trust me, Petey. This once."

She wanted to say no, started to say no—and couldn't.

Larry's eyes held her, gray and clear and shining with love. "Trust me, Petey."

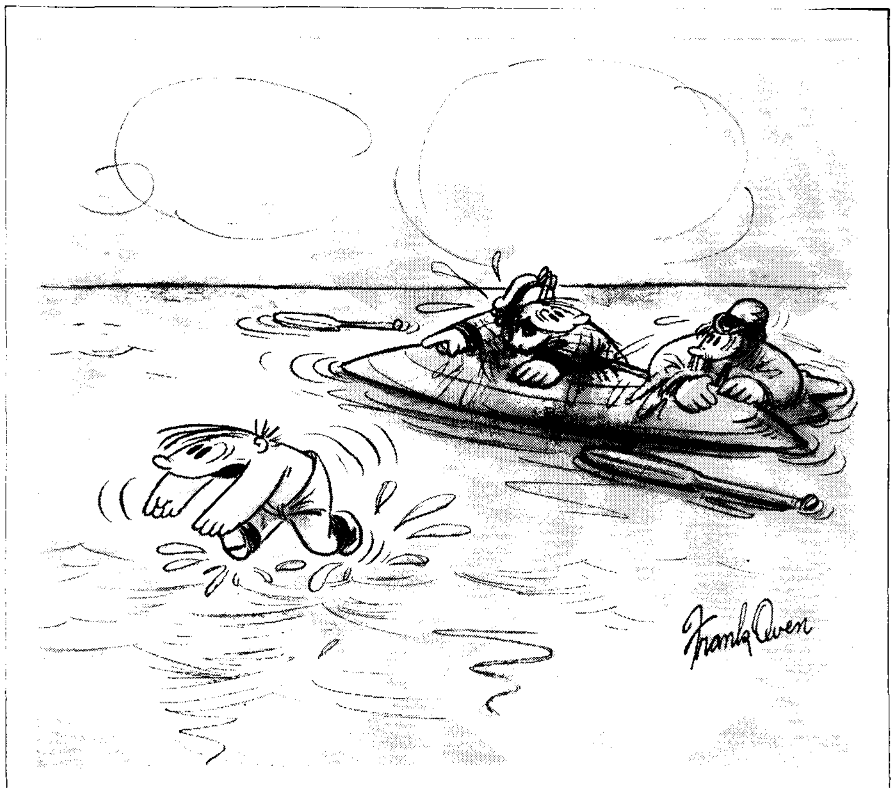
"I do," she whispered.

Through his sweater she felt the strong beat of his heart. His voice was low and exultant. "My Petey," he said. "You watch me this afternoon."

Petra clung to him, comforted. It was all foolish and wrong. But she did trust Larry. He loved her.

The doorbell rang. It was someone

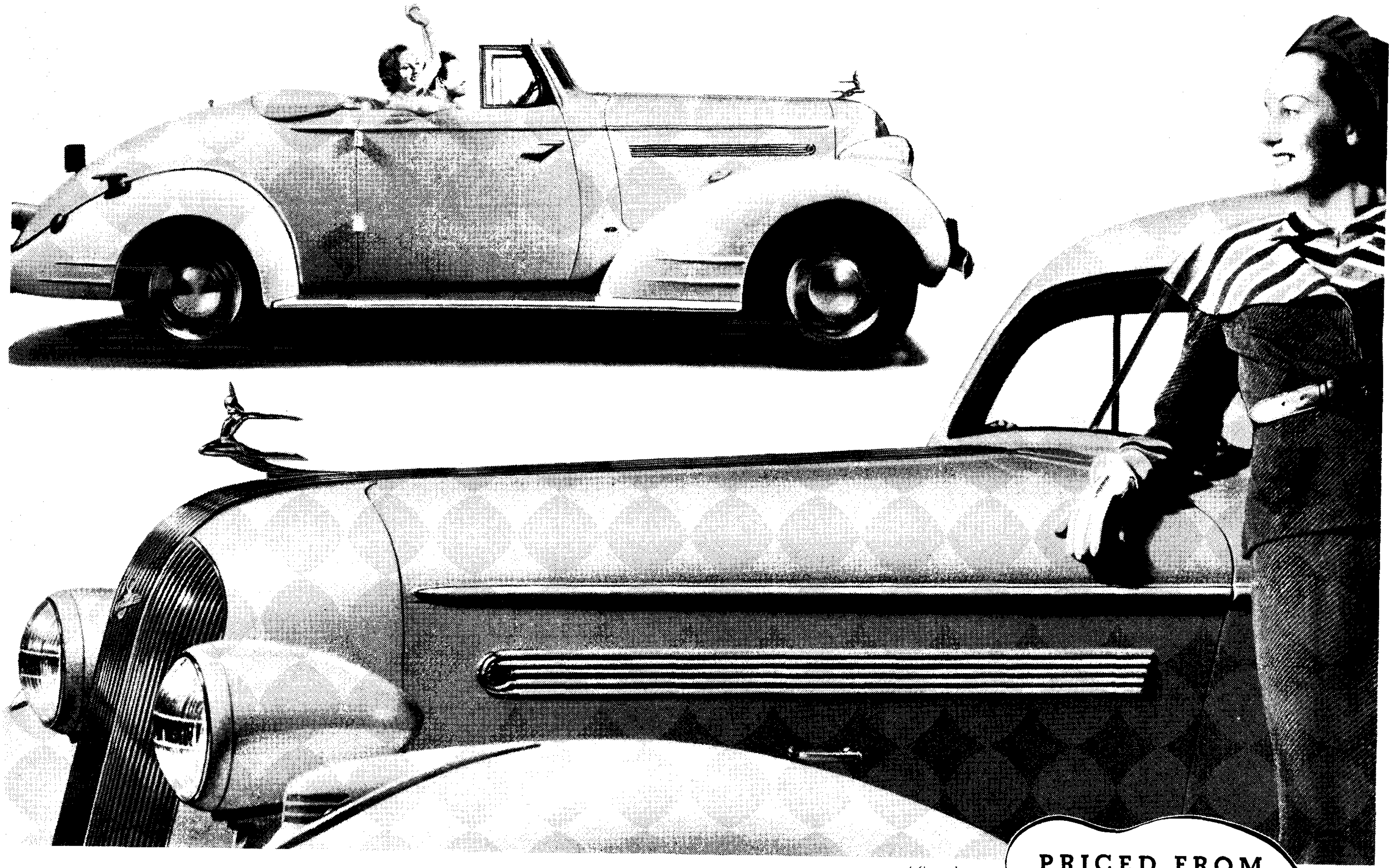
(Continued on page 36)



"Philbert can't sink! He swallowed a couple of corks. He's running for help!"

FRANK OWEN

People who watch expenses find a friend in PONTIAC



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But there is still another reason for Pontiac's record-breaking popularity. And unless you own one of the new 1935 Pontiacs or have talked to someone who does, it will probably surprise you. *The economy of this big, substantial automobile bears comparison with that of any car on the road, regardless of weight or size!* And extremely low gas and oil consumption is only part of the story. Pontiac's first-cost is low—list prices beginning at $615*. And such superfine features as silver-alloy bearings and a completely sealed chassis give you the *basic* economy of dependability, low maintenance cost, and freedom from repair.

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Spud
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CIGARETTES

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SPUD
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CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The Grandstander

Continued from page 34

for Larry; a thick, red-faced man in a belted suit and a cap. Larry called him Eagan. Petra watched them go down the walk, talking earnestly together. Larry knew the strangest people.

The game had begun. In the stands above the Paxton bench, Petra sat with Roger, her eyes bright with excitement, her hands still in her lap, a small tight ball.

The innings passed swiftly. In the third, Paxton scored and Petra's heart sang. The Miners weren't hitting, but they played fast, hard ball, waiting for the breaks, waiting for Larry to weaken.

Larry didn't weaken. He was cutting the corners, fanning the Miners' shirts, forcing them into pop flies and easy grounders. In six innings he struck out seven men and gave the Miners three scattered hits. His game. He held it lightly and firmly in his big brown hands.

Once, coming in to the bench to a roar of applause, he looked up to where Petra was sitting, lifted his hand in quick salute and flashed her a smile. "Admire me," the smile said. "I'm Larry Dickon, Larry the unbeatable. And I love you."

Petra was proud of him.

THE sun went away from left field and the shadow of the stands crept out to the diamond. The game was drawing to an end, the score unchanged. Paxton 1 to 0. Petra sat very still. Soon now her father would be safe. She kept praying in her mind. Let them win! Please let them win!

The eighth inning now and Paxton at bat. Jerry Brandt, the Paxton captain, strode to the plate and lifted the first ball pitched out to the right field fence. A home run. While the crowd roared and the band thumped, Jerry circled the bases and trotted back to the bench, a hero.

Larry came next. He swung two bats, tossed one away and strode to the plate. He had his orders; to take a base on balls or strike out, to take no chances. But the roar of the crowd filled his ears, the crowd cheering Jerry. He could hit, too.

He stood unhappily while two strikes slapped into the catcher's mitt. The third one came fast and high. He stepped into it. Crack! A line drive. The second baseman leaped for it and missed. Larry sprinted for first. Ignoring all signals, he rounded the bag and raced for second.

As he touched second, the center fielder had the ball. Larry didn't stop. He dashed for third. The third baseman crouched for the throw. It came low and fast. Larry dove recklessly, head-on for the bag. The third baseman lunged for the ball and sprawled down, tangled with Larry. He got to his feet, the ball in his glove, but Larry stayed down. The players gathered and hid him from sight.

A sigh like wind in trees passed through the Paxton stand as the crowd realized that Larry was out. Petra gave no sign, only her fingers moved, twisting in her lap. After a moment she saw Larry. He was up now, staggering a little, stanching a flow of blood from a long gash on his forehead. A runner was going in for him. Out by the right field fence, Gleason of Paxton was warming up. Larry came slowly back to the bench.

The coach walked to meet him, a small man in a dirty white sweater. His voice carried up to the crowd. "Grandstander!" he said harshly. "Beat it! Get over to the infirmary."

Larry talked in a low voice. Petra could see his face, white and desperate under the spreading red stain. He was begging to stay in, to finish his game.

The coach listened a moment, gestured with a thumb and turned away. Larry passed out of sight under the stands.

The inning ended and Gleason went in to pitch for Paxton. The Miners fell on him like famished dogs on a bone. White-faced and still, Petra watched them fill the bases and drive in four runs. Paxton was beaten.

When it was over at last and the crowd was moving around them, Roger said cheerfully, "Very exciting. I enjoyed that."

Petra's smile hid despair. "So did I," she said, and went home to comfort her father.

Larry didn't appear over the weekend. Her father stayed in his room with a headache. Sunday was a long, quiet day. Petra worked at her typing. "Trust me," the clicking keys said. "Trust me this once." A monotonous tune of despair.

On Monday, when she went to her morning classes, the campus was buzzing with a rumor that Larry was leaving Paxton. She didn't believe it! She didn't care!

She cut her eleven o'clock class and hurried home. A taxi was waiting in front of the house.

Larry was in his room, bending over the bed, packing his suitcase. He looked up at her, surprised and not pleased. She knew then that he had planned to be gone when she came home.

"What's the idea?" she asked with elaborate unconcern. "Running away?"

He nodded, closing the suitcase. "Exit the villain, Petey."

Her voice was edged with scorn. "You're acting like a child, of course; a spoiled, conceited child. Why don't you wait and see Dr. Thorne? He likes you—for some strange reason."

"I did talk to Thorne." Larry grinned sheepishly. "He called me a fool." He faced her then, a patch of court plaster over his eye. "I've got to go, Petey."

"But why?" she demanded.

Larry shook his head, smiling unhappily. "I can't tell you, Petey. You're not old enough. You'd be wild."

He made her very angry. "Oh, all right," she said. "Your taxi is down there."

HE STOOD a moment, his suitcase in his hand. He should have been ashamed, but he wasn't. His eyes in hers were unashamed, undefeated. He smiled. "Will you miss me, Petey, a little?"

He was foolish and weak; he would never grow up. He would always let people down. But never Petra again. She would miss him, always. No matter how much it hurt, she could smile. She was smiling now, her small head held high. "Goodby, Larry," she said.

She heard his feet on the stairs, heard the front door open and close. She had no intention of crying; it was time to go down and set the luncheon table. Her father would be coming home soon, tired and ill. Her father had trusted him, too.

At noon the telephone rang. Petra heard her father's voice, excited and important. He had raised all the funds he needed and was leaving for the coast that night. Petra was ordered to pack his trunk. A stone rolled away from her heart. . . .

(Continued on page 38)

"Let's call up and surprise them"

Miles don't matter to your telephone. . . . It brings eager, happy voices right to you. It makes family news more personal, more satisfying. • Those you love are always near, by telephone. And at low cost. After 8:30 P. M., for example, you can call about 75 miles for 35c;* 150 miles for 50c;* 275 miles for 75c.* (*3-minute, station-to-station rates.)

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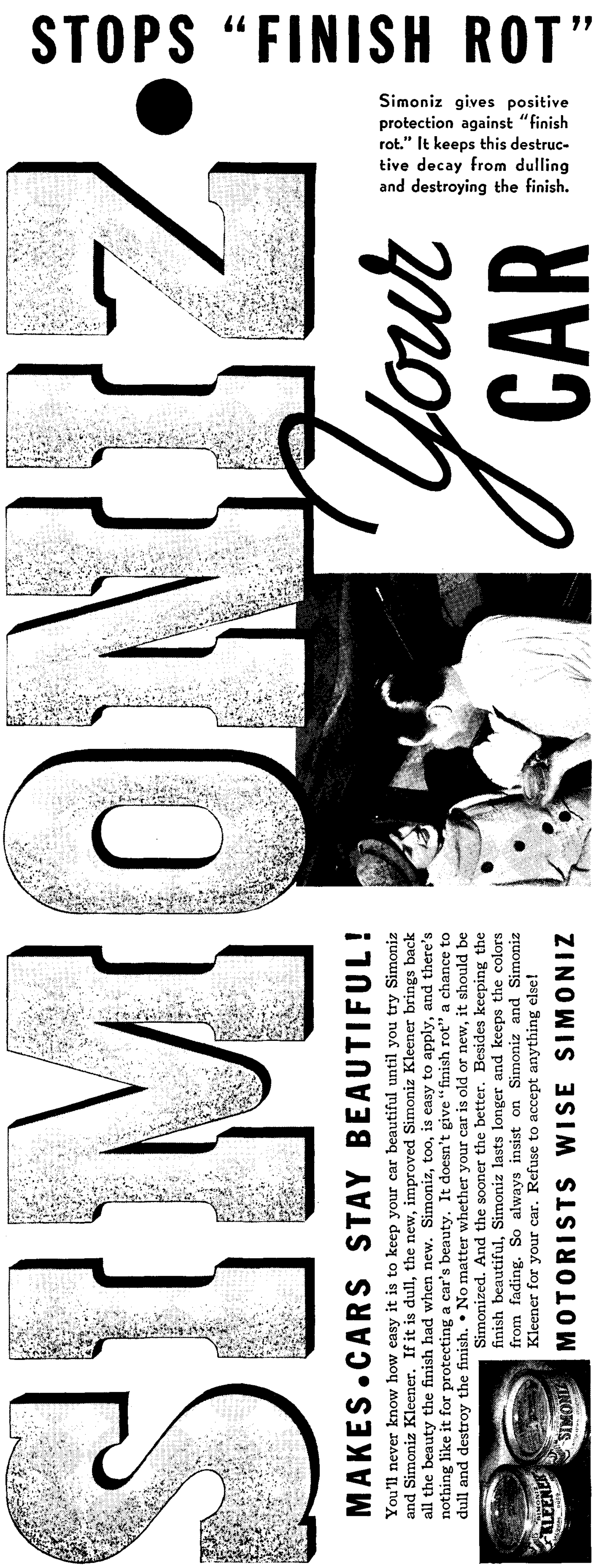

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MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

The Grandstander

Continued from page 36

June came. Petra woke in the bird-loud dawn of Commencement Day. She sat up in bed, hugging her knees and smiling, glad to be Petra O'Brien. Her father was well and happy, selling lots on the desert below Palm Springs, at a place he called, "Acres of Eden."

Commencement today at last; granting of degrees at three, the president's reception at nine. Petra's degree would read "*cum laude*." Roger liked that. He was preparing to ask her to marry him. He had been waiting, she knew, to be sure that her father would not be returning to Paxton. It was silly, she told herself, to mind that. Roger was wise and cautious, the kind of husband she wanted, if any. He wasn't like Larry.

Larry's name had been in yesterday's paper. Seattle had bought him from Butte. Larry could play ball, that was all. He would pass through Paxton on his way to Seattle.

PETRA lifted the shining mass of her hair and smoothed it back over her ears. The morning was cool and lilac-sweet. The sun was smiling over the mountains into the room. Time to get up—and forget Larry Dickon. She slipped to the side of the bed and felt with cold toes for her slippers.

The night was warm and sweet. Petra O'Brien, bachelor of arts, was alone in Prexy's garden, like a still white flower in the starlight. Within the big, shining house across the lawn, the faculty were receiving the graduates. It was late, now; Commencement was nearly over. Roger, who would soon be free, had asked her to wait for him there in the garden.

Someone moved toward her across the lawn. It wasn't Roger. Just old Dr. Thorne, wandering about, when he should have been in the receiving line. He looked down at her in the starlight. "I was afraid you had gone," he said.

She gave him a tired smile. "I'm waiting for Roger."

He nodded. "He'll be out soon." He added casually, "Larry Dickon is in town."

Petra's heart skipped a beat and raced.

Dr. Thorne went on dryly: "I left him an hour ago on the steps of the gym, surveying the scene of his former glory. I'm afraid he felt a bit out of it all. He wanted to come over here, and didn't quite have the courage."

A small scornful voice: "He's not very brave."

Dr. Thorne looked at Petra a moment in silence. The sound of music came faintly across the lawn. His voice, when he spoke, was very gentle. "Do you love him, Petra?"

She lifted her small head proudly; she drew a deep breath. "Yes," she said. She smiled wistfully. "I'll get over it. I must. You see"—her voice broke a little, "he ran away."

The old man nodded. "He never told you why?"

Petra shook her head.

"Well, I will," the old man said crossly. "You ought to know; you have a right to know. He got six hundred dollars for signing a contract with Butte. He gave it to your father, Petra."

Petra didn't speak. She couldn't. But her eyes in the starlight grew radiant.

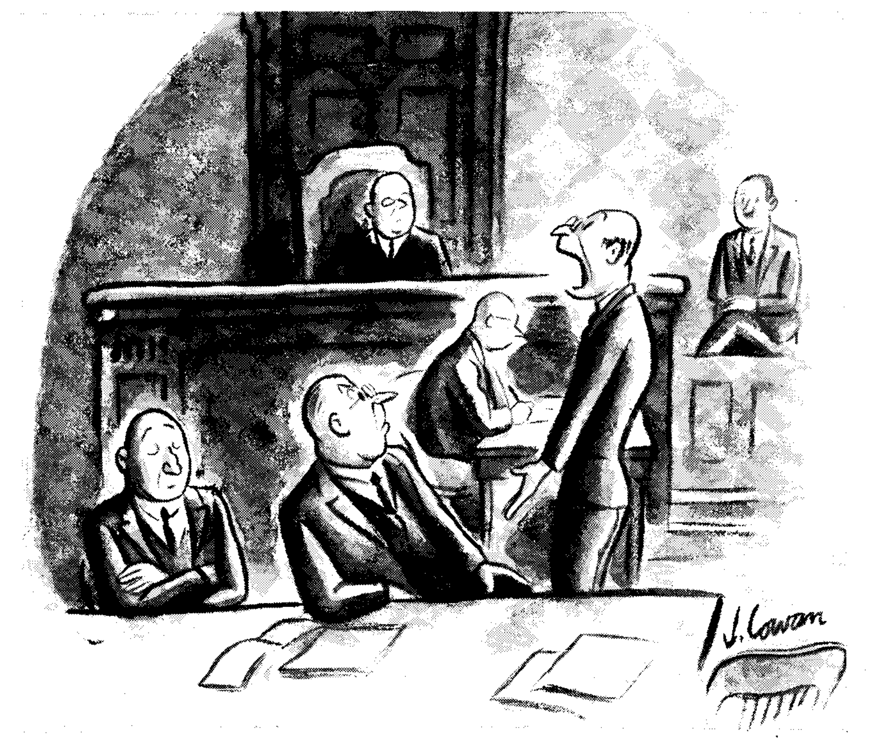
Roger's white trousers moved on the lawn.

She had gone. The old man stood smiling gently, feeling a strange, warm glow on his cheek where her young lips had pressed. He hoped the child didn't use lipstick.

LIGHT as a blown leaf Petra fled through the shadows, through a gate that clicked softly, down the path under the campus trees. Larry was there, sitting in the dark on the steps of the gym. She made no sound on the grass. She stood breathing deeply, a small hand pressed against the rise and fall of her breast, saying goodby to safety, seeing the years ahead. Larry and his children, blundering into troubles, coming to her with their hurts. But always to her.

With a little cry Petra ran to Larry.

His arms around her, his lips against hers; Larry the conqueror. "My Petey," he said. "I knew you'd miss me."

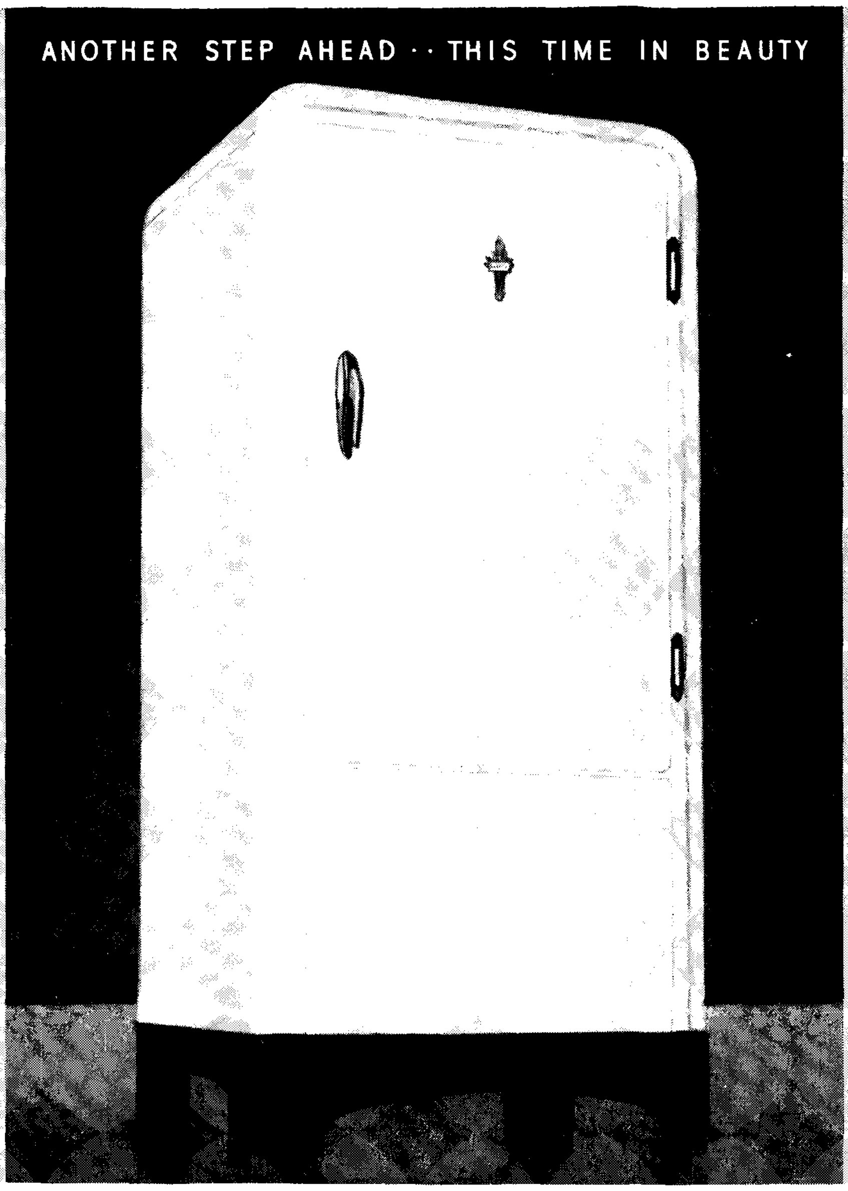


"Will Your Honor instruct the jury to disregard defense attempts to pin the crime on the prosecution!"

J. COWAN

"I didn't know which refrigerator was best

so I chose the one my gas company recommended"



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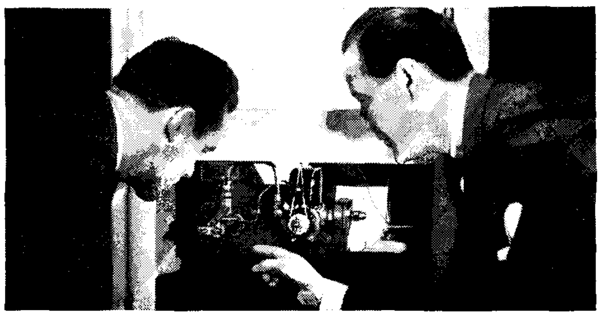

THERE are two good ways to choose a refrigerator. Study them all and make your own decision after careful comparison . . . or accept the recommendation of a reliable organization like your gas company. Either way, the chances are that you'll choose an Electrolux.

It offers real economy, because it employs the simplest operating method. Electrolux has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame does all the work. It circulates a simple refrigerant that is cooled by ordinary air.

This remarkable economy enables Electrolux to pay for itself with three big savings . . . on running cost . . . on food bills . . . and on depreciation.

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See Electrolux at your gas company's or local dealer's showrooms. The lovely new models are just as far ahead in beauty as in efficiency. And remember this important fact: your gas company stands back of every Electrolux it sells with prompt and willing service.

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Of "All Three" leading low-priced cars, only Plymouth provides all four of these features everybody wants today.

That's why it's more important than ever to look at "All Three" . . . ride in them . . . drive them . . . and ask questions about them. Tell your Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer you want to drive the new Plymouth. Ask him about the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan that makes it so easy to own one today.

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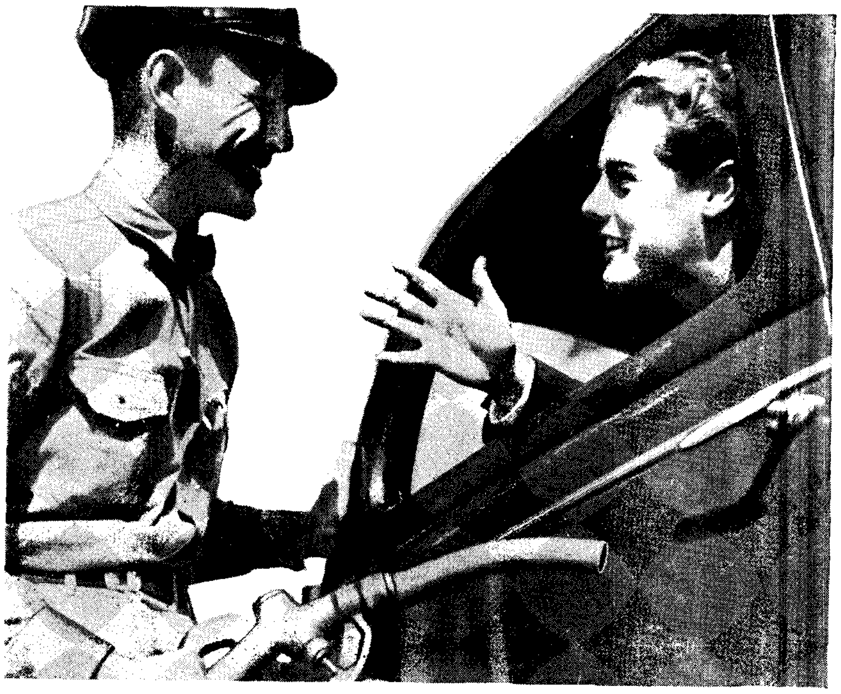
DETROIT

ASK THESE 4 QUESTIONS—



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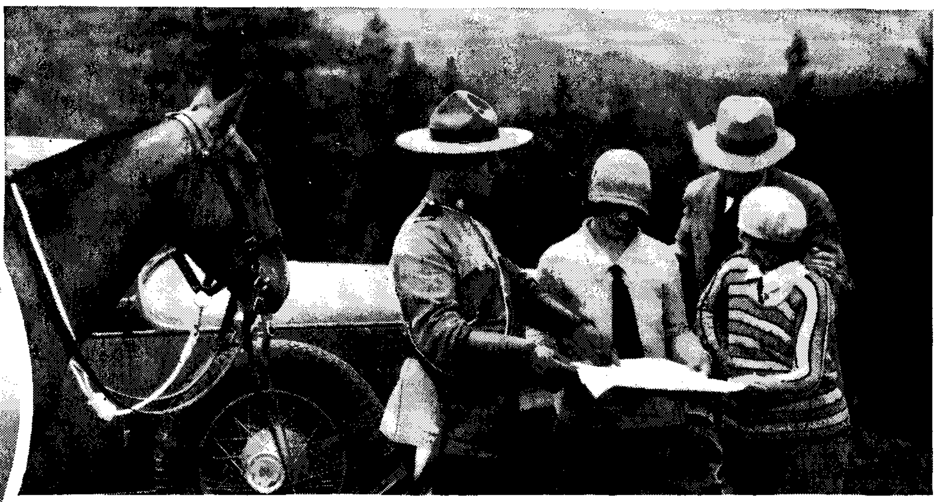
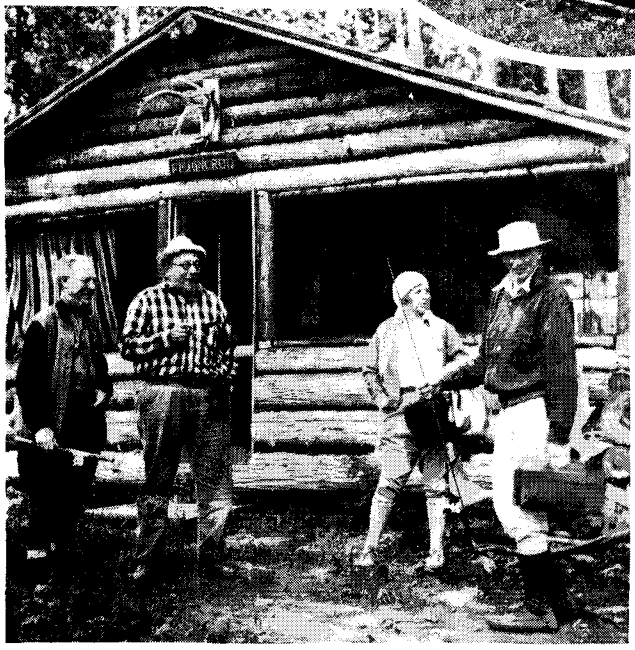


adventure in CANADA

Land of Varied Vacations



DO YOU LONG for the pungent smell of wood smoke and a little camp deep-hidden in a pine wood? And do your fingers itch for a tussle with a fighting salmon, trout, bass or muskie? Perhaps you hear the call of new motor trails and far horizons; or are you looking forward to gay times and gracious living at some smart summer colony?

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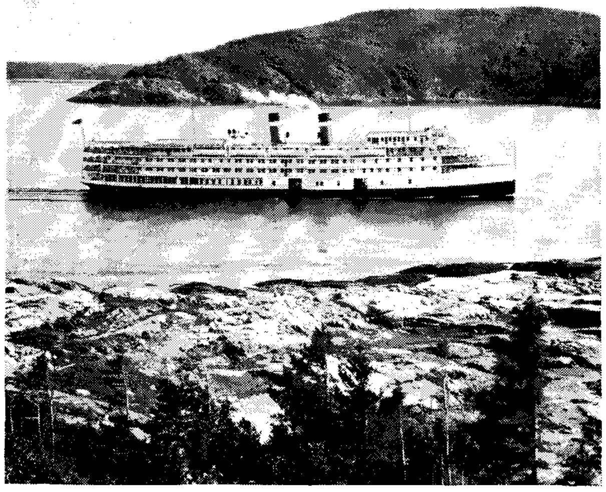

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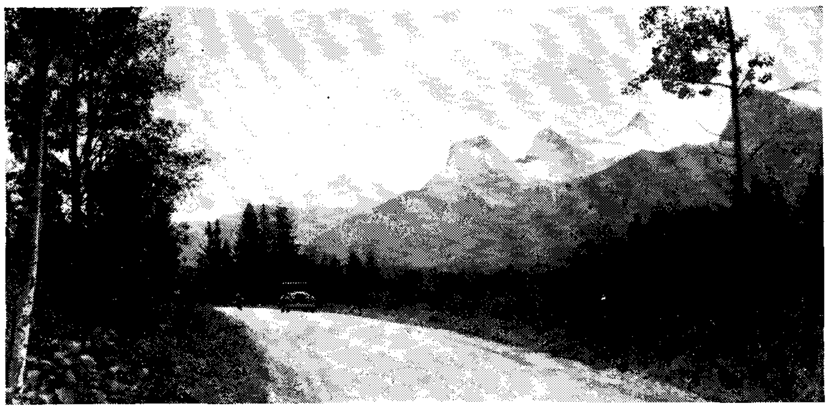

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Bad Dreams

Continued from page 11

All of which is why the Democratic party finds itself in the "addition" dumps these days. Added together, the 5,000,000 votes of Huey Long, Father Coughlin's 10,000,000, Dr. Townsend's 25,000,000 and Mr. Hearst's 10,000,000 give a grand total of *FIFTY MILLIONS*. As only 39,816,522 votes were cast in 1932—Roosevelt getting 22,821,857 and Hoover 15,761,841—nothing is more plain to be seen than that the Adullamites will carry the 1936 election by acclamation.

As a consequence, it has been decided that James Aloysius Farley must resign his Postmaster-Generalship, and get on his job as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, hurrying about the country, sounding the battle cry. A fine time indeed to be fooling around with stamps!

So runs the plot of the Fears of 1935. Even more fantastic than the figures are the weird assumptions. That Huey Long, for instance, the one and only Kingfish, will step aside at the last moment and drape his shining scales about the shoulders of Burton K. Wheeler. It will be believed by non-political men and women only when Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, Jimmie Durante, Max Baer, Mae West and Aimee Semple McPherson announce that they are tired of the limelight.

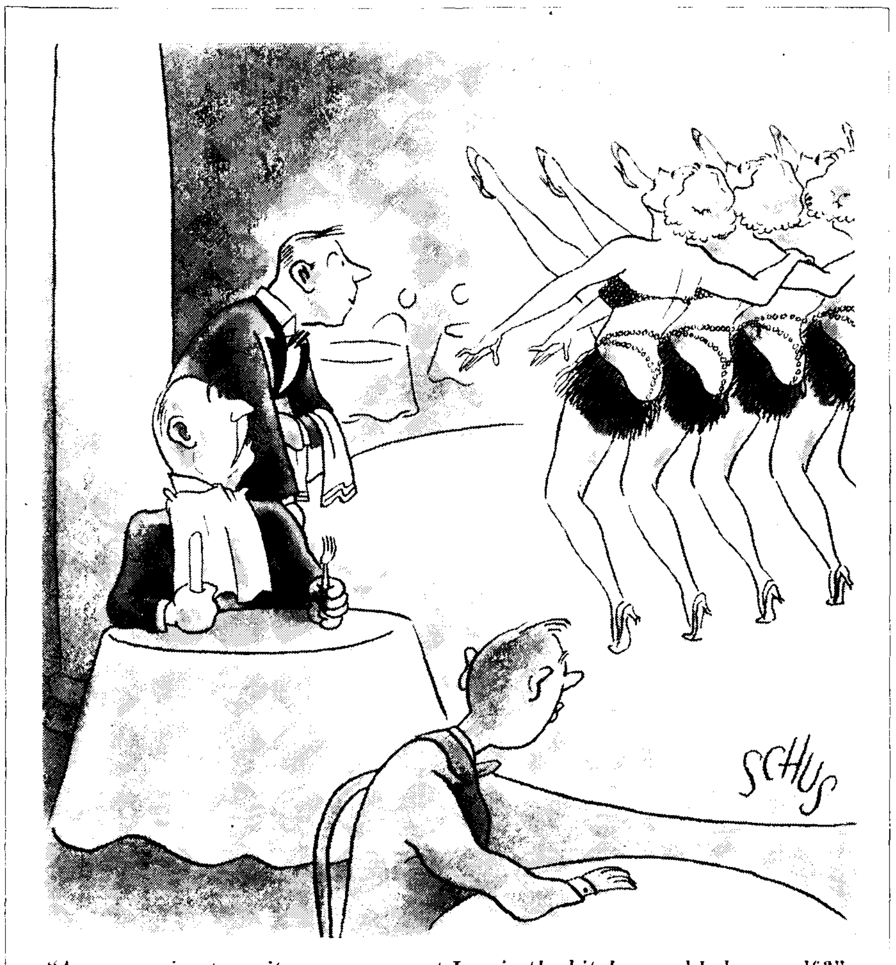
Moreover, even were it possible for Huey to anesthetize himself sufficiently to consider surrender and sacrifice, what is more certain than that neither he nor his followers would stand for dropping the "Share the Wealth" slogan, or for a platform that did not promise to make "every man a king"? Poor Senator Wheeler might struggle to rationalize the Long program, but its fundamentals would persist.

How would Mr. Hearst feel about coalizing on this basis? A splendid, public-spirited man, to be sure, but his record does not lead to the belief that he would support a movement that advocated confiscation of money and property above a fixed amount. California, his home state, is $30,000,000 in the red, and faces a still larger deficit, yet Mr. Hearst is strongly opposed to a state income tax, and has returned from his Japanese front to make a fight against it.

With respect to Father Coughlin, signs are not wanting to show that he means to continue in his rôle of "dearest friend and severest critic." In his reply to General Johnson, it may be remembered that he took pains to make it clear that his quarrel was not with the beloved occupant of the White House, but with those false friends who sought to bandage his eyes and plug his ears. The high nettle content of the Little Flower will undoubtedly persist, but not for Long.

As for Coalizer Townsend, his invincible army, alas, is now a rabble. The contemptuous rejection of his plan by Congress has perceptibly disheartened the millions who were so confident of its adoption that they flooded automobile agencies and travel bureaus, picking out cars and planning tours. He himself, sincere soul, is offering concessions, and the inclusion of any sound old-age pension plank in the President's economic security bill may be depended on to end the agitation, or, at least, reduce it to a murmur.

Under analysis, therefore, the Democratic fear of a "radical coalition" in 1936 is seen to be nothing more than the ugly dreams that come from overfeeding at the public trough. Even Senator McCarran announces that he is still a Democrat, although asking that no one take the "still" too seriously. While The Man Bilbo declares that he will stand behind the Administration. But, it is feared, not far enough behind.



"Are you going to wait on me, or must I go in the kitchen and help myself?"

ADOLPH SCHUS

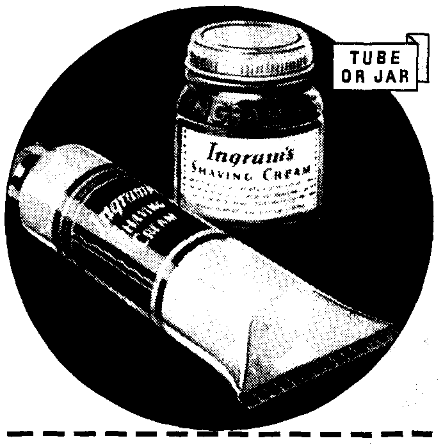
CLEAN *shaves....* *are* COOL *shaves now!*

ANOTHER DAY! ANOTHER SHAVE! AND GOSH— I HATE TO START!
MY SKIN IS RAW FROM SHAVING CREAMS THAT BURN AND STING AND SMART!
TRY INGRAM'S THEN-- IT COOLS THE SHAVE AND WARMS A SHAVER'S HEART
NO MORE HOT SHAVES FOR ME!
Ingram's

Once-over...twice-over...even two shaves a day... yet no burning, no rawness, no call for lotion. Not when you use Ingram's, the cream that makes shaves *cool!*

Ingram's Shaving Cream has in it three special ingredients to tone the skin, soothe it, save it from irritation. Jabs and stings are *out;* instead, you enjoy a bracing coolness that lasts all through the shave, and for hours after.

Get away from rough, hot shaves. Try them clean and cool. Ask your druggist for Ingram's—and when you use it, notice how little you need for a foamy, wilting lather. That's why Ingram's shaves are so economical!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-45,
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd give cool shaves a warm welcome.
Send me a 10-shave tube of Ingram's, free.

Name
Street
City State

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Try the world's coolest shave

TODAY—ALL OVER

75,000 Dealers Give You New Summer Mobiloil made by the Famous Clearosol Process

THOUSANDS OF YOU have asked this question by letter . . . millions of others have asked it at the wheel of their cars . . . "When can we get Mobiloil for Summer driving as good as that new Mobiloil Arctic?"

We're happy to tell you that *today* all Summer grades of Mobiloil are made by Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process . . . and can be purchased through more than 75,000 dealers.

Same Remarkable Savings

To users of the new Mobiloil Arctic, we give this assurance: you can expect the same remarkable oil savings, the same improved engine performance, the same protection at all speeds . . . *all Summer* . . . that you enjoyed last Winter.

To those who haven't tried this new kind of oil, we make this promise: drive with it 1,000 miles . . . and you'll never go back to old-type oils!

These new Mobiloils are different . . . because they are made a different way. They do not contain those weak, unstable elements which burn up at engine heat. They have none of the impurities that form carbon and gum, and cause repairs.

A Difference You Can Check

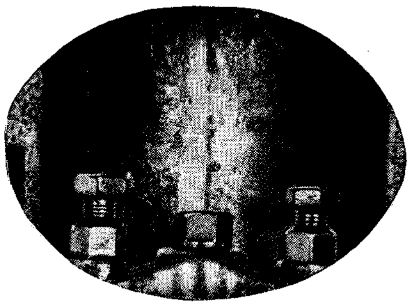
The result is . . . this Summer, you'll drive farther . . . yet spend less on oil purchases. You'll go at the speed that pleases you . . . yet have no worries about engine protection.

Most amazing of all, you'll actually *improve* the performance of your car merely by changing to this new kind of Mobiloil!

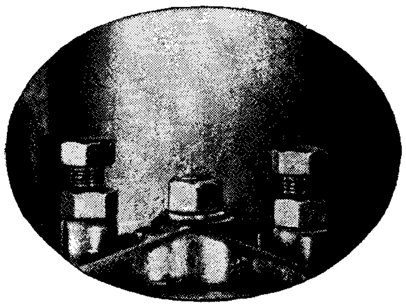
Use this new Summer Mobiloil for your Spring oil change. There's no advance in price. All dealers who display the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse have it in Grades A, AF, B or BB.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

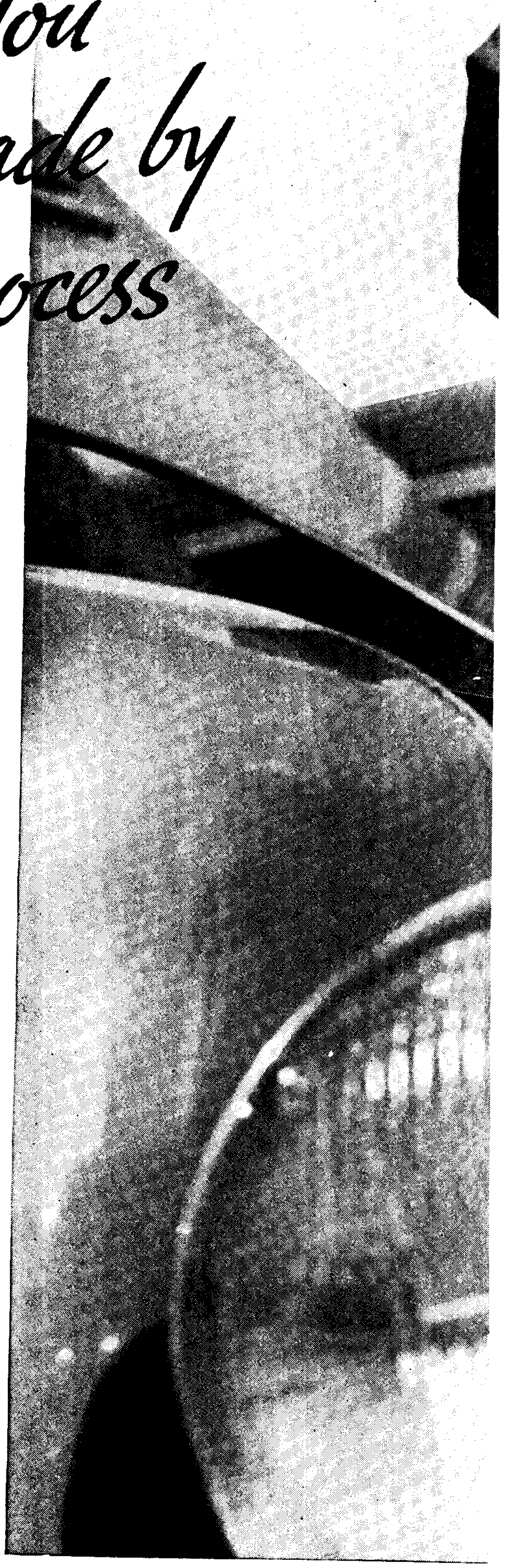
"POUR IT IN . . . I know what the Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process does." 3,000,000 who used new Mobiloil Arctic last Winter are now turning to the new Summer Mobiloil. And getting the same remarkable savings!



100 HOURS of operation on ordinary oil coats valve-chamber with gum.



ENGINE CLEAN after 100 hours' operation on this remarkable new Mobiloil.



"THEY STAY FULL . . . when I fill 'em with this new Summer Mobiloil." Exhaustive tests tell why. This new Mobiloil, made by the revolutionary Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process, shows 98% resistance to consumption. Compare this with 88% for the other leading oil tested. Then measure the 10% difference in cash saved on oil!

HE UNITED STATES

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM

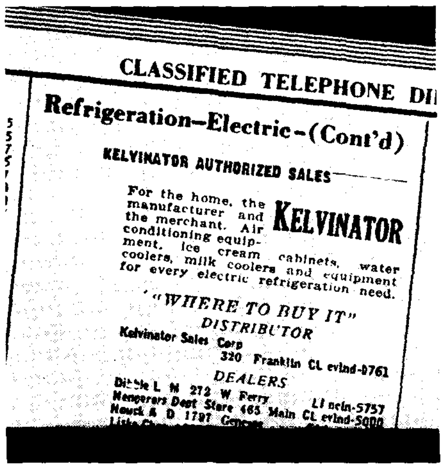
Sold wherever you see this Sign

Who sells that brand?

..your classified telephone book tells you *quickly*

Don't go from store to store hunting for the brand you want. Just look in your classified telephone book. There, *under the brand name,* you'll find a list of authorized dealers.

Stromberg-Carlson, Kelvinator, Oldsmobile are a few of the many manufacturers who identify dealers this convenient way.



CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DI

Refrigeration—Electric—(Cont'd)

KELVINATOR AUTHORIZED SALES

For the home, the manufacturer and the merchant. Air conditioning equipment, ice cream cabinets, water coolers, milk coolers and equipment for every electric refrigeration need. KELVINATOR

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

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DEALERS

Dibble L N 272 W Ferry LI ncln-5757
Mengerers Dept Store 465 Main CL evlnd-5000
Houck & D 1797 Genes

Hitler Changes His Clothes

Continued from page 12

total for 1932, just before Hitler's advent.

Another report, issued a few weeks ago in Berlin, showed that 15,000,000 persons were engaged in gainful employment in Germany at the end of 1934, as against 13,400,000 at the end of 1933 (Hitler's first year), and 10,900,000 at the end of 1932, when his immediate predecessors still governed in the Wilhelmstrasse. This means a gain of over 38 per cent for his first two-year period.

The Nazis also point gleefully to statistics estimating the total German income from salaries and wages during 1934 at 29.6 billion marks, an increase over 1933 of 3.3 billions, or 11 per cent.

The Have-Nots Have It

Hitler's determination to assure himself of mass loyalty by feeding, clothing and sheltering the Have-Nots is certainly rough on the pocketbooks of the Haves. Never have I seen anywhere such grim efficiency in collecting relief funds as one meets every hour of every day in Hitler-land.

Big bosses among the Nazis, like Hermann Goering and Hjalmar Schacht, go out on the streets and personally rake in contributions. Lottery tickets in aid of Germany's army of unemployed are hawked by thousands of venders (themselves recruited from that army) in hotel lobbies and restaurants, cafés and theater entrances. You pay fifty pfennigs for a ticket, and you get, almost invariably, nothing but a postcard, with a pretty view on it of some German town or landscape. But always there is the chance of winning anywhere from two marks to five thousand. The revenue from these sales is enormous—millions of marks monthly.

Money for the needy also pours into the government's coffers from other sources, as a result of a relentless drive embracing every city, town, village, hamlet and farmstead in the whole country. Young girls bar your way wherever you go, begging pennies for the poor. *"Now is the time to help!"* flames forth, in immense letters, from hundreds of huge illuminated signs.

In Stuttgart, down in southern Germany, I saw a colossal representation of a book, as high as the façade of an ordinary house, emblazoned with these words, in gigantic lettering: "Have you inscribed your name in the Honor Book of those who help the unemployed? If you have not, *step right inside now and do so this minute!"* In another city, two big elephants, part of a vaudeville act, were pressed into service, and went trudging through the streets, bearing this sign: "We are working for the unemployed." And official Nazi collectors, walking alongside, saw to it that passers-by did their bit.

Nor is the Hitler government content to ballyhoo without a follow-up. People who are deemed not generous enough in their contributions are only too likely to get into trouble. Woe to the shopkeeper who, having been visited by half a dozen collectors of charity funds, is cold to a seventh!

People all over the world hoped that, after Hitlerism had seated itself firmly in the saddle, there would be a let-up in the cruel persecution of the Jews in Germany. This hope has been fulfilled only in part; cases of actual physical violence against them are now rare. But, subject to a lull now and then, the campaign to root out their influence and handicap them in making a livelihood is being pushed forward with vindictive energy.

This campaign shows strange contradictions. For instance, where Jewish newspapers and department stores and other big businesses are ruthlessly "Aryanized," Jewish banks remain almost free from Nazi molestation. And there is a difference in methods in different parts of Germany.

In Berlin there may be a truce between Nazis and Jews at the very moment when warfare between them flares up worse than ever in Nuremberg, say, or Frankfort-on-the-Main. Nuremberg, lair of Julius Streicher, and his rabidly anti-Jewish sheet, *Der Stürmer,* is an anti-Semitic center par excellence. And Frankfort, having the highest percentage among all German cities of Jewish citizens, is a favorable point of attack.

When I was in Frankfort recently a sudden revival of anti-Jewish activity was noticeable. One night Nazi storm troopers entered a café frequented by Jewish patrons, and heaped upon them insults of the coarsest kind. Signs were displayed everywhere in Frankfort (which is not the case in Berlin) reading "This concern is German"—to protect their owners from being thought "non-Aryan" or in sympathy with victims of "Aryan" persecution.

In a local newspaper I saw printed in big type the names of Jewish men and women accused of having transferred their patronage from shops displaying the aforesaid sign to others not displaying it.

This publicity, of course, meant for those named, the risk of receiving unpleasant attentions from hundred-per-cent Nazis. And an elderly woman, who had been overheard to say that she considered certain Nazi methods against Communists unnecessarily severe, was compelled, although she had heart disease, to climb several flights of steep stairs, every day for six weeks, to the office of a local Nazi official, and cry, with arm upraised: "Long live Germany and, with it, Adolf Hitler!"

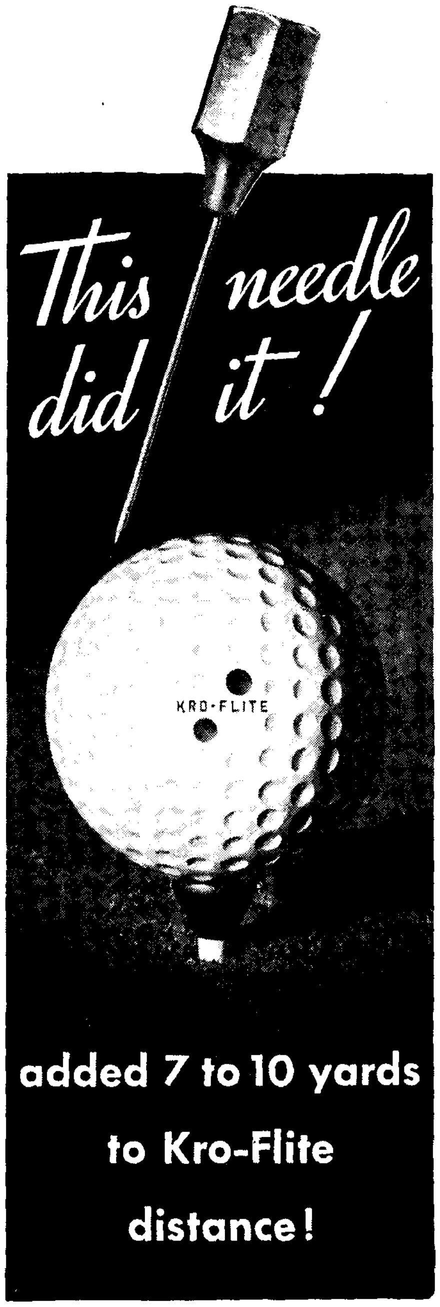
A High-Priced Improvement

Undoubtedly there is something like a boom inside Germany. More money is in circulation. More people are earning enough to get along. More workers, who were down and out a couple of years ago, now have food in their stomachs and smiles on their faces.

The Germans are fighting hard to get on their feet again—and (for the time being, at least) they are succeeding. But, in all this, they are not getting something for nothing. The improvement, such as it is, is costing them a high price.

Since Hitler seized control, there has been an absolute decrease in the money wage earned by German workers; though the total of wages earned is more, the average wage is less. Moreover, necessities, especially foods, cost more, which means that the man with a job not only gets a smaller number of marks for his labor but can buy with them a smaller quantity of necessities. And another thing: the quality of wares purchased by the average workingman has deteriorated. And still another point: he has to hand out money for all sorts of enforced contributions.

I know of one man, with a wife and five children, earning a very modest wage, who is obligated to pay *thirty-two* contributions every month. If it is not a payment toward emergency relief for the unemployed, it is a shake-down toward the expenses of some Nazi party newspaper; if not that, it goes toward protection against air attack, or the



"A LONG BALL can't be tough ... a tough ball can't be long!" Last year that ancient golf argument was ended—by a *hypodermic needle.*

Spalding's experts had long known that in vulcanizing the Kro-Flite's cut-proof cover some of the tension of the winding is lost. And lost tension is lost distance. Last year they discovered how to restore this tension—by *injecting liquid* into Kro-Flite's core *after the ball was made.*

Now, thanks to that experiment, Kro-Flite—toughest ball ever made—is *7 to 10 yards longer.* And the biggest buy in golf. Try it. 75c.

If you're a low-handicap golfer, play the *Top-Flite.* If you're a tournament threat, play the *Tournament.* Both balls are *new* in cover and other features — longer and tougher than last year. Each, 75c.

SPALDING
Needled* KRO-FLITE

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Hitler Workers' Army, or the Hitler Youth, or a picture of Hitler—something new crops up every day! After the poor fellow is through digging down into his pocket, a substantial part of his earnings has disappeared.

Yet the great bulk of the German people are not discontented. They find in Hitlerism something which—though they may grumble—offsets, for them, its defects. A vast number of laborers who, only a short time ago, were crushed by despair or seething with rebellion, now march willingly, to the stirring tunes of Hitlerism, toward whatever goal Der Fuehrer may set.

Beggars have vanished from German streets. The total of those entirely on the dole has dropped greatly. Workingmen walk with heads held high. There is springiness in their gait, confidence in their hearts. They are regaining their self-respect. Perhaps they shouldn't feel that way. But they do.

"Hitler is accomplishing a miracle," a particularly competent observer told me in Berlin. "He is reducing the standard of living of the German working classes, he is forcing workers, *who get less money than they did before, to buy worse wares at higher prices*, yet, at the same time, *he is making them like it!*"

Yes, people are working all over Germany, and many who were near starvation are eating regularly again, and, where stomachs are full, the seeds of Communism and Socialism and violence and revolt find scant nourishment. The German people have always been industrious; never, in Germany, has there been a large element which willingly shirked labor and fomented disorder.

And, Austrian-born though he is, Adolf Hitler has instinctively grasped this characteristic. In a small-town German newspaper there was recently an item which illustrated admirably the attitude of the average German toward work. Among marriage and engagement notices, and announcements of the excellence of this or that product—in short, in that part of the paper where persons proud of something advertised their pride—appeared this, signed by a young German:

"To my friends. *I am at work again.*"

In Germany "the dignity of labor" is no empty catch-phrase. And Hitler realizes it.

Hand-to-Mouth Finance

But how is he going to foot the bill?

That is the great question. That is what dampens his enthusiasm at the magnitude of his accomplishment, spoils the sensationally successful past for him, poisons the present with all its pomp and power, blackens the skies of his future. That is what makes Hjalmar Schacht, financial czar of Nazidom, sit up nights trying to fit the square pegs of Nazi dreams into the round holes of economic realities.

For months, Hitler-land has been living from hand to mouth. It has been financing itself by short-term borrowing. Remarkable as some of its achievements undoubtedly are, until it can show conclusively how it is going to meet its accumulating short-term obligations, the world will stay on the fence regarding the ultimate value of those achievements.

"Until the Nazis have solved that one crucial problem," a friend of mine in Berlin, who is a financial expert, remarked the other day, "they have solved nothing.

"And, believe me, they must solve it soon," he went on. "It is impossible for Hitler to go on much longer lifting himself by his bootstraps—which is what this short-term borrowing will prove to be, unless Schacht or someone else gets him out of the difficulties into which it is plunging him.

"It may go on, without much change, for a year or somewhat longer—which may well result in the ruin of the German wealthy class and the gutting of Germany's banks. Of course, there is a small chance of foreign financial help. But what foreign countries want to put money into Germany today? What they are trying to do is to *get money out!* Quite aside from the general antagonism to Hitler abroad, the world has become extremely hard-boiled, and is in no mood for risky investments. Capital is on strike."

"It might be argued that we in the United States are also, like the Germans, piling up a huge indebtedness which we must pay somehow," I interposed.

"Germany and the United States are essentially different. The United States has far bigger assets and a much better international outlook. We Americans can issue bonds. Hitler's Germany cannot.

"And the blame for this situation must not be put entirely on the Nazis and their chief. When they seized power they inherited a critical state of affairs. They found a country worse off than Russia, ringed around by nations much more suspicious or openly hostile than Europe ever was toward Hitler's two predecessors on the path of dictatorship—Mussolini and Stalin."

Dangerous Hurdles Ahead

All of which is undoubtedly true. Hitler has a tough job—one of the toughest in the world.

Yet, under him, millions of Germans have gone to work again, and their work brings them confidence. They wear uniforms which, to foreigners, may seem meaningless, yet, to them, are emblems of national rebirth. They march in endless parades which, to visitors from other lands, seem to lead nowhere, yet, to the marchers, are stages on the road to dazzling goals. They give passionate loyalty and frenzied devotion to a man who seems, to many people in many lands, a wild demagogue, but reveals himself to them as a Messiah pointing the way to the emancipation of Germany's people, to the vindication of Germany's honor, to a glory unmatched in Germany's history.

In Hitler's path there are still dangerous hurdles. His success in welding together so many Germans inside his country is largely offset by the enmity he has aroused abroad. His increased power, due to the spectacular German victory in the Saar district early this year, is balanced by foreign misgivings as to what the return of that rich district to Germany may mean in increased Nazi bumptiousness. His impudent meddling with religion has antagonized many Protestants as well as Catholics. He is hampered at every turn by the result of public opinion of his ruthless cruelty toward Jews.

Yet the fact remains that he is marching forward in the third year of his Third Reich with undimmed prestige and undiminished strength. Neither among the elements avowedly against him—Communists, Socialists, liberals, intellectuals—nor among those more or less reluctant in their adhesion to him—Junkers, industrialists, regular army officers—is there as yet anything approaching open defiance or revolt.

None can say with certainty what the future holds for Hitler; but none can gainsay that the dice are still favoring this mystical fanatic who yesterday was painting the walls of obscure tenements and today holds in his hands the destiny of a great continent. That is an unpalatable fact to many people in many lands. But it is a fact.

HE'S BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU FOR MONTHS

CAUGHT RED-HANDED

... when he tried to get by without shaving

Embarrassment is a steep price to pay for one day's neglect—but that isn't the only penalty exacted by careless shaving habits. Heart-rending letters in our files—true stories by the thousand—prove that one man after another has lost even his job because he failed to shave. When faced with these facts—isn't a man foolish to neglect shaving, or to use indifferent shaving methods!

The Gillette "Blue Blade"—especially made to shave tender faces gently—positively will give you greater satisfaction than you have ever before experienced. The finest steel obtainable is examined electro-magnetically for hidden flaws—then hardened in electric furnaces where the temperature is automatically controlled in accordance with the exact requirements of the metal. Grinding, honing and stropping are automatic—inspection the most rigid known. Anchor-wrapping with four binders of wax protects the super-keen edges from damage in shipping.

Have the best shaves of your life. Get the benefit of equipment and skill that are unequaled anywhere. Slip a Gillette "Blue Blade" in your razor tomorrow morning.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

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A TWIST... IT'S OPEN!

The ARISTOCRAT —New Gillette One Piece Razor

The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price $4 complete in smart leather case with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades."

A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

"My wife is a good listener"

"I can't answer for wives in general," said Paul Dayton, "but as for mine—

"She heard me all the way through when I told her about a plan I have for taking care of our family's future.

"Our boy is only three now, but it isn't too soon to start saving for his college education. And of course I want to provide for my wife, in case anything happens to me. If I live, I want to know that my old age will be secure.

"This plan I have is based on two life insurance policies; it was worked out by an Equitable agent.

"In case of my death, one policy will pay my wife a fixed monthly income for life, and an additional $75 a month for the first five years. If I live to age 60, I can convert this policy into a guaranteed life income for us both.

"The other policy will provide funds to send our son through college, payments to be made quarterly over a four-year period.

"I get all this protection and security for a comparatively small outlay—well within my modest means."

How the Equitable Case Method can benefit your family, too.

The program for Mr. Dayton was developed on the principles of the Equitable Case Method of life insurance planning. This means it was fitted exactly to his needs.

You too have special ambitions—maybe to retire at 60, to guarantee funds for a child's education, to pay off a mortgage, or to assure a life income for your wife. Why not let an Equitable agent apply the Case Method to your individual desires?

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Please mail a copy of your booklet describing the Equitable Case Method of life insurance planning.

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THE EQUITABLE
FAIR – JUST
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SECURITY – PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
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OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE
Thomas I. Parkinson, *President*

It's in Your Hands

Continued from page 26

there is something about her hands—I can't quite explain it." And usually that instinct is right. Whether or not you choose to take the chirologist seriously, you will find the major impressions intriguing. They fill us all with a curious desire to check. One thing is certain—not only the general appearance of the hands but their gestures—or lack of them—define the person.

It takes no expert to recognize the hands with fingers held habitually close together, the tips turning slightly inward, the palms held toward the body as though to conceal what they show. Sheer instinct tells you they belong to a secretive person. So, for example, when Nazimova played that repressed, scheming woman in Eugene O'Neill's Mourning Becomes Electra, though her own hands are far from this type, their gestures as the actress took on the personality of that woman became characteristic. For the most part, they were kept clasped close against her body as though to hide her thoughts and feelings, and whatever motions they made were small and quickly restrained. This is by no means a hand confined to women. The man who, by nature, holds his fingers in this close fashion, palms always in, is pretty sure to count his money protectively toward him.

The opposite hands that expose the palm a great deal are usually those of the very young, or of people who are of a naïve and open nature—sometimes too open. Consequently, in contrast with her former characterization, when the same actress played O-lan, the inarticulate Chinese peasant woman of Pearl Buck's Good Earth, her hands opened up and one saw the pleading, all-revealing palms of that honest peasant who asked only to give everything that she had and let it be received honestly.

An actress cannot change the shape of her hands but she intuitively changes their meanings and so furnishes proof of one of our points.

It Has to Be Spontaneous

When we went to consult Madame Nazimova, who is now appearing in George Bernard Shaw's new play, The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, she said, "Yes, of course, but one does not plan each characterizing move. When the motions of the hands are conscious, either on the stage or off it, they are false. The personality of the part must flow through one and make the gestures that grow out of it naturally. I can't demonstrate by any of my own performances. I'd feel awkward doing that. But," there came a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "have you seen Katharine Cornell's Juliet? It's as beautiful an experience in the theater as I can remember and her hands in it give a fine study of a changing characterization right within the same person. In the first part of the play, when she was just a happy young girl, she made odd, quick little half-gestures—too immature to be quite sure of herself—or else they were swiftly extravagant, charmingly young and impulsive, very open. Then later, when she had become a woman, their gestures were richer and fuller but they grew fewer as she herself deepened and gathered poise."

Nazimova's own hands lay quietly in her lap. They are decidedly fascinating hands and we herewith offer an analyst's report of them. The finger tips are neither the spatulate shape of those whose talents require their physical work, nor have they the lesser bluntness of the executive, nor the exceedingly pointed pattern of the physically indolent, though sometimes visionary. They are oval, indicating not merely the creative, but the *actively* creative type.

Madame Nazimova added a thought to what she had said of gestures and acting:

"It doesn't matter where you are—in the drawing-room or on the stage, any gesture of the hands, unless it has real meaning, is destructive to what you are saying. Hands are very expressive, so one should not over-use them. Katharine Cornell understands. Go to see her—look at her hands."

Hands That Speak Volumes

We found Miss Cornell washing them in her dressing-room before a performance. She, too, could look at other hands and analyze them, but not her own. Yet, when she spoke of Juliet, her hands spread wide, palms upward, fingers apart, alive, ecstatic, strongly tensed, young—demonstrating precisely what Nazimova had said of them. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was mentioned.

"Oh, but her hands were frail, sick hands!" said Miss Cornell, and Juliet's hands disappeared. They became elongated, the fingers drew more closely together — though not too closely — and they took on a fragile, reaching quality.

Then suddenly they became Miss Cornell's own hands again—hands at which even the casual observer wonders and in which the chirologist finds unusual combinations. They are singularly thin, but wide enough in the palm not to be neurotic, and they are strong. The tips of the fingers are inclined toward the blunt and, with the squarish shape of the palm and the way the fingers are set into it, give her a practical and executive slant, reminding us that she is a successful actress-manager. The fingers, nicely "waisted" with the clearly defined conformation of the joints, show an intellect with a tendency toward the philosophical, while a thumb, similarly formed and straight in carriage, indicates a definite independence. Yes, combined with these are the strongly emotional indices in the lower palm, unusual in hands that might otherwise typify a legal or scientific mind.

"The reason for the generally mistaken idea of artistic hands," said Miss Cornell when the point was brought up, "is that most people confuse the meaning of the phrase. Originally it meant a hand artistic in design, but people have come to take it to mean the hand of an artist—which it rarely is. It usually belongs to an inactive person. An artist, in the real sense, is a person of action and determination—one who does things. Whatever the art, the hands must show the stronger qualities if the individual progresses far. The most important thing is for hands to have poise and to be flexible, regardless of their shape. Then they work easily, expression comes through them smoothly. Only the hands of an unfocussed mind are self-conscious," she added thoughtfully.

As to Miss Garbo and Miss Dietrich—even to the veriest tyro their hands indicate such divergent personalities that the one who started the original question of a comparison of the two actresses, and therefore a suggestion of similarity, should be taken violently in the fair ladies' four hands and cast far into the Pacific Ocean—so far that he

(Continued on page 50)

You feel safer . . . You are safer

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Terraplane Special Sedan $655 f. o. b. Detroit (*rear wheel shields extra*)

Terraplane is the *only* lowest price car that is steel straight through—sides, floor, roof—over an inner frame also *all* of steel

Hudson is America's *only* manufacturer building cars with bodies *all* of steel—giving you, even in the lowest priced Terraplane, the most rugged automobile construction ever known. But this is only one of many Terraplane safety features not found in any other lowest price car.

There's the greater safety of big, Hudson Rotary-Equalized brakes! In police-supervised tests, these brakes cut *almost in half* the stopping distances that traffic experts call "perfect." They STOP you—*always*—in a short, *straight* line.

Owners who order their Terraplanes equipped with the Electric Hand find it an outstanding safety feature, too. Not only do you shift gears faster and more smoothly, but you never need take your hands from the wheel or your eyes from the road.

The longer you drive a Terraplane, the more you will prize another great safety advantage—its lightning acceleration that whisks you out of city traffic tangles, and flashes you ahead when necessary on the open road.

Any Hudson and Terraplane dealer will be glad to have you make this simple test: Drive *any* other lowest price car—then drive a Terraplane. See what a thrilling difference there is in Terraplane *performance,* along with its greater *safety.*

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., Tilbury, Ont.

What "BUILT *by* HUDSON" *Means*

Motors which Reid Railton—noted British engineer and designer of Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Blue Bird" racer—declares are "the best automobile motors built today."

Record-breaking performance . . . proved by scores of official A. A. A. records.

Ruggedness, proved as no other cars ever proved it, in the recent 175,000-mile Ruggedness Runs.

Economy in operation and upkeep, sworn to by thousands of owners, and proved again in nation-wide tests.

The ELECTRIC HAND

An exclusive feature. Simpler, easier, safer driving, with both hands always on the wheel. All Terraplanes regularly equipped with conventional gear shift; with Electric Hand optional at small extra cost.

"I never worry any more—about Dad, or Baby, or myself. There's such a wonderful feeling of safety, in a body you know is *all* of steel!"

NO OTHER LOWEST PRICE CAR GIVES YOU THE GREATER SAFETY OF

America's ONLY Bodies ALL of Steel
Big Hudson Rotary-Equalized Brakes
The Electric Hand (optional)
88-100 h. p. when traffic demands action
Road Balance—on highway curves

AND LOOK AT THE PRICES!

$585

and up for Terraplane . . . Hudson Six $695 and up . . . Hudson Eight $760 and up. All prices f. o. b. Detroit for closed models.

TERRAPLANE

A MISFIT OIL
is as bad as
a misfit coat

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET
OIL TO FIT YOUR CAR
Buy OIL by your mileage

The finest coat in the world is no good to you if it does not fit. The finest oil in the world can not properly protect your car unless it fits. Your oil must fit the spaces between the moving parts of your engine. These spaces (clearances) increase in size as you add miles. That is why a new tight engine needs a different size oil than one that has run over 1,000 miles. That is why the oil you use at 5,000 miles should not be the same size or thickness as the oil you use at 15,000 miles. This "fit" of an oil is the most important factor in saving you oil, gas and repairs and in giving you more power and speed. HYVIS Oils, Inc., Warren, Pa.

COMPARATIVE WIDTH OF CLEARANCES
AT 1,000 MILES AT 10,000 MILES AT 30,000 MILES

Ⓐ Oil should fit clearances
Ⓑ Clearances increase with wear
Ⓒ Wear increases with mileage
Ⓓ Mileage is shown by speedometer —therefore Buy OIL by your mileage.

© HYVIS OILS, INC., 1935

Your speedometer tells you which oil fits your car
Ask for HYVIS ❸ *for mileage in 3 figures — up to 999 miles*
Ask for HYVIS ❹ *for mileage in 4 figures — 1,000 to 9,999*
Ask for HYVIS ❺ *for mileage in 5 figures — 10,000 to 29,999*
Ask for HYVIS ❻ *when speedometer reads over 30,000 miles*

HYVIS
Mileage-Metered
MOTOR OILS

How fast does your mind travel? Time yours in listing the HYVIS Oil to use for the following mileages: 18648; 14547; 24275; 849; 35729; 2865; 47241; 27831; 1622; 34678. If you do it in 20 seconds—excellent; 25 seconds—good; 30 seconds—not so good.

It's in Your Hands

Continued from page 48

could not swim back to Hollywood. The study of a number of films, and several hundred stills with those hands caught unposed and in action when the attention was centered chiefly on the faces, gives details sufficient for a brief report.

Opposites? It isn't merely that Garbo's hands, following her general style of architecture, are long and slender, explains our student of contours. Marlene Dietrich is slim too, though not quite so long. But her hands are wider in proportion and it would appear that this, plus a more cushioned palm and the outer curve of the hand, makes for a more impulsive emotional force in distinction to Garbo's equally deep yet more tightly reined emotions. But, so the story goes, the characteristic keeping together of Dietrich's two middle fingers, which happens so often, for instance, when she puts her hands on her hip or rests them upon a table, signifies that this emotion may be at times of a very practical, useful sort.

And now for Miss Garbo's hands. Once again in the capable spread and grip of the palm we find the practical, and in the widening toward the knuckles, the signs point to endurance, a tremendous capacity for work, even though it is a long palm and not the squarish sort. But it is in the back of the hand, in the "waisted" thumb with its balanced length above the upper joint, and in the corresponding prominent conformation of the knuckles of the fingers with the slenderness in the spaces between (so definitely and exceptionally clear in *every* finger) that a fine sensitivity and a thoughtful, distinctly mental type are connoted. In this, we are told, there is a slight degree of similarity to Miss Cornell, but, contrary to hers, these hands show little or no executive interest. In the habitual grouping of the first three fingers with the highly intelligent little finger staying off by itself, there is indicated a strong individualism.

But the idea that Garbo is secretive is wrong! The tendency of the thumb to turn toward the hand marks restraint, but the spaces between the fingers and the fact that the tips do not curve inward deny any charge of the essentially secretive—just fastidiously reserved and decently reticent, that's all. To sum it up, the whole hand, with its underlying strength, flowing to those somewhat poetic, semiconical finger tips, denotes a deeply interpretive energy indicative of forces that have not so far been allowed to show even in her most successful pictures. "And," demands our analyst passionately, "why haven't they?"

Obviously, even to the layman, the hands of Garbo and Dietrich are such a vigorous contrast that there can be no question of which of the stars you prefer. You like them for different reasons —just as you like caviar and sherry.

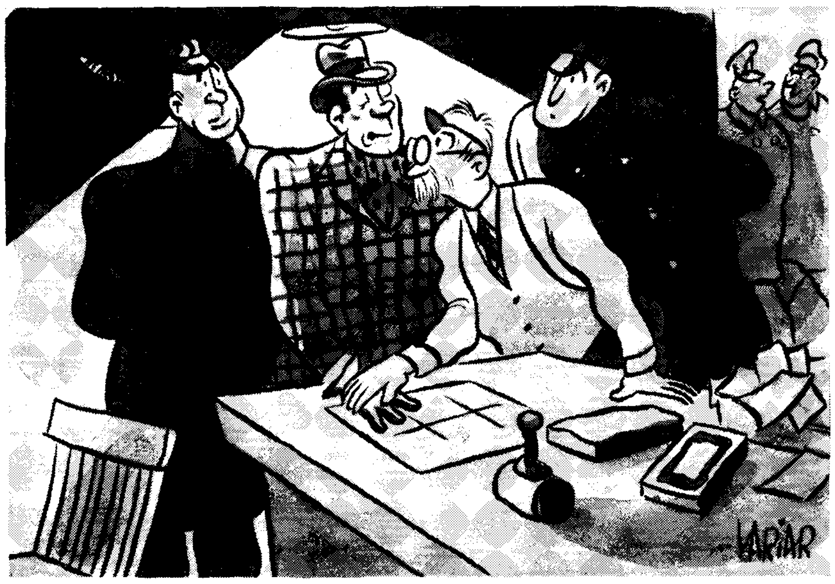
If there is character in handwriting, there is undoubtedly character in hands and, however you may regard the detailed findings, these several close descriptions make it clear that hands which identify beauty to the public have significance in meaning and in use rather than in regularity of line.

Handy Hints

Very well, then, what are beautiful hands? What should be in the hands of the women of today? Intelligence, understanding, a modicum of strength, activity. They must not be insipid, they must not be stiff, they must learn poise —and they must be well kept.

There are plenty of exercises for keeping them flexible. Peggy Sage, expert on hand culture, explains that hands do not need to grow old. That means stiff, whatever your years. Put your hands through their daily dozen. Double them into fists, then fling the fingers wide—stretch them. Catch each finger with the thumb and make it work hard to get away. Do your five-finger exercises whether you are a pianist, a typist, or a lady-about-town. Massage your hands to slim them and loosen them up. Do it or have it done. You'll be surprised at the results. You may not have the genius of a Nazimova or a Cornell to come through those hands, but whatever you have, give it a chance.

Stick to the saner polishes, keep your hands clean, and don't worry if they fail to look like something on a wax doll. It's just character coming out and probably proves you are an interesting person. Anyhow, it is *you*. The real secret of beautiful hands, if we are to profit by the words of those who have them, lies largely in what you send through them, in a knowledge of how to use them quietly and intelligently, in their flexibility and their poise. The hands are the first features to show nervousness and apprehension. The woman whose hands have learned control and repose will have these essentials throughout her whole person.

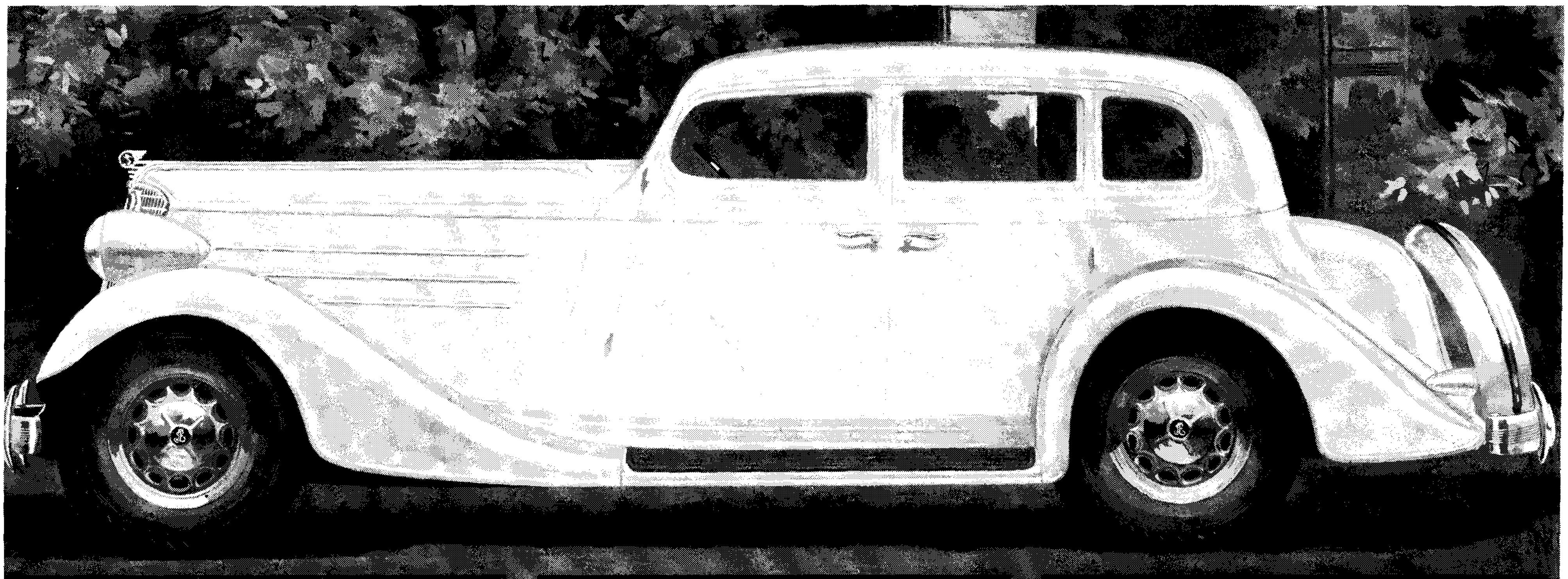


"Maybe I'd better take off my gloves"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

In the lowest price field...

BUT IT PUTS YOU IN THE BIG-CAR CLASS



Big Car LENGTH

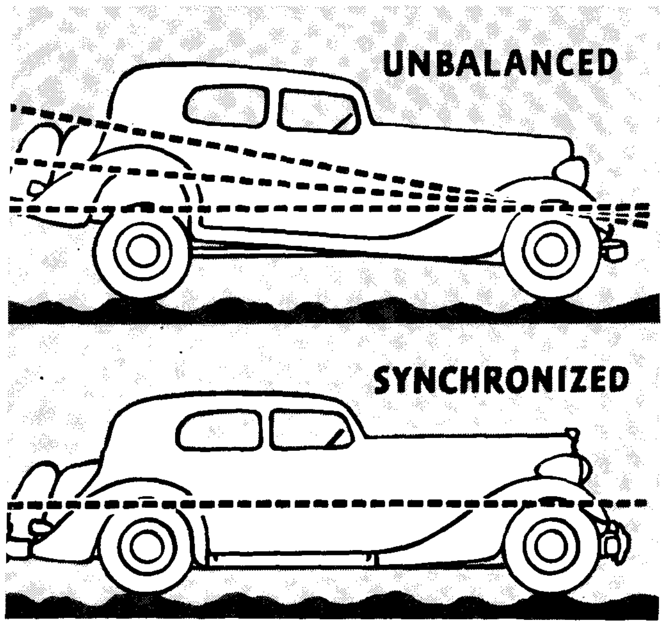
LaFayette is nearly sixteen feet long! It is within 2¼ inches of the average length of cars costing $75 to $300 more. Yet stubby, narrow cars cost almost as much.

Big Car WIDTH

LaFayette is five feet wide at the rear wheels where road-safety comes from. It is actually one inch wider than the average of fifteen more expensive cars.

Big Car WEIGHT

And LaFayette is *heavier!* The four other lowest-priced cars average 150 pounds less; ten *higher* priced cars only 35 pounds more! LaFayette is bigger, sturdier, stronger throughout.

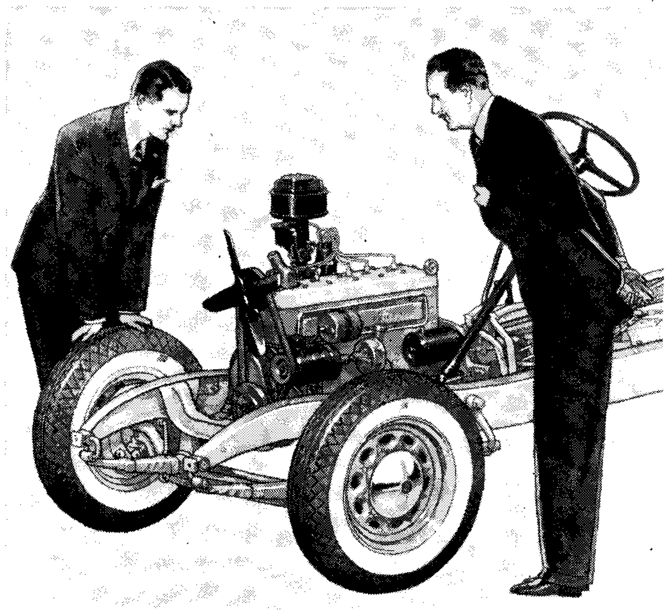


Big Car RIDE

Exclusive in 1935 Nash-built cars, LaFayette's Synchronized Springing *ends back seat bounce.* Front and rear springs flex evenly, never need oil, never squeak. A uniform level ride in front *and* back seats for the life of the car!

Big Car CONSTRUCTION

The Nash-built LaFayette has more fine-car construction features than *any* of the other 21 cars priced under $895 at the factory! Full pressure lubrication, seven bearing crankshaft with hollow crankpins, eighty horsepower and eighty miles an hour at low engine speed—these are just a *few* of the many examples of Nash precision-engineering found in LaFayette cars.



LAFAYETTE $580*

Shorter, narrower, lighter cars average only $7.50 less. Cars that cost up to $300 more actually do not equal LaFayette in many important measurements!

LaFayette brings scores of big-car features to the *lowest* price field. It is longer, wider, heavier, better-built than other cars in its price class, truly a *fine* car.

Yes, a *bigger* car, a *heavier* car — and *fast, nimble, responsive*—80 miles per hour, accelerates 5 to 50 miles per hour in 16½ seconds in *high gear!*

Clutch-pedal starting; safety front doors; rigid X-Dual 2-in-1 frame; dual construction steel body with draftless, noiseless, full-vision ventilation. Rich upholstery, roomy interiors, fine-car finish. And the whole car, built for quiet long life, is insulated at 71 different body, chassis and engine points — against heat, cold, noise, wear. Don't let this big-car value escape you this year!

***$580 and up. In most instances, your present car will cover down payment. All prices f. o. b. factory. Subject to change without notice.**

• • •

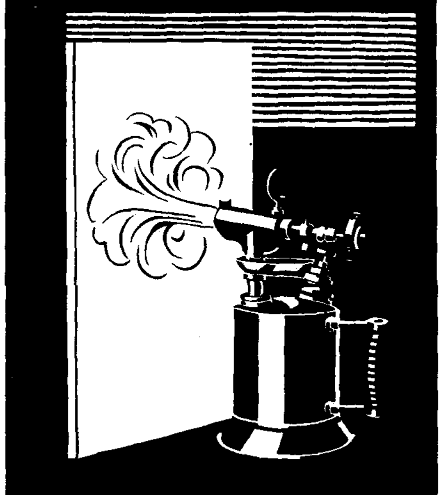
You will be interested in the new Nash models also, at your Nash-LaFayette dealer's. Aeroform design, automatic cruising gear, flying power (developed from twin ignition)—many other sensational features. $825 at the factory, for a Nash six-passenger Victoria.

SEE IT—DRIVE IT—COMPARE IT—BEFORE YOU BUY ANY CAR

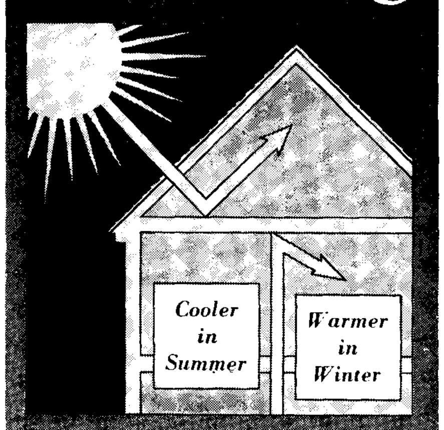
Melissa Mixes In

Continued from page 15

Fireproof



Insulating



For repairs and remodeling

INSULATING

Sheetrock

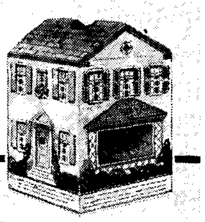
THE FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

INSULATING SHEETROCK is unique—a new kind of insulating board totally different from any other. It is a fireproof gypsum board equal in insulating value to a full half inch of fiber insulating board. The inside surface is the standard ivory color of Sheetrock that takes any type of decoration. But the opposite side, that is placed next to the building framework, is actually a thin sheet of aluminum foil which acts as an efficient insulator.

In addition, Insulating Sheetrock has its own patented method for concealing the joints and brings you all of the advantages of standard Sheetrock—plus insulation. Made only by United States Gypsum Company.

USG

Miniature test house sent free



UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. F—302 West Adams Street, Chicago
Please send test house for determining how aluminum foil actually insulates.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... *State* ....

contracts with his other companies on account of a silly gag—"

"The agency should be sold," I said, quietly. "It must be delivered from the hands of Gibbs and Ashburn. They are boors."

Melissa giggled.

"I didn't know there were two such men in the whole wide world! Read these!"

She shoved into my hands a stack of papers and telegrams. I opened a direct-mail letter:

"Are YOU a Wibbing? A real, honest-to-God, flesh-and-blood Wibbing like that darling old pirate Hosea Wibbing, your esteemed grandfather? This whole damned agency believes you are.

"Listen, lady fair, the DOGS are barking and there's a plot afoot to sell Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch down the river. ALL because Walt, The Great Gibbs, slipped a sour gag into the Associated Shoe hour.

"YOU, only you, can save us. May I call upon you and explain HOW?

"CHET ASHBURN"

I could not restrain my scorn.

"A very poor example of direct-mail approach," I said, "and full of errors. Ashburn was equally guilty—"

"I think it's too cute for words!" Melissa broke in, "and these telegrams are *sweet!*"

The first telegram:

TUNE IN SEVEN THIRTY STATION KMG TO HEAR NEW TORCH QUOTE MELISSA A KISSA END QUOTE MORE LATER
WALTER GIBBS

The second telegram:

AM SENDING FLOWERS ABOARD YOUR TRAIN CLEVELAND STOP TUNE IN STATION OXRD SLUMGULLION SOUP TROUBADOURS WHO ARE GIVING YOU GRAND BUILD-UP AS NEW POWER IN ADVERTISING FIELD STOP YOU MAY TALK WITH ASHBURN WHO IS CONTACTING YOU MY ORDERS BUT BEWARE ANY PERSONAL ADVANCES HE HAS WIFE IN FARGO N D WALTER GIBBS

The third telegram:

HAVE NAMED NEW BABY IN PA AND HIS RELATIONS SKIT NATIONAL HOOK-UP MELISSA WIBBING JENKINS STOP CHRISTENING AT TEN FORTY-FIVE STOP WOULD BE CRIME TO PERMIT FATHER TO SELL WIBBING WIBBING & CROUCH
WALTER GIBBS

"Utterly disgusting," I said, "I shall speak to your father. They have made you a laughingstock!"

Melissa became angry, a defense mechanism to anesthetize the sharpness of my thrust.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Richard," she said. "I think it's wonderful, wonderful. Mr. Gibbs had Georges Dupree dedicate a whole hour of dance music to me!"

A maid entered.

"Two telegraph boys, Miss Melissa. One brought this and the other brought this!"

Giggling delightedly, Melissa showed me the exhibits. Exhibit A was a note:

"Mr. Chet Ashburn of the Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch Agency is on his way to confer with Miss Wibbing. He will arrive at nine o'clock and will require fifteen minutes to present a matter of vital importance. Mr. Ashburn has never been married."

"He's coming here, he's coming here!" Melissa exclaimed, with revolting excitement. "You go back to your grave, Richard. Right away!"

I insisted on examining Exhibit B, which was a page proof of an institutional advertisement:

NEW BLOOD—YOUNG BLOOD!

Miss Melissa Wibbing Takes Over
Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch As Owner
And Director of the Agency

Mr. Walter Gibbs will Continue As
Executive Vice-President

Chet Ashburn Will Remain with Us
In A Subordinate Capacity

"Advertising—The Pulsing Life
Blood of Business"—Walter Gibbs

"Is this true?" I demanded, sternly.

Melissa capered in a grotesque saraband.

"Not yet—but it'll probably be true tomorrow. Go home, Richard, go home. I've a date with Chet Ashburn!"

And she insisted that I leave the Wibbing mansion.

AFTER a sleepless night, I reported at the offices of Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch scarcely knowing what to expect. To my surprise, I found my colleagues calmly pursuing their tasks. Miss Hedges leaned out of her cubbyhole to say: "Mr. Henry Wibbing has held up negotiations to sell the agency. I just heard Uncle Julius telling Mr. Walt."

Alas, this deceptive calm was but the lull before the storm.

Mr. Gibbs summoned me to his office.

"Copeley," he blurted, with his customary abruptness, "how long did Ashburn talk to Miss Wibbing last night?"

"I don't know, sir," I said, formally.

"You know what I think, Copeley? I think he's double-crossing me! He's making love to that girl! He's playing for high stakes. . . God . . . I see it all now,"—at this point Mr. Gibbs kicked over the bishop's chair— ". . . he'll dazzle her . . . marry her . . . get control of the agency . . . and *fire* me!"

I was aghast at this revelation. Mr. Gibbs gripped my shoulder suddenly.

"You go to her father, Copeley. Tell him he should get her away at once! Europe . . . the Orient . . . any place. But get her out of town!"

"Mr. Ashburn has a wife in Fargo, N. D.!" I gasped. "I'll have to expose him."

Mr. Gibbs halted me.

"No . . . no . . . that was an exaggeration—the wife, I mean. Say nothing against Ashburn. I'm no squealer. But get that girl away!"

Miss Hedges stopped me as I made my way to Mr. Julius Wibbing's office.

"A young lady wishes to speak to you on the phone," she said.

It was Melissa. Our conversation:

"How croaky your voice sounds, Richard, and what big eyes you have!"

"Melissa, you *must* listen. Mr. Ashburn is plotting to marry you!"

"He *is?* Honest, Richard? He said nothing to me about it—"

"He's an unprincipled scoundrel—"

"Chet? Nonsense. A dear and delightfully screwy! *Now*—I want to meet *the other one!*"

"What other one?"

"Mr. Walt Gibbs."

"I forbid you to have anything to do with Mr. Gibbs and I intend to warn your father—"

"Is Mr. Gibbs in now?"

"I warn you—"

"Operator? Will you connect me with Mr. Gibbs? And cut Richard off—"

I waited until I had got control of my baser emotions; then I walked quietly to the office of Mr. Julius Wibbing.

As I entered, I heard Mr. Henry say: "Melissa wants me to give her the agency, dammit! Says she needs a serious purpose in life." And Mr. Julius said: "There's something behind Melissa's sudden interest in advertising. I know Melissa!"

Both stared at me.

"Mr. Henry and Mr. Julius," I said, with cool forcefulness, "I can throw some light on Melissa's activities. She is under the influence of Mr. Chet Ashburn and also, by this time, of Mr. Walt Gibbs!"

Melissa's father, a tall, gaunt man, sprang to his feet.

"Ashburn . . . Gibbs . . . making trouble again, eh? That settles it, Julius. Fire them both!"

Mr. Julius bounced out of his chair.

"I *can't* fire them both, Henry!" he said, explosively. "We'd get a dozen cancellations overnight. Their names are magic—"

I held up my hand, a restrained gesture.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have made a careful study of the situation since joining this firm, and it is my considered opinion that Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Ashburn have no place in the relentless march of advertising to the higher service. If you can't discharge both of them at least one should be eliminated. And I advise you to eliminate Mr. Ashburn."

Both stared at me again.

"Who *are* you?" Mr. Henry said.

"My name is Richard Copeley and I have been a lifelong friend of your daughter Melissa, sir."

"Oh . . . yes . . . you're the young man she calls . . . umph . . . well . . .what's all this about firing Ashburn?"

The truth was wrung from me:

"Mr. Gibbs has told me in confidence that he suspects Mr. Ashburn of making love to Melissa so he can gain control of Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch, sir."

Mr. Julius snorted illogically.

"Walt was kidding you, my boy. Chet wouldn't do anything like that."

I stood my ground.

"Send for Mr. Gibbs. He will corroborate my statement, sir."

Melissa's father took a much more creditable view of my charges.

"Those hooligans would do anything," he said. "Get Gibbs in here."

MR. JULIUS rang for Miss Abeddy. And it was Miss Abeddy who tore the blinders from my eyes by saying:

"Mr. Walt just left. He said he was lunching with Miss Melissa and would not be back until about four."

"Mr. Gibbs is scheming to marry Melissa himself, sir!" I gasped.

Mr. Henry, now thoroughly alarmed, demanded that Mr. Ashburn be summoned.

Mr. Ashburn, looking astonished, came in promptly. Mr. Henry Wibbing interrogated him as follows:

"Have you and Gibbs been associating with my daughter?"

"Associating, sir? Why, no. Mr. Gibbs as executive vice-president ordered me to contact her."

"Contact her about what?"

"Selling the agency, sir."

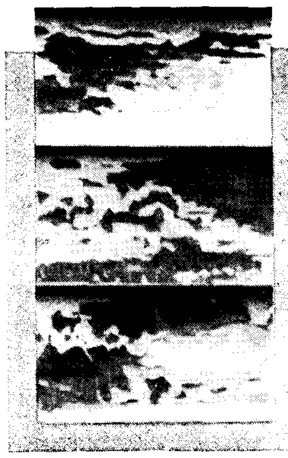
"What business was that of yours?"

"None at all, sir, except that we naturally wanted to remain under Wibbing ownership."

(Continued on page 55)

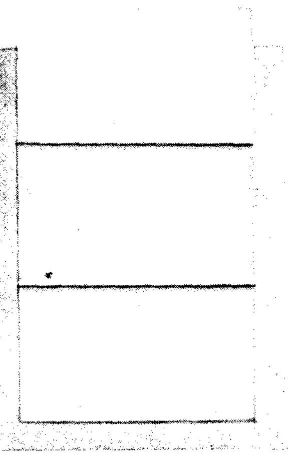
It's not Putting it On . . . but Taking it Off that makes

"CHEAP" PAINT SO EXPENSIVE



"CHEAP" PAINT
after 1½ years

This paint is all through. First cost, $148. Now add $90 for burning and scraping, to take it off. That totals $238 . . . or $158 a year. Then add in the cost of a new priming coat.



DUTCH BOY
after 3 years

This paint is still good. Same type house as the "cheap" paint job and located in same city. Cost, $162 . . . or $54 a year. And no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

No burning and scraping with Dutch Boy . . . it costs less by the year and now the N.H.A. lets you pay for it by the month!

"Figure on painting your house? Sure, I'll be glad to. But I can tell you one thing, sir . . . the price will depend on what kind of paint you used last time.

"I hope it wasn't 'cheap' paint. Burning and scraping takes time. It runs the cost up sky-high. But it's the only thing you can do when the old paint has cracked and scaled. Then I have to put on a new priming coat. *That's* an item, too.

"And when I've finished all that, where am I? Right at the point where I *first start* work on an old Dutch Boy job.

"Dutch Boy, you see, doesn't crack and scale. It resists the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface—an ideal foundation for repainting."

Doesn't that explain why the conscientious painter scorns "cheap" paint and uses Dutch Boy White-Lead? He mixes it to meet the requirements of your job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

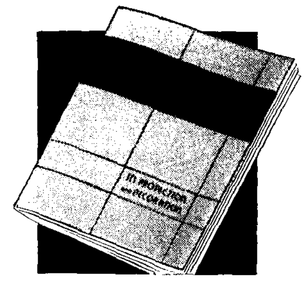
Don't Delay . . . Use the N. H. A.

With National Housing Act loans available, there is no need to put off painting for lack of ready cash. Monthly payments are surprisingly small.

But whether you use the Government plan or not, send for our free booklet which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Included are clear and understandable directions for arranging a painting loan. Send *today* for *The House We Live In.* Address Dept. 158, nearest branch.

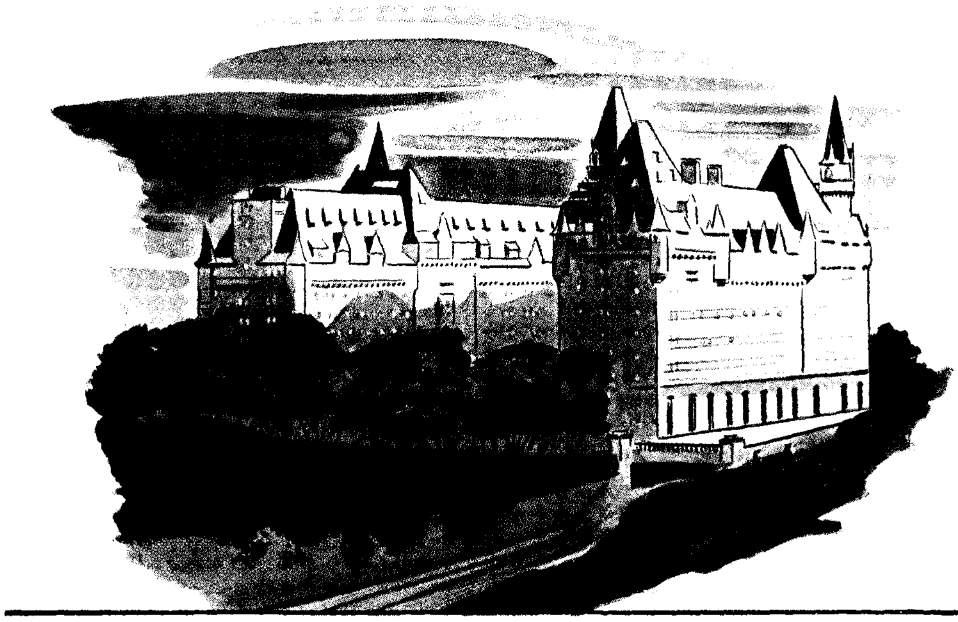
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 4th Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name

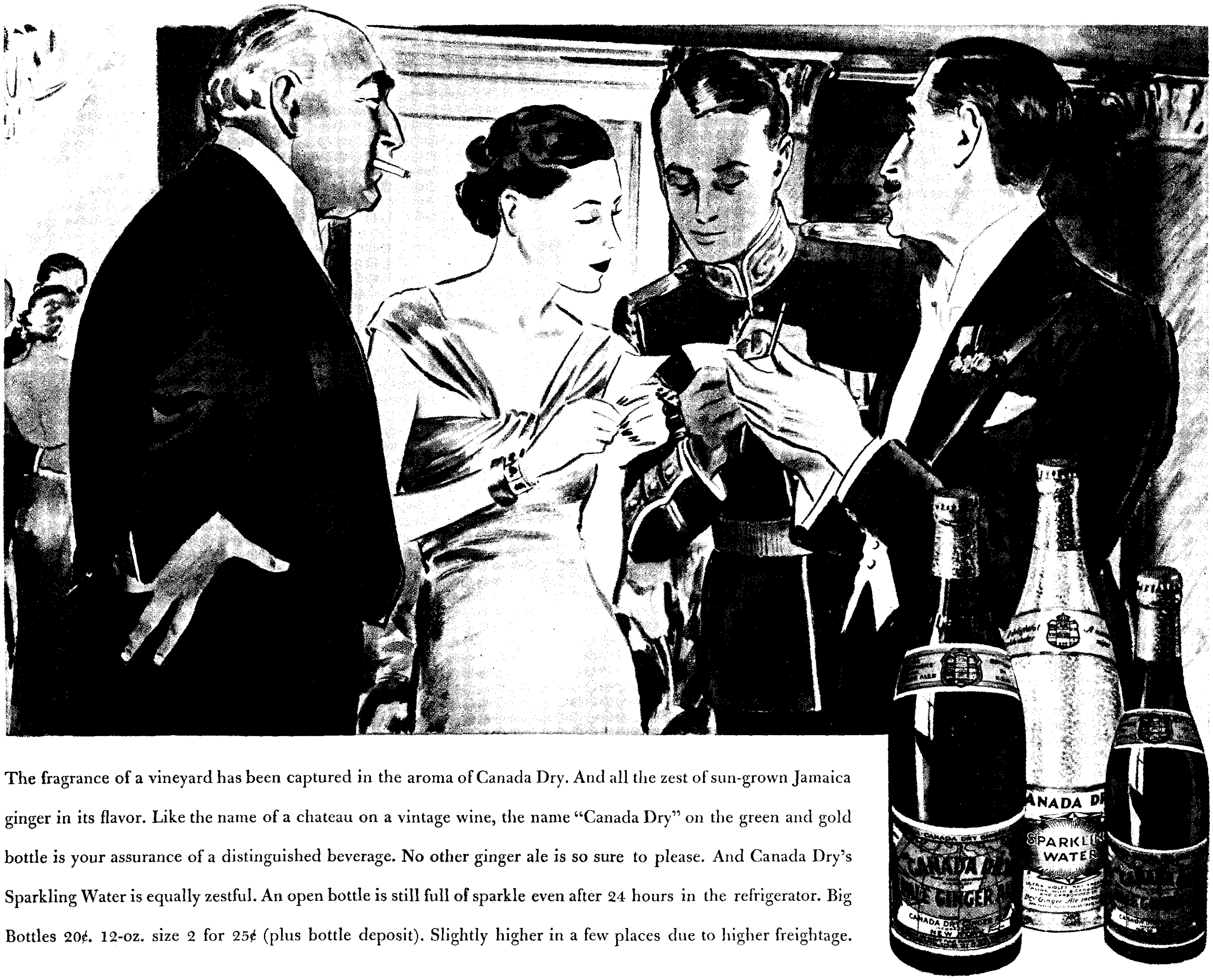


The Grand Ball at Chateau Laurier

When peer and statesman gather at the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, among the great names present is sure to be a famous ginger ale . . . that fine, dry old beverage that stands for good cheer in every corner of the earth . . .

. . . of course it's CANADA DRY

"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"



The fragrance of a vineyard has been captured in the aroma of Canada Dry. And all the zest of sun-grown Jamaica ginger in its flavor. Like the name of a chateau on a vintage wine, the name "Canada Dry" on the green and gold bottle is your assurance of a distinguished beverage. No other ginger ale is so sure to please. And Canada Dry's Sparkling Water is equally zestful. An open bottle is still full of sparkle even after 24 hours in the refrigerator. Big Bottles 20¢. 12-oz. size 2 for 25¢ (plus bottle deposit). Slightly higher in a few places due to higher freightage.

Melissa Mixes In

Continued from page 52

"H'mph. Are you aware that Mr. Gibbs at this moment is having luncheon with Melissa?"

Mr. Ashburn looked startled and pained. "I can hardly believe that Mr. Gibbs would—"

"H'mph. You don't countenance such actions?"

"I certainly do not, sir!"

Much to my consternation, Mr. Wibbing accepted Mr. Ashburn's statement at its face value. He said: "You will take over Gibbs' duties as executive vice-president, Ashburn. I will settle with Gibbs." Mr. Ashburn bowed and thanked him and hastily left the room.

I returned to my desk with a definite foreboding of disaster. Sick at heart, I watched Mr. Ashburn throw all Mr. Gibbs' personal effects out of the executive vice-president's office and take possession.

MR. GIBBS came in at four forty-five. He was ordered into Mr. Julius' office. We heard frenzied shouting for perhaps ten minutes. . . . Then Mr. Gibbs reappeared.

"Well, kid," he said, "I leave you to carry on—to hold the torch. Ashburn got me at last! They're sending me to a fish cannery in Saskatchewan—to count labels." He gave his papers and records which Mr. Ashburn had thrown on the corridor floor a vicious kick. "Uncle Julius asked me if I made love to Melissa. I said, 'Hell, yes. Who wouldn't make love to Melissa?' Well—s'long, kid."

Melissa dashed in, a moment later. "Richard!" she said. "Where's Walt?"

I got to my feet.

"Mr. Ashburn, our new executive vice-president, has just sent him to a cannery in Saskatchewan."

"Oh, he *did*, did he? We'll see about that—"

Mr. Ashburn came out of his office.

"Sorry about Gibbs, Melissa," he said, "but I couldn't save him—"

"Oh, you couldn't? We'll see about that!"

"Melissa, wait—" I said.

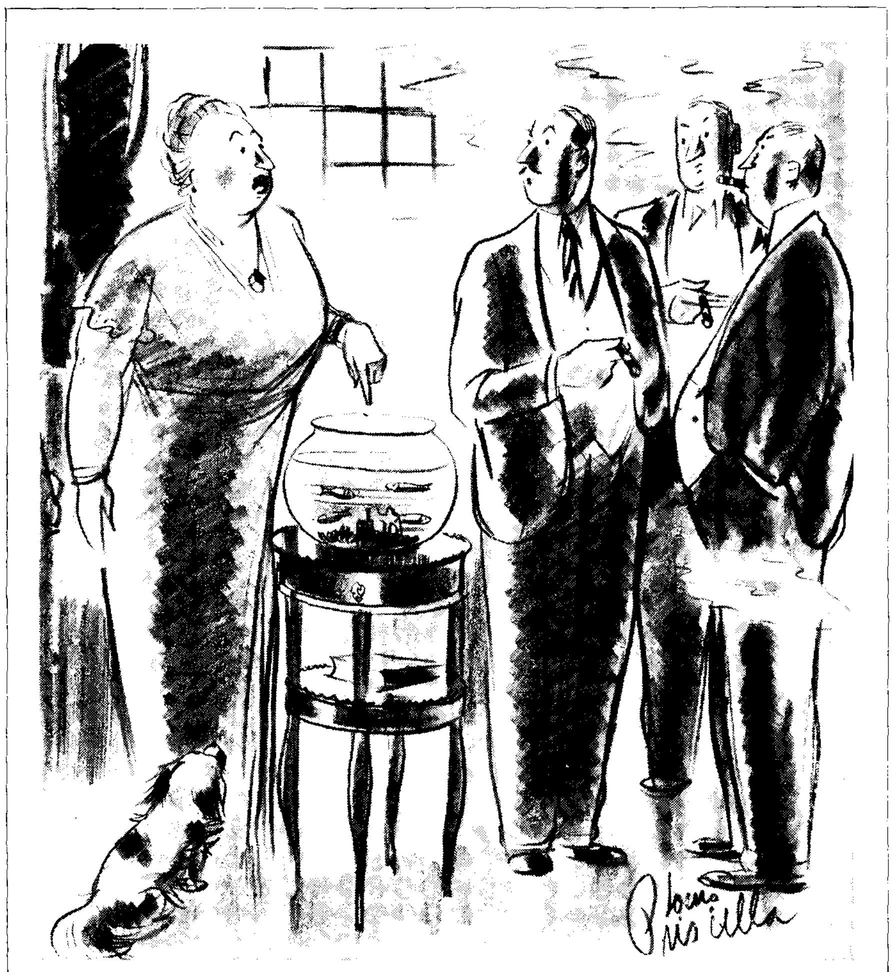
No one could halt her. She ran into Mr. Julius Wibbing's office. But Mr. Henry had gone to the club. She dashed down the corridor. . . .

Next morning, I was awakened by the arrival of the following telegram from Kansas City:

HELLO RICHARD I HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU STOP LEAVE AT ONCE FOR ADDIS ABABA ABYSSINIA AND MAKE DOOR TO DOOR CHECK OF BURIAL URN USERS AND WHEN THIS IS FINISHED BURY YOURSELF FOR GOOD STOP WALT AND I ARE ON OUR WAY TO BANFF NOT SASKATCHEWAN AND THEN TO ORIENT STOP WHEN WE GET IN MIDDLE OF PACIFIC WALT WILL FIRE CHET BY CABLE LOVE MELISSA WIBBING GIBBS PRESIDENT AND OWNER WIBBING WIBBING & CROUCH

I need hardly add that I did not go to Addis Ababa. Mr. Ashburn advised against it. He said he would wait until Melissa and Mr. Gibbs got almost to the middle of the Pacific and then resign by radiogram. He advised me to do the same thing. He said that without us Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch would go out of business.

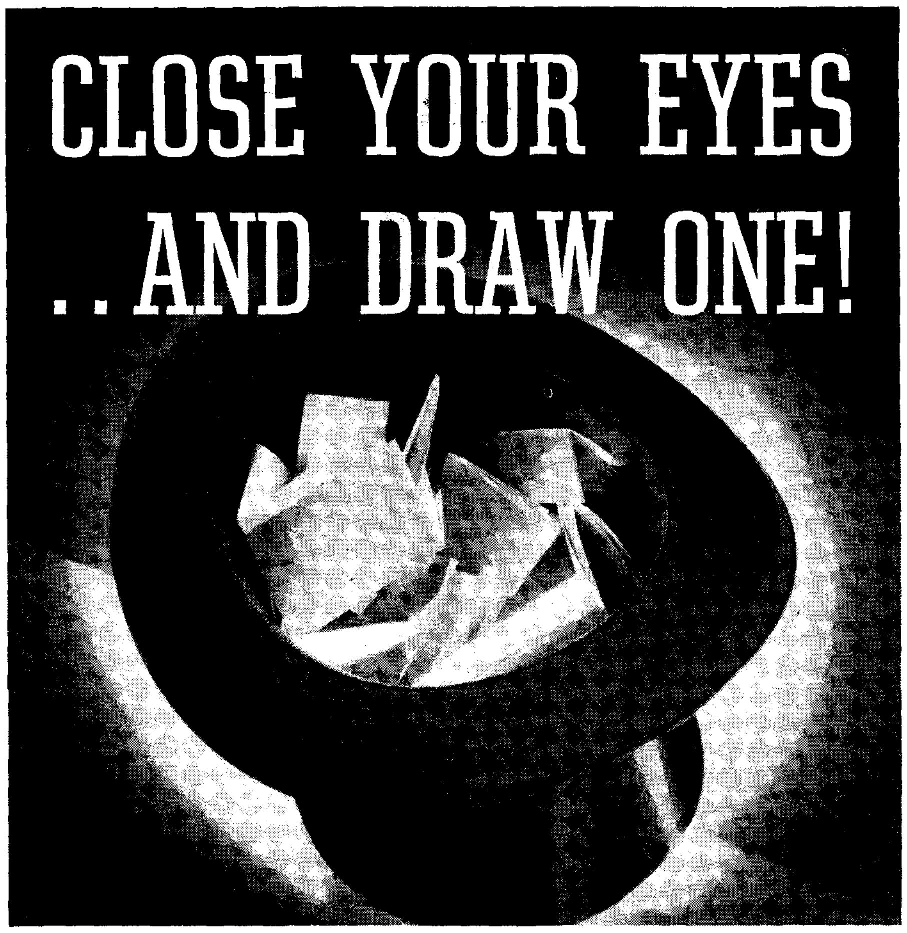
Taking Mr. Ashburn at his word, I resigned. Mr. Ashburn however either did not resign or his resignation was not accepted. He and Mr. Gibbs and Melissa are still operating Wibbing, Wibbing & Crouch. In my official capacity as instructor in the Theory and Practice of Advertising at Middle-Western University, I occasionally run across specimens of this agency's work. I consider it very inferior.



"Will you tell your friends that they do not eat cigar butts!"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

CLOSE YOUR EYES ..AND DRAW ONE!



There is no such thing as a poor American automobile. If you don't care what you pay for a car you can safely put the names of all the standard makes in a hat, close your eyes, draw out one and be sure of getting a car that will look well and run well—at least for a time. The difference between cars today is their difference in intrinsic value. It comes down to the question:

What do you get for your Money?

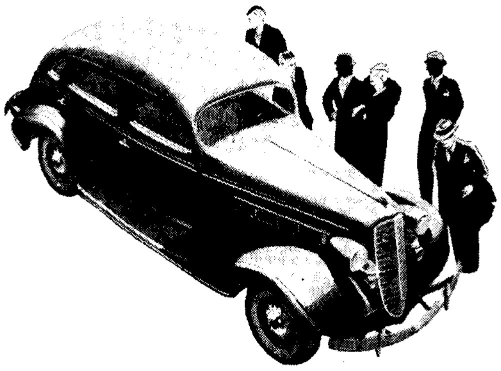
Almost any car you select today has "eye appeal". Attractive body lines may be fashioned as effectively from cheaper materials as from the more expensive.

But what really determines *value* in an automobile lies deeper than style, paint or upholstery. It is manifested in *quality*—in every hidden detail—in manufacturing policies which insist on rugged construction at every point of wear.

Consistently for over 30 years Reo owners have looked to Reo engineering and Reo quality manufacture for extraordinary value—for revolutionary developments—and above all for long-lived economy.

Today, Reo brings you the year's most advanced cars—the handsomely streamlined Reo Flying Cloud and Reo Royale. Beauty is there, in over-flowing measure, with distinctive new aerodynamic design. New comfort, safety and ease of handling are achieved through "floating ride", airplane shock absorbers, 6-passenger sedan capacity, hydraulic brakes and Reo Self-Shifter.

See the new Reos today and discover that Reo actually provides more for your money—at prices lowest in all Reo history.



$795 FLYING CLOUD 2-DOOR SEDAN
REO ROYALE $985 AND UP
Prices f. o. b. Lansing. Special equipment and tax extra

THIS CAR HAS ALL FINE CAR FEATURES...

THE SELF-SHIFTER (*Optional at new low price*) —The Reo Self-Shifter makes driving easier and safer. Gearshifting is automatic bringing a new freedom to motoring.

WRITE for Proof Booklet based on actual experiences of Self-Shifter owners.

plus +

REO SELF-SHIFTER OPTIONAL IN 1935 REOS

REO
MOTOR CAR CO.
LANSING, MICHIGAN

The name that means
100% Old Scotch Whisky

Johnnie Walker

SCOTLAND'S MOST FAMOUS WHISKY

BORN 1820
Still Going Strong

By appointment to
H. M. THE KING

RED LABEL
Every fragrant drop
is eight years old

BLACK LABEL
Liqueur Scotch all
twelve years old

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

The Kid from Spokane

Continued from page 20

About this time he became a lifeguard in a municipal pool. He could swim. He entered a meet one day and he entered every event but the relay. He wound up with nine first-place medals and two seconds. He really could swim.

When Bing was seventeen he entered Gonzaga. His only ambition then was to become a lawyer.

"Bing came home every day for lunch," Pop Crosby contributed. "When he was two blocks away we'd hear him singing and Ma would set the table. Could he sing then? Oh, he was all right—about like he is now."

Old Man Crosby has a sense of humor, all right. Secretly he's very proud of Bing, but he'd never admit that he was impressed by his son. Of course he's still just a kid to Pop. Every time anyone calls him "Bing" it reminds Pop of how the kid got that name. When he was about five he was crazy about a comic sheet called the Bingville Bugle. Some member of the family had to read it to him—or else. They always tried to duck the assignment. The kid would go from one to another pointing to the sheet and crying, "Bing, Bing." So they called him Bing.

The Lure of Easy Money

About this time Bing and a pal of his, Al Rinker, organized an orchestra. Well, it was a sort of orchestra. Bing sent to a mail-order house for a set of traps. Al could really play the piano—some. The band couldn't read music, but Bing's father had bought a phonograph and a lot of new Isham Jones and Paul Whiteman records. The kids would play the records over and over again until they memorized them. They played all over, at tea dances, at parties, in ice cream parlors—anywhere.

One night they were playing a Japanese tea garden. . . . By now Bing and Al had worked up a few duets. The manager of a local theater heard them and gave them a job for a week at his theater.

Bing got forty dollars for that—his first big money. It was easy money, too. Now Bing, mind you, has always been lazy. He'll always take the line of least resistance—only, unlike most of us, he admits it.

"I knew a great many young lawyers in town," Bing says, "and I found that very few of them were making as much as forty dollars a week. And they had to work hard. I said to Al Rinker, 'Let's hit for Los Angeles. Maybe there's some more of this easy dough down there.' "

Bing's mother thought that this projected trip was a reflection of the fires of ambition burning in her son's breast. She financed an automobile for the pair, an automobile of ancient and honorable lineage. They set off gayly and to save money they bummed meals at back doors on the way. The car held up fine until it hit those hills outside of Los Angeles which guard the San Fernando Valley. Then it gave up. They walked the last two miles into Los Angeles. Just like Dick Whittington walking into London. Except they didn't have a cat. They had a guitar and tired feet.

They walked to the home of Al Rinker's sister, Mildred Bailey, now known as radio's "Rocking-Chair Lady." Bing didn't even suspect it then but she was to be the guiding star of his destiny. She fed them and gave them a place to sleep—and she induced Mike Lyman, brother of Abe, to give them an audition.

He liked them well enough to put them in his Tent Café and he gave them sixty-five dollars a week—for the team. They bounced from night club to night club and finally were given a brief vaudeville engagement. Then it happened.

Paul Whiteman and his band were appearing in town headlining at the Million Dollar Theater. One night Paul took a busman's holiday and dropped in at the Metropolitan Theater, where Al and Bing were doing their stuff. Whiteman liked their stuff—and asked them if they'd work for him for $200 a week—*each*. Would they? Well, now.

They left Whiteman's office in a daze and they dashed to the nearest—well, where would you dash in a case like that? You'd have to celebrate, wouldn't you? Now Bing was off. He got into lots of trouble, but his luck held out and he kept counting on it. Whiteman, master showman that he was and is, conceived the idea of a trio to be called Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. Harry Barris was the third man. Barris could really sing. Bing and Al furnished the harmony. They went to New York with Whiteman and went over in a fairly big way. A year or so of that and Whiteman was summoned to the coast again to make a picture. He brought his Rhythm Boys with him. They were a hit in California.

When Whiteman's picture was finished he prepared to return to New York. Bing and his two pals asked Paul to release them—they had an idea that there'd be gold in them thar California hills for them. Paul readily agreed.

The trio found little difficulty in getting engagements. They wound up at the Coconut Grove and now for the first time Bing began to get a little bit of individual attention. People actually requested him to sing numbers. He thought they were crazy but he was glad to oblige. He did love to sing. He sang when he woke up and he sang all afternoon, and when work was through at night he'd head for wherever there was convivial company and he'd sing the dawn in.

Bing Calls a Halt

He was making plenty of money now—far more than he had ever dreamed of making—and he was spending twice what he made. You can do that in California, a place where you can get anything from a cup of coffee to a mountain by paying a down payment of a few cents.

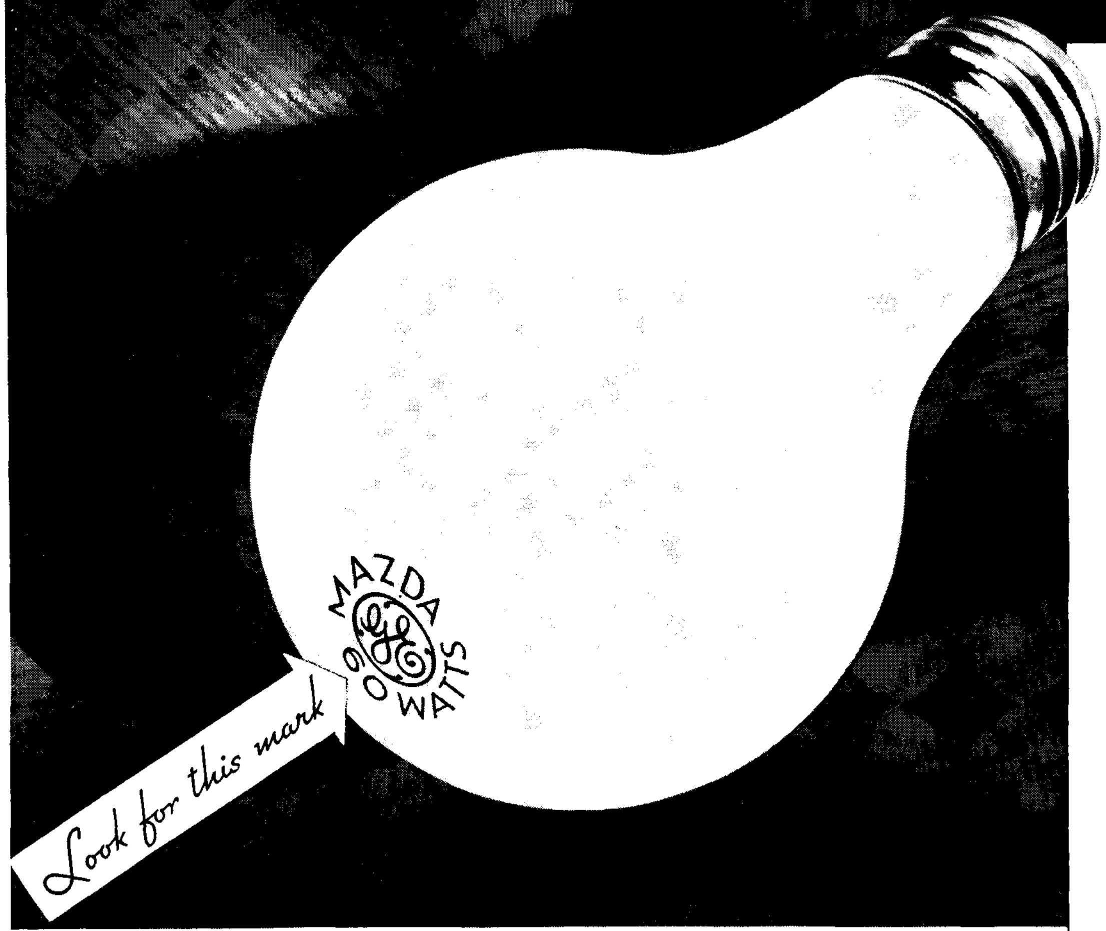
About this time Bing learned two phrases which he used again and again. They were, "How about just one more?" and "Here, gimme that check." There was a sort of musical impresario around named Con Conrad, a man who knew all the answers. He tried to sign Bing up for a radio career, but Bing was having too much fun in Los Angeles. Conrad then went out and discovered the ill-fated Russ Colombo, who sang much like Bing.

Bing, in need of money, kept selling "bits" of himself to agents. Wilson Mizner used to call them "flesh peddlers." They soon owned Bing. It got so Bing couldn't turn around without bumping one or more of his agents. But Bing didn't care much. He was having fun, his luck was still good and the world was something for him to kick around all he felt like.

Then two things happened. He fell in love with a girl named Dixie Lee.

(Continued on page 58)

Drastic Reductions on
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS



15-25-40-60 WATT

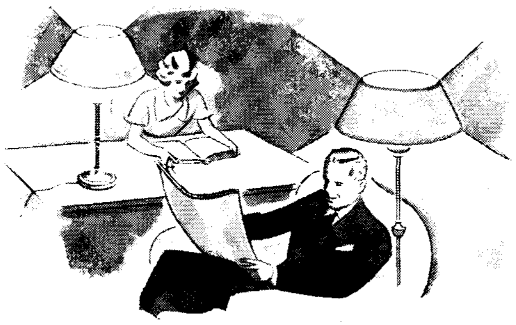
were 20¢

NOW ONLY

15¢

NEW LOW PRICES ON LARGER SIZES

100-watt	was ~~25c~~	. . . now	20c
150-watt	" ~~50c~~	. . . "	35c
200-watt	" ~~70c~~	. . . "	55c
300-watt	" ~~$1.15~~	. . . "	90c



BETTER LIGHT--BETTER SIGHT

Few homes have enough MAZDA lamps in sight-saving sizes...the 100, 150, 200 watt lamps that are so fine for reading and sewing, and that bring abundant light to the kitchen and laundry.

Then there is the MAZDA Indirect Three-Lite lamp that is becoming so popular for semi-indirect floor lamps, the one that gives three different levels of light from one bulb . . . bright, medium, low. This is reduced from $1.40 to $1.00.

THESE new low prices on Edison MAZDA lamps mean that everybody can afford *good* lamps . . . the kind that retain their brightness longer, don't waste current or burn out too soon. No need now to take unnecessary chances with lamps of unknown make and inferior quality.

Stock up today with a complete assortment of Edison MAZDA lamps for your home, being sure to include plenty of the larger sizes so necessary for comfortable seeing.

One word of warning: You can avoid early burn-outs or wasted electricity by always looking for this mark GE on the end of bulb. More than ever it means good light at low cost.

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

The Kid from Spokane

Continued from page 56

Gayly and with complete assurance he laid laughing siege to her heart. But Miss Dixie said very coldly that she couldn't take anyone seriously who wouldn't even take himself seriously. "I'd never marry a playboy," she said disdainfully, and that, I tell you, was a shock to Bing. He'd never considered himself to be anything of the sort.

So Bing sat himself down with a stick and a knife and did a bit of whittling. He was thinking hard. He whittled for a while and then saw a light.

He remembered that he had an older brother, Everett, a shrewd business man. He called in Everett, turned all his affairs over to him, and then his really successful career began.

The Box Office's Best Bet

By now Bing was regretting that he hadn't gone East with Con Conrad and grabbed some of that easy dough the radio was tossing around. Everett sent some wires. A great offer came from a national network. Now Everett had to separate Bing from those various agents and a few contracts with Los Angeles night clubs. It cost exactly $35,000 to do this—and it was cheap at that.

"You're a big boy now," Everett told him sternly. "Stop the nonsense."

Well, Bing stopped most of it. He went to New York and within a month every Miss Lonely Heart in America had a sweetheart. That quivery voice of his poured liquid love songs over the air and they found immediate response in the hearts of America's great unloved. He signed a twenty-one-week radio contract, made as many as five personal appearances a day, took time off to make records which had fabulous sales—and averaged $7,000 a week.

Everett hung coldly onto the purse strings. When his contract was up he went back to Hollywood and this time managed to persuade Miss Dixie that he was the cream in her coffee. They were married and are still happily married and they have three children.

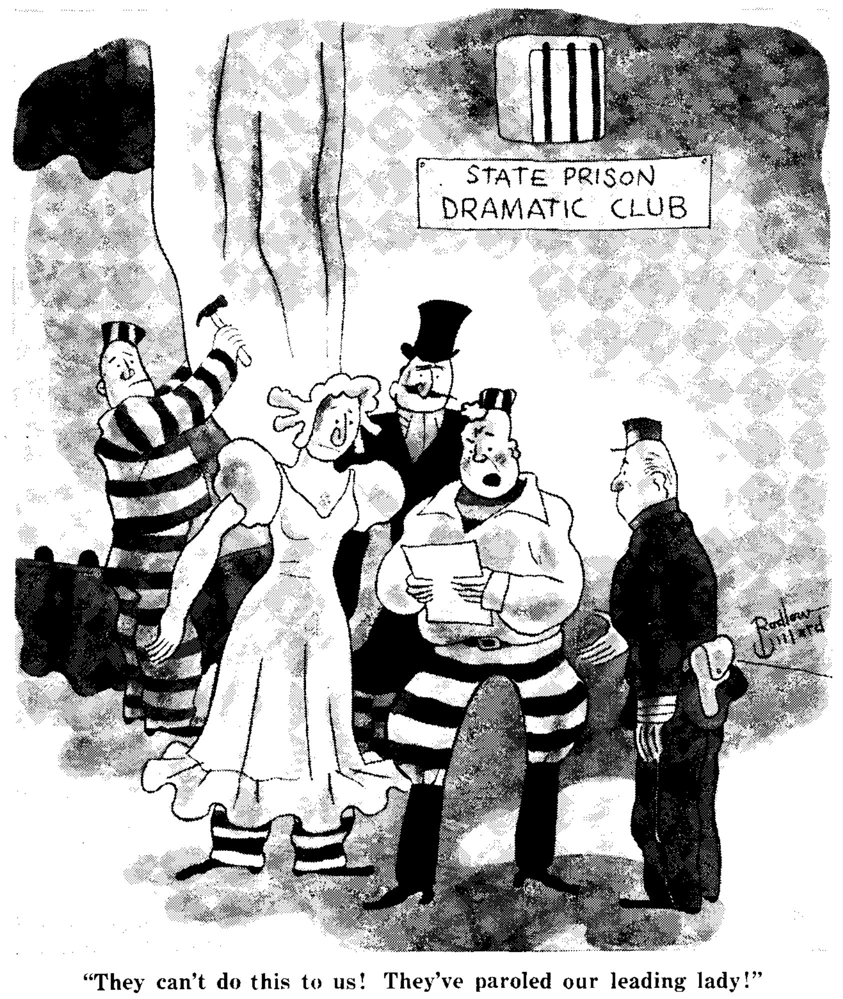
About this time Paramount conceived the idea of turning the popularity of radio stars into money. A script was tossed together and Kate Smith, Cab Calloway, the Boswell Sisters, Arthur Tracy, Burns and Allen and Bing were signed up. From then on Bing had things all his own way. He kept on making pictures without deserting the radio.

College Humor established him as a great film bet. Too Much Harmony verified the report. Going Hollywood showed him to be a great box-office draw, while She Loves Me Not, in which he starred, proved him to be just about the biggest thing in pictures.

Actually the only things Bing really cares about are golf—and his family. He is sincerely devoted to both. He's making his while the making is good and he'll work hard enough when the picture is being shot. But he won't take it all too seriously. He knows that sooner or later his star will set.

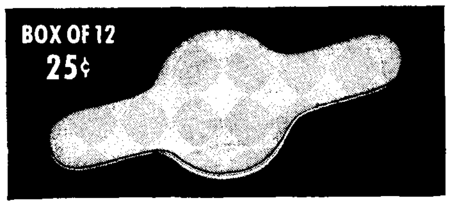
"You can tell all right when the public is tired of you," he says. "You can't tell how long you'll keep your popularity but you certainly can tell when it goes. If or when I start losing mine—I'll get out. And then . . ."

And then what do you think he wants to do? So help me, he wants to be a writer. On the level. But then he was always lazy. Writing may not be as easy as crooning—but at that it's better than working. And it's one thing you can do sitting down. Like whittling.



"They can't do this to us! They've paroled our leading lady!"

RODLOW WILLARD


FREE FROM CORN PAIN!

and free from the bother of old-style plasters

- New-found comfort in these new-style plasters—*from the Red Cross Laboratories.*

Shape is New—protects the toe as it relieves pain. Smart and trim—not ugly and bulky like old-fashioned plasters. *Slip-proof tabs* hold fast without crowding toes.

Waterproof, too—the Special Drybak covering keeps plaster dry even when you bathe. *Can't stick to stocking*—because it is smooth, frictionless.

Individual Medicated Centers—safer and unexcelled for removing corns effectively.

Send 10¢ for trial package—write Dept. 616.
For professional foot treatment see a Chiropodist.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

BOX OF 12
25¢

RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER
(Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)

WHEN SHE WAS A *little* GIRL . . .
EASTER MEANT RABBITS
and
GAILY COLORED EGGS

TODAY . . . HER HAPPINESS ON EASTER DEPENDS UPON
Your Easter Gift
OF FLOWERS . . .

Rainbow-hued eggs and Easter rabbits . . . these she laid aside long ago, but she's still little girl enough to hope for a surprise on Easter morning! Don't fail her . . . make her happy with flowers! See that she feels the buoyant lift and gladness of Easter to the full, with flowers from you as the day's crowning touch. When you see her in all her Easter glory, proudly wearing your flowers, you'll wonder at the miracle you have wrought—with so little trouble, so little cost!

And if you're far away, go to a florist who displays the Winged Mercury Emblem of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association and say, "Send flowers to this address!" Sending flowers by wire is as simple as that!

Say it with Flowers

Send for your FREE copy of "How To Enjoy Flowers," by Bert Schiller McDonald, internationally known flower stylist. Write Headquarters, Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, 482 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Look for this Winged Mercury Emblem. It identifies the more than 6,500 quality florists who are bonded members of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

FTD

FLOWERS BY WIRE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD
PROMPT DELIVERY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED

The Root of Evil

Continued from page 21

way that his father disliked so much.

"Is it impossible," asked his father, "for you to come to your meals on time?"

"To tell you the truth, I forgot the time," said young Harley, with that curiously pompous manner he had recently acquired, and which seemed incongruous with his seventeen years. "I was busy."

"I hope you were doing a little studying for a change," said his father.

"Not what *you'd* call studying," said Harley, with an amused smile. "Buck drove me over to his father's factory, and I was looking over the machinery there. Pretty up-to-date, I must say. And of course, Buck's got every darn' thing in his own workshop. My gosh! If I had half the equipment Buck's got, I'd walk away with that young inventor's prize."

"When I was your age," said Greenleaf, "I didn't think I had to have all this expensive 'equipment.' I didn't have anything, and I didn't want anything."

THE doorbell rang. Willetta went along the hall at her usual leisurely pace, and presently returned.

"Says he's Mr. Binney—" she began.

"Uncle Russell!" cried Mrs. Greenleaf, springing to her feet. "Set another place, Willetta!"

She hurried out into the hall, and there he was, a tall, spare, white-haired man, wearing a soft black hat and a black overcoat thrown capewise over his shoulders. He swept off his hat, and smiled, that smile of his often to be seen in newspapers and magazines. He had built up a handsome fortune; he had been a successful financier, but now he had retired from the hurly-burly, and lived very simply, out in the country, sometimes writing articles about success and happiness.

"Helen! . . ." he said. "It's been three years. . . . Well! Time takes its toll."

He patted her shoulder, and she smiled, rather feebly.

"We're just having dinner, Uncle Russell. If you'll—"

"I'll be most happy to join you," he said, "if you'll promise not to make any ceremony out of my little visit."

Greenleaf had now come out into the hall; he advanced with a strange, even menacing expression upon his face. His wife understood it. It meant that he was not going to be too cordial to Uncle Russell; it meant that, hang it all, a man has some pride, and that it was a loan, not a gift. He said, "Hello! Hello! Glad to see you!" in a brisk voice. "Come in! Come in!"

Young Harley rose, with suave politeness.

"Don't stand up for me, my boy!" said Uncle Russell. "I don't want you to think of me as an old man." He laid his hand on Harley's shoulder. "I'm no older than you are!" he said. "Hard to believe, eh? But it's true. I'd enjoy going fishin' with a bent pin as much as you could."

He laughed, but young Harley turned away his head, with a look of cold amazement.

"And Marjorie—!" continued Uncle Russell. "Well, well! I'm glad to see you a little plumper than—"

"I've lost!" cried Marjorie, passionately.

Mrs. Greenleaf intervened with hasty inquiries about Uncle Russell's dogs. He talked a little about dogs.

"I count myself fortunate," he said, "that I have three of the best friends in the world. A friend, I may say, for every humor. If I am in meditative mood, I have Spot, who is himself something of a philosopher. We stroll together in the woods—"

He wrote articles like that. Mrs. Greenleaf was glad for him to continue, because Willetta was so slow about bringing in his dinner. When it came it was distressing. Motivated, no doubt, by an instinct of hospitality, Willetta set before him a plate heaped with food. Uncle Russell looked at it; he pushed aside a wall of string beans, and made a narrow tunnel through a mountain of mashed potatoes; then finding himself confronted by an unyielding knob of meat, he desisted, baffled, for the moment. He returned to the attack, however, and did pretty well. Presently Willetta removed the plate, and brought him a piece of apple pie.

"You young people," said Uncle Russell, "don't know what an apple is."

The young people glanced at each other across the table. Uncle Russell talked a little about apples; he mentioned names, with a musing smile. "But all fruits are good, in their season," he said. "An orange, in Florida or California, a mango in the West Indies—"

"Have you been in the West Indies, Uncle Russell?" asked Marjorie, suddenly interested.

"Yes," he replied kindly. "Yes. . . . I've been pretty well everywhere, in my time. I—"

"Some friends of mine are sailing Saturday on a West Indian cruise," she said. "I—wanted to go with them. . . ."

Her voice was unsteady; she looked, thought Mrs. Greenleaf, so very young, so pretty, so forlorn.

"You think," said Uncle Russell, with a half-melancholy smile, "that it would make you happy to take this trip?"

"I *know* it would! If I could just get away from this environment, and meet really interesting people—"

"Youth," said Uncle Russell, "is so sure." (He was something of an authority on Youth.) "Youth believes that if it can but obtain its coveted gewgaws, it will have gained the happiness philosophers seek in vain."

"BUT philosophers don't want the same *kind* of happiness that I do," said Marjorie, with tears in her eyes. "We had philosophy at Miss Meckey's. They wouldn't like to take a trip. They seemed to like to stay home. But if I could *only*—"

"This trip is how long? Three weeks? And you believe, my child, that a three weeks' trip would give you a lasting happiness?"

"I know it would! I'd simply remember it for ever and ever."

She was crying.

"Marjorie," said Uncle Russell, "if I have the permission of your parents, I should like to give you this trip, as a little present."

"*Uncle Russell!*"

"If your parents—"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Marjorie. "If you did do this marvelous thing for me, Uncle Russell, I'd never, never forget it!"

He reached over and patted her hand.

"We'll arrange the details later," he said. "Now, Harley, my lad, you mustn't think I'm forgetting you. If you want to take a trip—"

"A trip!" young Harley repeated. "With the mid-years just coming on? A trip, hey? I guess I'd take a trip out the back door of the school—"

"Harley!" murmured his mother.

(Continued on page 60)

Business of selling yourself a CORONA

You *(to yourself)*: Ho, hum. This writer's cramp! What *was* I going to write next? Forgot, again! I wonder if a Corona...

Yourself: Typewriters cost money...

You: But if it helped me to a better job?

Yourself: Well, yes. But how could you be sure you had the right typewriter?

You: Ever heard of Corona?

Yourself *(brightly)*: For the last 25 years.

You: Yes, the first portable. First in peace-time. First in war. 30,000 used under fire. First...

Yourself *(interested)*: Wasn't that the machine a world's champion heavyweight hit with his head when he flew out of the ring? And didn't that Corona keep right on typing?

You: Sure, sure; you're smart, too!

Yourself: Sold!

THE FIRST PORTABLE TYPEWRITER. *Silent Operation*... important in home, school or office. And it *stays* silent! *Smith Floating Shift*... so easy a child's little finger can operate it. *Interchangeable Platens*... change in a jiffy to make many carbons. *Piano-key Action*... follows the finger stroke, gives a natural touch. *Non-glare Keys*... easy on eyes, fingers and finger-nails. *Plus* all the usual features.

ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO REVISION

MAIL COUPON

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
705 E. Washington St., Syracuse, New York

Please send me booklets and information concerning terms on ☐ Corona Silent at $67.50, ☐ Corona Sterling at $60.00, and ☐ Corona Four at $49.50. ☐ Also quote trade-in allowance on my old.................................Serial No..................

Name ________________

Address ________________

An artist friend volunteers a message.

Gentlemen:

I was twenty-five years old before I wore a shirt.

Up around the Pennsylvania coal mines, where I was born, it was considered just plain silly to spend money on such foolishness. With all the coal-dust flying about a shirt wouldn't stay clean for more than ten days at a time. This condition made shirt wearing pretty much of a nuisance.

Consequently, I was born without a shirt and I arrived in New York without a shirt. I discovered that most everybody in the city wears shirts and my first few months were very trying indeed. People used to stare at me on the streets and my friends joshed me unmercifully about going around with my neck and chest exposed.

During a weak moment I stepped into a store and bought a shirt. I didn't like it right from the start but after a week or so I got kind of used to the thing and wore it every day. People stopped staring and my friends ceased their kidding. I felt much happier even though the shirt didn't fit me very well.

Some time later I sent it to be laundered. When it came back it had shrunk six sizes too small, so, I found myself shirtless again. I was just about to give up and return to the coal mines when my aunt Laura sent me one of your Sanforized-Shrunk TRUMPS.

I put it on and I've been wearing it ever since. I like it fine and each time it comes back from the laundry it fits just as well as ever. When it wears out I'm going to get another just like it.

I've changed my attitude, too -- I think it's kind of refined to wear shirts.

Sincerely yours,

© 1935, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

(Continued from page 59)

But Uncle Russell was not perturbed by the boy's lack of appreciation.

"No doubt you have something else which you believe would make you happy?"

"Sure!" said Harley. "An electric lathe."

"Yes. . . ." said Uncle Russell, smiling again. "If we had an electric lathe. . . . If we had this, or that. . . . It takes so long to learn what happiness is."

He glanced around the table, and saw that everyone had finished.

"Harley," he said, "you shall have this lathe."

"When?"

"At once. And now, Ben, if Helen will excuse us, suppose we withdraw, for a little business discussion?"

MRS. GREENLEAF saw to it that they were left undisturbed in the sitting-room. It seemed that everything her son and daughter needed and desired was in that room, but she would not let them enter. Her own book was in there, and her sewing; after Willetta had cleared the table, she sat in the dining-room, devoting herself to worry about her husband.

"If only he'll lend Ben the money for that option. . . . I don't know whether his being so very generous to the children is a good sign, or not. It's very unusual. . . . I do hope he won't talk to Ben about how he made his own fortune without any help from anyone. . . . I do hope—"

She heard the sitting-room door open, and her husband's footsteps in the hall. But the footsteps went no farther; apparently he was only standing there. Stricken, she thought, all hope lost. She hastened to him, and he did indeed look strange, leaning against the wall and staring before him.

"Nuts. . . ." he said. "Completely nuts. . . ."

"Ben!" she whispered. "He won't—"

"He will,' he said. "He's written me a check. Didn't even ask me a question about the deal. Gave me the money for the things he promised the children. . . . And now he wants to see you—alone."

"Me?"

"Go in!" said Greenleaf.

Confused, and a little alarmed, Mrs. Greenleaf entered the sitting-room, where Uncle Russell awaited her.

"Sit down, Helen!" he said.

Reassured by the gentleness of his manner, she did sit down; he remained standing, hands clasped behind his back.

"Helen," he said, "I've always thought you and I are spiritually akin."

Unable to reply, she made a soft, cooing sound.

"We understand," he went on. "We know, you and I, what true happiness is. You are happy."

"Well, yes, I am," she admitted.

"I'm going to let you into my little secret," he said. "When I got Ben's letter about this loan, I pondered over it, long and seriously. Here was a man in the prime of life, with perfect health. He has a charming and devoted wife—" He bowed, and Mrs. Greenleaf smiled, anxiously. All this sounded like an indictment of Ben. "And two fine children. He is able to provide for his little family. He has everything a man needs to make him happy, yet he is not happy."

"Well, taxes. . . ." said Mrs. Greenleaf, timidly.

"I pondered," said Uncle Russell, "over human nature. And I thought I should like to make a little experiment. I thought I would come here, and that I would, if possible, give to each member of this household something that he, or she, imagines will bring happiness. And, in doing this, I shall be giving a gift beyond price. The gift," he said, "of experience. Ben will learn that the taking up of this option will make him no more serene. Marjorie with her trip, young Harley with his lathe, will find themselves no more content than before. And that's exactly what we want them to realize."

"Well . . ." said Mrs. Greenleaf.

"And, in order to be consistent," he proceeded, "I must make you a little present, too, Helen. You are too wise to value money, or the things that money can buy. But for the sake of making my little experiment complete, let me give you this check for three hundred dollars."

"Three—!"

"And we shall look on," he said. "You and I. A month from today I shall return. And I shall ask them all, one by one, what is left to them of lasting value from these things they so eagerly desired at the moment. I believe it will be a lesson of profound significance. I believe that Ben will realize that the thing which has not come to one by hard, personal effort gives no satisfaction. I believe he will never again ask assistance from—others."

Mrs. Greenleaf was relieved to hear this. Uncle Russell, had, in the past, helped various members of her family, but in a different way, making detailed inquiry into matters, and giving advice, and never supplying quite as much as was asked. This new magnanimity had worried her a little, but now it seemed more reasonable. Uncle Russell thought that this household was going to learn a lesson which would not only benefit its members morally, but would deter them from asking him for anything more.

"And I think," he went on, "that we should include the servant in the house. Willetta has been with you for some time. If you have no objection, Helen, let us make her a little present, too."

MRS. GREENLEAF pressed the bell set in the wall. This was another of Marjorie's ideas, a very nice idea, too. You sat in the drawing-room, and rang for tea. Marjorie had never used this bell, because she never had anyone in for tea, and neither had Mrs. Greenleaf used it. When she wanted Willetta, she went after her. She waited now, wondering. But Willetta did come.

"Willetta," said Uncle Russell, smiling and joining the tips of his long fingers, "I suppose you have set your heart upon something which you believe would make you happy?"

"No, sir," answered Willetta. "Don't expect no happiness."

"I suppose there is something you want, though?"

"Ef Ah had fifty dollars," said Willetta, "Ah'd buy me a harp what Professor Pinckney got to sell. But Ah ain't got no fifty dollars and Ah ain't never goin' to get no fifty dollars."

"Suppose you had the fifty dollars, Willetta?"

"Ain't no use supposin', sir."

"Willetta," said he, "what if I make it possible for you to get this harp?"

"Thank *you*, sir," said Willetta.

"And you believe," said Uncle Russell, with a subtle smile at Mrs. Greenleaf, "that if you get this harp, you'll be happy?"

"No, sir," said Willetta. "Ain't no happiness possible in this world."

"We all imagine," said Uncle Russell, "that we can buy happiness."

"Ain't no way whatever to be happy," said Willetta.

It seemed to Mrs. Greenleaf that they were talking at cross-purposes.

"Do you imagine," he said, "that if you have this harp, your life will be different?"

(Continued on page 62)

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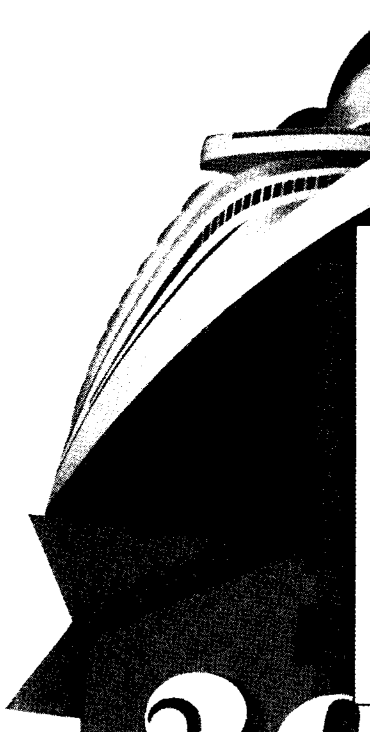

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..the beauty soap made with soothing olive oil . . . are *sure* to bring you a lovelier, more alluring complexion

AND THE SAME THREE CAKES MAY WIN YOU ONE OF THESE THRILLING TOURS!

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

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34 glorious days in 7 European countries... All expenses paid and $300 "pocket money" for every winner.

AND 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

AT LAST! A contest in which you just can't lose! A contest so simple that you may *easily* win a trip that will be the most thrilling experience of your life! And you are *certain* to win the most precious prize of all—the glamour and allure of a soft, smooth, *youthful* skin!

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Just write us a short, simple letter, accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies) . . . That's all you need do to enter this contest.

Get your three cakes of Palmolive today. Try it . . . and see how this marvelous beauty soap will give *your* skin the thrilling loveliness that every man adores!

Every night and morning use this simple 2-minute beauty treatment . . . Massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather into your skin. See how gently, but deeply, it cleanses your pores . . . Then rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Watch your skin grow lovelier, more radiant, day by day! Even before the third cake is gone . . . see what a marvelous improvement Palmolive has made in your skin!

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Why does Palmolive do such wonders for your skin? Because Palmolive, unlike other soaps, is made from precious cosmetic oils . . . a scientific blend of soothing olive and palm oils . . . used by lovely women ever since Cleopatra's time to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth!

That is why Beauty Experts the world over say: "Use only Palmolive for daily complexion care." And that is why millions of women the world over use and prefer Palmolive Soap!

HERE ARE THE DETAILS OF THIS THRILLING CONTEST!

A contest so simple—so easy! All you do is tell us in your own words *"Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap."* You don't need to be clever. Just write as you would to a friend. (Contest rules explain how easy it is.)

There are 20 first prizes . . . 20 chances to win, *entirely at our expense*, a glorious 34-day tour of seven European countries. (Or, if you prefer, $1,000 in cash . . . about *half* what such a tour would ordinarily cost you.) Hotels, meals, transportation, and scheduled entertainment...all paid for . . . and $300 "pocket money" for every winner. Railroad fare to and from New York will also be paid.

WINNERS SAIL ON GREAT NEW FRENCH LINE SHIP

20 first prize winners sail on the palatial new "Normandie." Leaves New York July 31st, returns September 2nd.

European Tour includes Paris, Rome, London . . . Venice, Geneva, Vienna . . . Brussels, Amsterdam and The Hague . . . Five wonderful weeks of sight-seeing in the most fascinating cities of the Old World! First class accommodations aboard ship and throughout the tour.

A representative of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company (makers of Palmolive Soap) will accompany the winners throughout the entire tour.

What a glorious, care-free vacation! And you have every chance in the world to win it! So write that letter today!

1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

In addition to the 20 first prizes, there are 1,000 others . . . For women, Beauty Boxes containing creams, powder, lipstick and, of course, Palmolive Soap! For men, attractive Palmolive Shaving Kits.

READ THESE EASY CONTEST RULES!

(Clip and save for reference.)

1. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and families).

2. Write a letter of 100 words, or less, telling "Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap." Print your full name and address, and name of dealer from whom you bought Palmolive Soap.

3. All letters will be judged on their clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write as if you were writing to a friend. Simple, easy-to-write letters will win the prizes! (You may submit as many letters as you wish.)

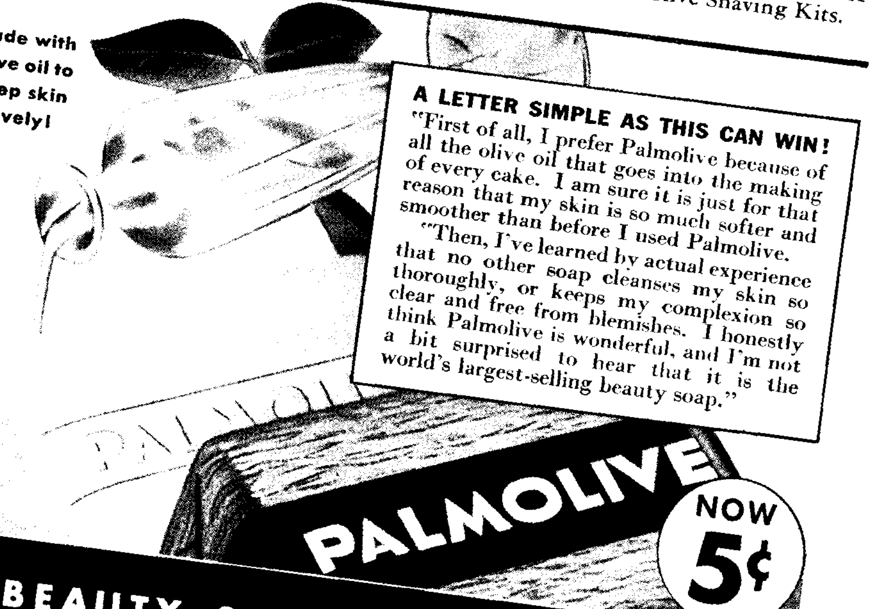
4. Each letter you submit must be accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. C-4, Jersey City, N. J.

5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.

6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., Nat'l Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; Miss Elizabeth Woodward. Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. All entries become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

Made with olive oil to keep skin lovely!



A LETTER SIMPLE AS THIS CAN WIN!

"First of all, I prefer Palmolive because of all the olive oil that goes into the making of every cake. I am sure it is just for that reason that my skin is so much softer and smoother than before I used Palmolive.

"Then, I've learned by actual experience that no other soap cleanses my skin so thoroughly, or keeps my complexion so clear and free from blemishes. I honestly think Palmolive is wonderful, and I'm not a bit surprised to hear that it is the world's largest-selling beauty soap."

PALMOLIVE IS THE LARGEST SELLING BEAUTY SOAP IN THE WORLD!

How to keep your car BEAUTIFUL

HERE'S the way to make a dull, dingy-looking car sparkle with new color and beauty.

Use Du Pont Duco Polish. That's all you need! It's a liquid polish . . . works perfectly on all car finishes. It is easy to apply . . . Wipes off with a flick of the rag.

It cleans. It polishes. It shines! Du Pont Duco Polish makes your car beautiful in an amazingly short time. It *keeps* your car beautiful at very little cost.

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Made by the makers of Duco

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The Root of Evil

Continued from page 60

"No, sir," said Willetta. "Ef Ah gits a harp, Ah gits a harp."

"That's what you've set your heart on?"

"Don't set ma heart upon nothin', sir," said Willetta.

"You shall have the harp!" said Uncle Russell.

"Thank you, sir!" said Willetta, and withdrew.

"She's like a child," said Uncle Russell, "craving some new toy. Very obstinate. . . ."

He seemed considerably annoyed, and Mrs. Greenleaf felt that Willetta had not shown much tact.

"Well!" he said. "I'll leave you now, Helen, and a month from today I shall come back. And then—! Then, I think, Helen, my point will be proved."

He did not wish the others to be summoned.

"No," he said, "let me go quietly, as I came."

MR. RUSSELL BINNEY was sitting on the veranda of his log cabin in the Connecticut hills, a steamer rug over his knees.

"Wine!" he observed.

"Yes, it is, Mr. Binney!" Miss Miles, his secretary, agreed earnestly. She knew that Mr. Binney referred to the air. He said quite often that it was like wine.

"What have we on the cards for today?"

Miss Miles consulted the memo pad on the folding bridge table before her.

"It seems to say 'Experiment,' Mr. Binney. It's your own writing."

"Experiment?"

She bent closer.

"It seems to say—'Experiment—true happiness.'"

"Ah, yes!" said he. "Of course! I'd forgotten the date. I shall have to make a little excursion today." He smiled, and Miss Miles admired the lines in his face; each one, she thought, etched by experience. "Miss Miles, what is your idea of true happiness?"

Miss Miles became scarlet; she could not tell Mr. Binney about her young man, or the apartment they hoped to have when they had saved up enough to get married. She felt that somehow that was not what Mr. Binney meant by "true" happiness.

"Well . . ." she said, anxious not to disappoint him. "An open fire and a good book."

"That is contentment," said he. "Happiness is a different thing, a thing—Miss Miles! Is that—?"

"Yes, it is Mrs. Meldrum!" said Miss Miles.

An old and shabby car was coming up the drive; Mr. Binney sat up straight and looked at Miss Miles. But she could not help him; it was too late. The car stopped, and out of it got a portly lady with a black beret upon her fleecy white hair; she wore a short coat of imitation leopard skin, and a plaid skirt, and in spite of her portliness she seemed to float rather than walk.

"Well, Mr. Russell Binney!" she observed.

She was his next-door neighbor. He had not known that she was going to be until his log cabin was built; even when he had first met her, he had not realized the full meaning of neighborliness. He did now. For five years he had tried to hold his own with Flora Meldrum.

She, too, was a philosopher, in her way, but it was a different way from his.

"I have nothing!" she said, rather often. "I'm as poor as a church mouse, and I'm happier than you people, with all your money."

This was very annoying to Mr. Binney. He was not glad to see her, but he rose politely as she mounted the steps.

"I'm going to kidnap you for the Garden Fellowship lunch," she said.

"I'll be pleased to contribute—"

"We want you," she said. "I want you to say just a few words. All of us can't have a beautiful, peaceful haven like this all to ourselves. I want you to speak to the people who have just a tiny patch of ground to call their own."

"I know what it is to be without such things," said he, with deep resentment.

But he was lost. Mrs. Meldrum always defeated him. She made him ashamed of having anything she didn't have.

"I've known the time," he said sullenly, "when I've made my dinner off a penny roll."

"I only pay ten cents a *dozen* for rolls!" cried Mrs. Meldrum. "*Less* than a cent apiece! *Cheaper* than you ever got them! Come along, now! You promised me you'd come to at least one of our poor little lunches. If you don't want to drive in my old rattletrap, I don't blame you. Send for your own car, and I'll come trailing along behind."

He got his soft black hat, he put on his overcoat like a cape, and he went with Flora Meldrum in her ancient car.

"You people with a dozen cars and half a dozen chauffeurs can't imagine the pleasure a poor, happy-go-lucky creature like myself gets out of a contraption like this."

"I have one chauffeur," he said, "and only two cars."

"You could have a dozen, if you wanted them. There's mighty little you couldn't have, Russell Binney."

"My tastes are simple!" he cried. "A log cabin—"

"With three bathrooms," said she. "If I had even half your money, I'd make people happy. Why don't you try it?"

"I have!" he said, with a cold smile. "I have recently made a little experiment. I'd like to pay you a visit this evening, Mrs. Meldrum, and tell you a little story."

"Well!" said Mrs. Meldrum. "It will be quite an honor to see you in *my* wee cottage. But don't expect much in the way of refreshment!" She laughed gayly. "What's the little story going to be about?"

"About human nature," said Russell Binney.

BY THE time he reached the Greenleafs' house, he was restored to his usual serene good humor. He rather looked forward to his visit with Mrs. Meldrum this evening. Without mentioning names he would give her a truthful account of his experiment, and she, too, would be taught a lesson by it. It seemed to him that Mrs. Meldrum needed such a lesson.

He rang the bell and Willetta admitted him.

"Good day, sir," she said. "Ah'll tell the madam."

Her manner was not that of one who had received a generous gift; she was just as usual, and Russell Binney found that somewhat displeasing.

"Well, and have you learned to play that harp yet, Willetta?" he asked.

"Learned to play the harp long years ago, sir."

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"You enjoy it?"

"Ain't possible—" Willetta began, when Mrs. Greenleaf, who had heard his voice, came down the stairs. She looked different. Her hair was different; she wore a long black dress with a high collar and she looked somehow younger.

"Uncle Russell!" she cried. "I didn't expect you! How nice! We're having a few people in to dinner. . . . I know you'll like them."

They went into the sitting-room, and he thought he noticed changes there.

"Well, Helen?" he asked benevolently. "Tell me—"

"Uncle Russell, how can I ever thank you!" Tears came into her eyes; she leaned forward and took his hand. "If you stay for dinner, you'll see. . . . I've bought Spode service plates, and the loveliest Italian lace tablecloth. . . . I've been wanting to ask the Murchisons for so long, but I simply didn't have the equipment before."

"YOU mean," said Uncle Russell, "that you've used my little gift to buy plates and tablecloths?"

"And I've had the sofa recovered. I've bought a new rug. And this dress. It's really helping Ben so much, to entertain—"

"You're enjoying this?"

"Oh, you can't imagine how much!"

"You *said* that you realized that money could not bring happiness. You said—"

"But, you see, Uncle Russell," she explained, "I'd never *had* any money. It was marvelous, having all that to spend! And Ben insisted upon my doing just as I liked with it. He says he's definitely turned the corner—"

"He's still pleased?"

"Pleased!" said she. "He's made far more out of that option than he ever dreamed of making. He's taken more office space. He's bought a new car—"

"It won't last!" cried Uncle Russell.

"But he can trade it in—"

"I don't mean the car. I mean this—this pleasure in material things."

Mrs. Greenleaf looked a little abashed, and said nothing.

"The children," he said. "They got what they wanted. Now I suppose they've set their hearts on some new toy."

"Harley won that prize!" she cried. "He's got a scholarship at the Technical Institute! He made—I don't quite know what it was—a model of something, in the workshop he's fixed up in the cellar. Harley is very, very difficult to understand. On the surface he seems—"

She went on to elucidate her son's character. It was one in a million. Uncle Russell was obliged to listen, although his interest in Youth was more general than particular. At the first pause, he spoke. "Marjorie . . ." he said. "She has taken her trip. She's home again now. She learned that—"

A strange expression came over Mrs. Greenleaf's face, a look of dreamy bliss.

"She wanted to tell you herself. She and Paul were going to drive out to see you on Sunday—"

"Paul?"

"Paul Hasbrouck Jacobs."

"What!" exclaimed Uncle Russell. "What's she got to do with old P. J.?"

"It's not old—I mean, it's his son. Paul Hasbrouck Jacobs, Junior. She met him on that trip."

"But you're not telling me that Marjorie and old P. J.'s son—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Greenleaf, with a soft smile. "He's such a nice—"

"Marjorie is marrying for money!"

"She's not!" said Mrs. Greenleaf, indignantly. "She and Paul are wildly in love with each other. Paul is a charming boy. Marjorie never cared for the boys she knew here. She's very fastidious—"

"Yes. . . ." said Uncle Russell, with a tremor in his voice. "Some day you'll all realize that money cannot buy true happiness."

It was at this moment that Greenleaf came downstairs, wearing a dinner jacket. He shook hands with Uncle Russell, with a sort of passion.

"I've mailed you a check for the amount of the loan," he said. "But I'll never forget this. It was the chance of a lifetime—and if it hadn't been for you, I'd have lost it!"

Young Harley had dined alone, early; he came in to see Uncle Russell.

"If there's any little job I can do for you any time," he said, "I've got a pretty good set-up now."

He wished Uncle Russell to come down to the cellar and see his workshop; for the first time, he accepted the elder man as an equal. He was explaining about the scholarship when his sister entered. She had, Uncle Russell thought, done something to herself. In the past she had been a nice, pretty girl, but now she was gorgeous. She was going out to dinner with her young man; she was a vision in white and silver, and she hugged Uncle Russell. She was still telling him how wonderful and darling he was when the guests arrived.

Uncle Russell was not unaccustomed to attention, but he had never before had quite this admiration shown him. He stopped to dinner, and he enjoyed himself; Ben's wines were not bad, not bad at all. Mrs. Greenleaf encouraged him to talk, and everyone listened to him. He heard one of the ladies murmur: "Hasn't he a wonderful face!" He was aware of an inward glow.

"It is a privilege," he said, "to help when one can."

He said this to his niece in the hall, as he was taking an early departure. And as he spoke, he caught sight of Willetta, carrying a tray of coffee cups out of the sitting-room.

"Well, Willetta!" he said, kindly. "Tell me about the harp."

"Ah plays the harp Sunday nights at Reverend Mackerel's church and Sister Dorkey sings."

"That's good!" he said. "It must give you great satisfaction to help—"

"Can't help nobody, sir," said Willetta. "Can't help those sinners. Hearts just as hard as hard."

"Everybody isn't a sinner."

"We're all sinners, sir," said Willetta somberly. "The things of this world ain't nothin'. Can't—"

HE SAID good night, and went away. He was seriously annoyed with Willetta.

"Morbid. . . ." he thought, as he got into his big, black car. "Morbid point of view. . . . It's perfectly possible to help. . . . Our truest and most lasting happiness comes from helping others."

He told Mrs. Meldrum this, as they sat in the somewhat crowded sitting-room of her wee cottage.

"There are stubborn and willfully blind people," he said, "who excuse their own lack of generosity by the theory that material benefits are useless. It is not so. Those of us who are able should find it a privilege—"

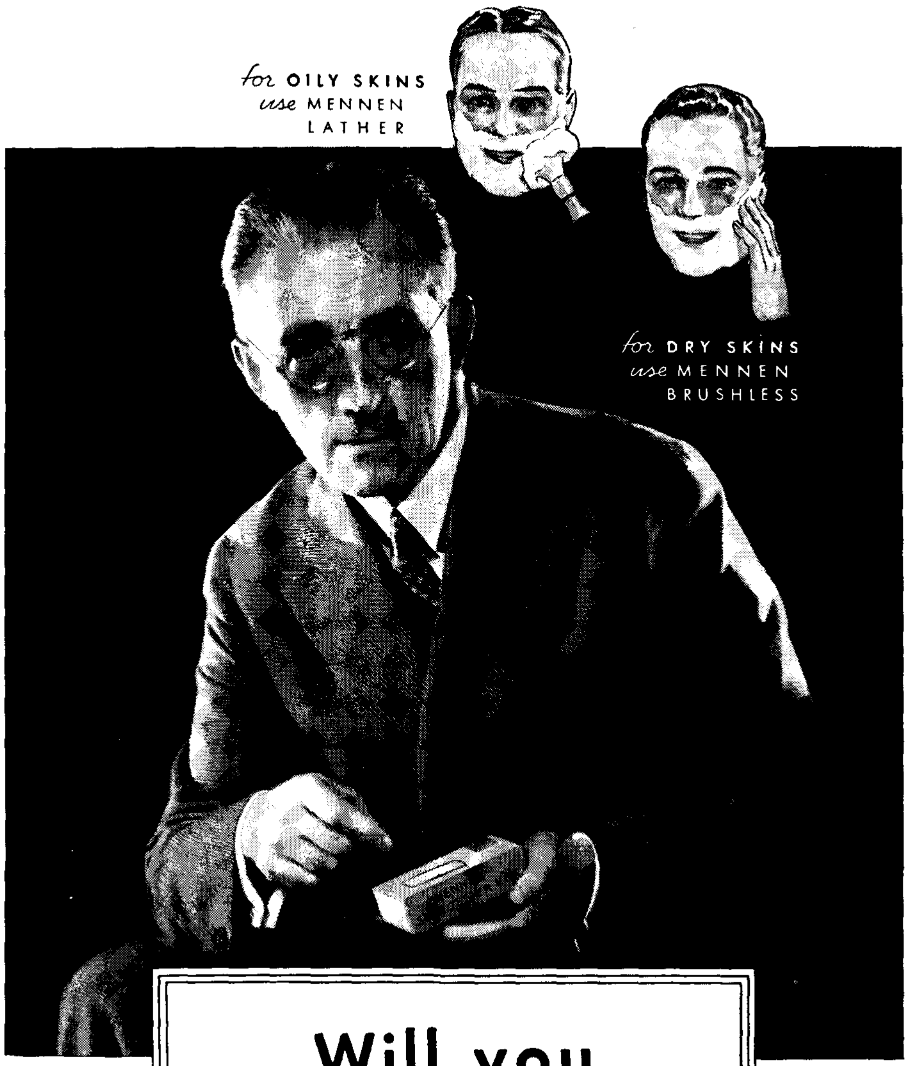
"You ought to write an article about that," said Mrs. Meldrum.

"I believe I shall," he said. "Human nature—"

"You wouldn't mention names, of course," said she. "But the story of how you helped that little Miss Miles to get married would be a charming touch, wouldn't it?"

He glanced at Mrs. Meldrum with a faint disquiet. But never was there a face more innocent than hers.

"Yes," he said. "Yes. That might be included."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"So here's my offer. I'll send you the Mennen Skin Tester Kit that I'm holding in the picture above. It contains generous trial sizes of both Mennen *Lather* Shave and Mennen *Brushless* (also of Mennen Skin Bracer, Mennen Talcum, and a Mennen Double-Edge Blade)—all for one thin dime. They cost me a lot more than that, but I'm willing if you are. Try both the *Lather* and the *Brushless*. Both are whisker-wilters. But *one* is going to make your skin feel especially grand—make you say, like thousands of others, "Mennen for Mine." So send the coupon—and you'll get my Skin Tester Kit as fast as Uncle Sam can bring it."

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Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

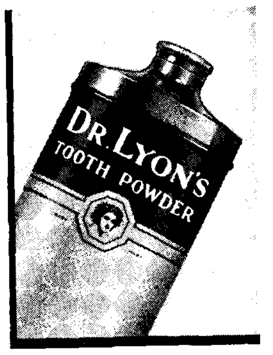
For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life. Free from all grit or pumice, it cannot possibly scratch, or injure the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.



Once you use powder you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, and your breath so sweet and pure. People by the thousands are changing daily.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 25

and sipping a glass of the commander's excellent curaçao. Lincoln Hayes, cigar in mouth, met the steady gaze of the seaman, expressionlessly.

"Difficult to explain," he replied, after a moment of consideration. "We are on a very delicate mission, Captain. These documents are practically indispensable to our purpose. There are two: one a map; the other a manuscript."

"And you have reason to believe that others are interested in these?"

"We know," said Rorke in his casual way. "The originals were stolen some time ago. Now, they have the duplicates. Somebody climbed up from the well-deck to a porthole of Mr. Hayes' cabin tonight. He must have had a rod with a hook on the end. He hooked the box by a handle, took the contents, and threw the box back. At least, that's what—"

There came a rap on the door. In response to the captain's order, it opened, and a thick-set, swarthy-featured man wearing steward's uniform was ushered in. He was a good-looking fellow of his type, and he saluted the three men in the captain's room with dignity.

"He speaks very little English, and no Dutch," Captain van den Heyde explained. "I speak the language of my native crew, but I have no Arabic. Perhaps, sir—" he turned to Rorke.

"It would be better, you think," Rorke suggested, "to examine him in Arabic, and to give you the result afterwards?"

"O. K.," said Lincoln Hayes, and the captain nodded.

"We are troubled about something which occurred on this ship tonight," Rorke went on, addressing the steward in Arabic. "And perhaps you can help us."

The man started, and then smiled, hearing his native language spoken with such fluency. . . .

"I am your servant, effendîm."

"What is your name?"

"Mabrouk."

"Where do you come from?"

"I come from Tantah."

"What is your trade?"

"I have had many, effendîm. Last, before I left Egypt, I was a waiter in a café in Tantah."

"Why did you leave Egypt?"

"The police, effendîm!"

And the glittering grin which accompanied his words Rorke would have taken oath to be that of an honest man.

"Did you kill somebody?"

"Not so. But he was hurt."

"How did you get away?"

"I was employed as a steward on a French ship from Alexandria."

"How did you get to America?"

MABROUK stared uncomprehendingly.

"I have never been in America, effendîm. I get as far as London but can find no work. I walk from London to Southampton. There I am fortunate. I get this employment which will enable me to return to my own country: God be praised."

"I see." Rorke crushed out the end of his cigarette in an ash tray. "And now, Mabrouk, about tonight. When the cry of 'man overboard' was raised, you were down on the well-deck?"

"But no: I was in the fo'c's'le."

"That's near the well-deck."

"It is true, effendîm. When I hear the cry I run up with the others. I had gone there with a message from the quartermaster."

"Then you did not see the man go overboard?"

"I saw nothing, effendîm. I only heard the cry."

"Where did you go?"

"Along the deck on the port side."

Rorke stared coldly at the man for a while. Mabrouk watched him unflinchingly.

"There is one other thing, O Mabrouk. Take off your coat."

Mabrouk smilingly obeyed the order.

"And now peel your shirt down to your waist."

Mabrouk did so.

"I see you are indeed a powerful fellow, O Mabrouk."

"It is so, effendîm."

The man inflated his chest, proudly. But Lincoln Hayes, who had succeeded in following the examination up to this point, divined Rorke's purpose.

"Resume your dress, Mabrouk; you have done well. There is nothing else which I desire to ask you."

The Egyptian readjusted his attire, became serious again, and saluted everybody.

"You may go," said the captain.

Mabrouk retired.

"I gather that you have learned nothing," Captain van den Heyde continued.

"No. I am satisfied that Mabrouk knows nothing."

"Why did you order him to strip to the waist?"

"I was looking for a certain mark, Captain. It is not there." He turned to Lincoln Hayes. "Mabrouk is not the spy in the camp. We must look elsewhere."

ON THE terrace of Shepheard's the following evening, just as dusk was falling:

"Nothing to be discouraged about," said Lincoln Hayes.

Stefanson, lying back in a cane armchair, was staring about him through the thick pebbles of his spectacles with that interest in Oriental life displayed by a traveler who sees it for the first time. A tall glass, empty except for two straws, stood on the table before him. The life of Cairo of today, which, if reluctantly, is nevertheless leaving behind the Cairo of yesterday, moved in the street below.

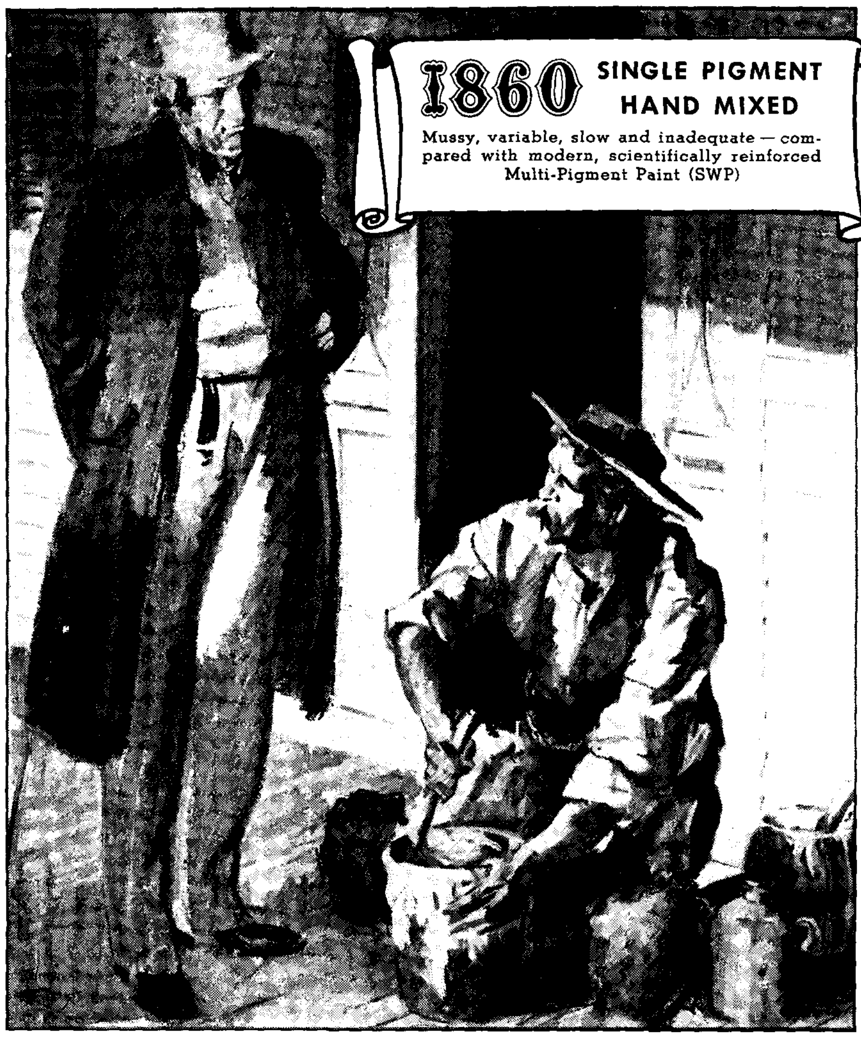
The usual collection of intensely uninteresting tourists occupied surrounding tables. Camels and donkeys—which provide much of the color of the East—were prohibited in Sharia Kamel, and except for the character of the buildings, a peppering of native costumes among the European, and that unique smell which belongs to the soil of Lower Egypt, one might have supposed, by closing one's eyes and listening to the sound of motor transport, that this was a busy Western street.

"Q-quite!" said Stefanson. "It's n-not s-so much that I c-can't reconstruct the n-notes, although that's a b-bit of a s-sweat, but who-who's got them?"

"Whoever has Rorke's map," murmured Lincoln Hayes.

He had been recognized by several American travelers present, but had studiously avoided contact. He was puzzled and worried. The problem of the missing map and notes had defeated his orderly brain. Difficult to search a liner for a number of sheets of paper; additionally difficult by virtue of the fact that, Mabrouk acquitted, there was no suspect aboard. On his own initiative, and in face of Rorke's assurance that it was time wasted, he had promoted a secret search of the effects of the Egyptian steward. Nothing had resulted from it.

(Continued on page 66)



1860 SINGLE PIGMENT HAND MIXED

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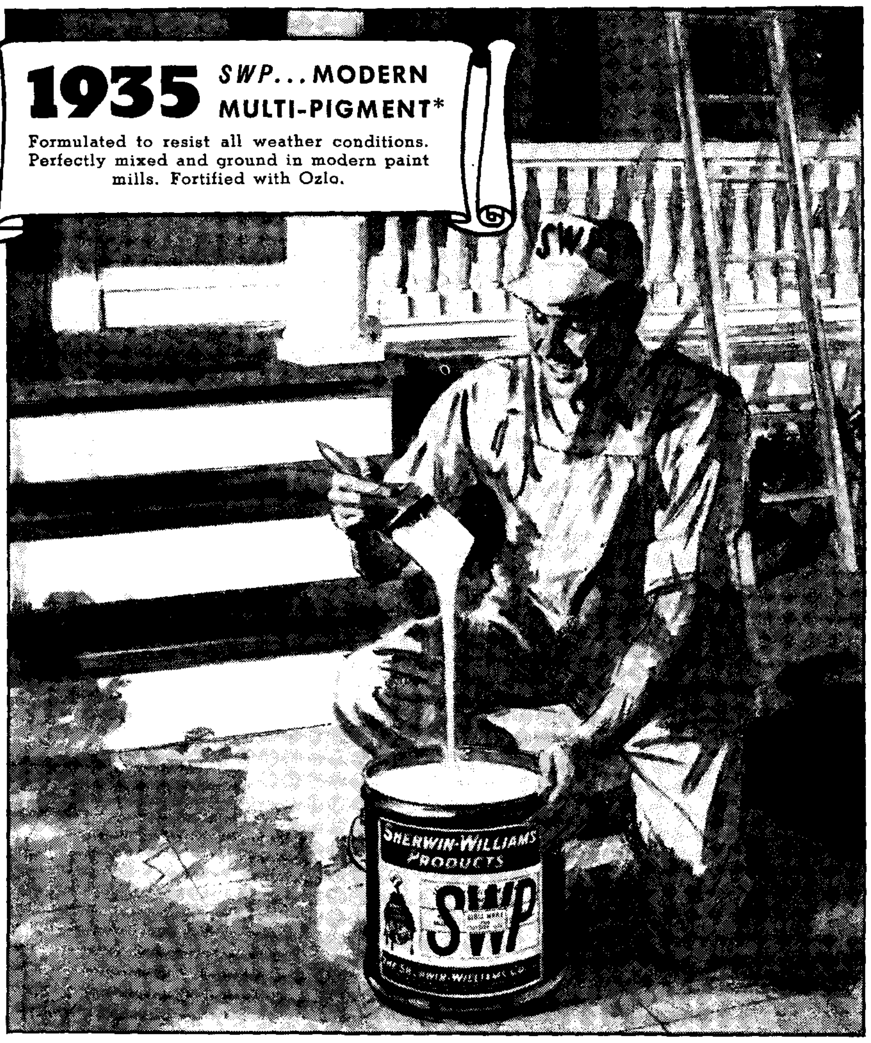

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Formulated to resist all weather conditions. Perfectly mixed and ground in modern paint mills. Fortified with Ozlo.

The Truth about House Paint

Modern Paint Science upsets a sentimental fallacy and reduces painting costs

Seventy-five years ago, paint made of a single-pigment-and-oil, mixed with a stick *on the job,* was the best paint to be had.

But years of scientific research have proved that a MULTI-PIGMENT,* *reinforced* house paint produces a job that lasts longer and looks better over a period of years.

Due to its MULTI-PIGMENT* content and fine grinding in powerful mills, under the supervision of master craftsmen, SWP will ordinarily outwear any single-pigment-and-oil paint mixed on the job. *No single-pigment* paint mixed with a stick can deliver the results a modern paint should deliver. This is due to the absence of modern *reinforcing* pigments and thorough mixing and grinding in powerful mills. Ask any up-to-date painter.

Today's SWP MULTI-PIGMENT* House Paint is a completely balanced formulation. It contains old-fashioned white lead at its very best; but, to reinforce this fine basic material and to give it the durability that insures lower cost per year, Sherwin-Williams SWP is fortified with other specially designed pigments.

Among these is Ozlo, an amazing, long-life ingredient created and made by The Sherwin-Williams Co., exclusively. Ozlo (Lead Sulphate-Zinc Oxide) is the "vitamins" of paint. It puts many extra cost-saving years into every SWP paint job.

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SWP white is famous for clarity and durability. The beautiful, thoroughly mixed SWP tints and colors are formulated by skilled colorists in our modern laboratories. They are always true-toned and amazingly fade-resisting. The perfect uniform blending of SWP colors and pigments is a job for modern paint mills *plus* expert craftsmen. Obviously, it cannot be done *with a stick.*

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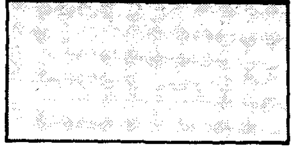

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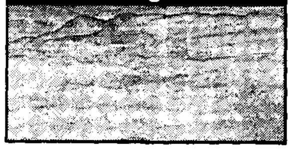

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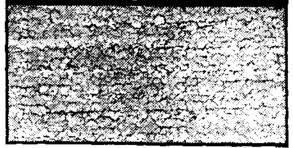

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"Freeze onto something Hot"
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Man, here *is* a golf ball! It travels far, it goes where it's hit, and it laps up punishment as cheerfully as a golfer at the nineteenth hole.

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PACE-MAKER DRY ICE CENTER

Golf Balls

The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 64

He stared in the direction of the steps. Paddy Rorke and Ann Wayland were saying goodby to a party of three leaving for Mena House; two elderly but charming ladies from Toronto and Mr. Mick, the invalid of the Bramahpoona. He was much improved but still very weak. As the car moved off, he waved a feeble hand in the direction of the balcony. Hayes and Stefanson stood up and waved in return. Then Rorke and Ann came up the steps and joined them.

"I think it's time, Lincoln," said Rorke, holding Ann's hand, "as you more or less stand for the family, to announce that Ann and I are engaged."

"Knew it," said Hayes. He grasped their clasped hands in both his own, and squeezed tightly. "Wise man, Paddy. If I had had sense, you would never have had a look-in."

"I know it," said Rorke; "I'm not sure, now, that you are not going to be a sad, sweet memory."

"Shut up, Paddy," said Ann. And then: "Oh, Lincoln. I am terribly fond of you, and . . ." she hesitated, looking at him with her frank eyes: "I don't really want to drop my work; I love it. But—"

She sank into a chair, as Lincoln Hayes removed his manacle grip.

"But," said Rorke, signaling to a waiter, "she has decided to marry at her own convenience."

"Paddy!"

"I mean, when it suits her—"

"Paddy! You are simply horrible!"

"I mean, she has decided to marry—when you consent to release her, Lincoln—a retired officer of Royal Engineers whose only expectation of having any money to support her centers on a very wild aunt, passing sixty, who rides *to hounds and dances into the small* hours."

"Con-congratulations," said Stefanson. "I-I envy you, Rorke."

"So do I," murmured Lincoln Hayes.

"Lincoln, dear." Ann laid her hand upon his arm. "You are a monk, but a very dear monk."

"There was once a monk called Paphnutius," said Lincoln Hayes.

He was thinking of Hatasu. He had told no one of his interview with her in the cottage in Surrey; for the oldest friends grow reticent when a woman intervenes.

He might have felt easier in mind about his silence had he known that Paddy Rorke had overheard Ann Wayland dictating a cablegram to "Peraz, Cairo," but had never spoken of it.

Rorke, throughout the journey, had been watching Ann with intense anxiety. He had not forgotten the words of the celebrated specialist: "I suspect post-hypnosis." He was convinced that she had acted on that occasion under the influence of some outside stimulus, hence his reticence.

ULRIC STEFANSON announced after dinner that he proposed to retire to his room and to commit the formula to paper once more if he sat up all night in order to do it. He was satisfied that he had recalled all of the vital details. Lincoln Hayes had two large ice buckets and half a dozen bottles of hock sent up to Stefanson's apartment—which, by an odd coincidence, was that formerly occupied by Captain Rorke.

When this fact had first appeared: "Look out, Stefanson," Rorke had said; "don't forget to bolt your shutters."

"I've g-got nothing to p-pinch," Stefanson had replied, "unless they p-pinch my m-memory."

He actually set to work at ten o'clock. When at work, Stefanson was a heavy smoker as well as a heavy wine drinker. But, methodical in all things, his method was this: he would carefully load six pipes, with some kind of dark tobacco, which had to be teased in the palm before stuffing into the bowl, thus necessitating interruption of one's task.

The six pipes were an ancient and curious collection. He always smoked these in the same order; viz., a very yellow English clay of a variety now difficult to obtain; an ancient and wheezy corncob; a large and beautifully colored calabash; a cherrywood; a straight briar, and a curved briar.

Having uncorked one of the bottles of wine, sampled it and found it to his satisfaction, Stefanson adjusted the lamp on the writing-table, placed a writing pad there, made sure that his fountain pen was in order, and spread out a number of notes scribbled on various scraps of paper. Then, extracting tobacco from a pound tin, he proceeded with meticulous care to load the six pipes.

These he laid on the table in their proper order; set a box of matches conveniently at hand, drew the first ice bucket nearer to his elbow, and settled down.

He lighted the ancient clay pipe, and leaned back in his chair for a moment, eyes closed. Clouds of smoke began to surround him. The night was still hot and the air quite motionless.

SUDDENLY he sat upright, and turned sharply, looking in the direction of the shuttered window.

He thought he had detected a faint sound on the balcony. He was not a man to leave any problem, however small, unsolved, especially one calculated to interfere with concentration. He crossed, and threw open the shutters.

Right and left he looked. But neither on his own balcony nor on those adjoining it was anyone to be seen.

The gardens, bathed in moonlight, lay below him. He was nearly on a level with the tops of some of the palms. Lights far beyond marked the presence of a native café; crickets were chirping in the garden and a frog was croaking in the pond. A large bat flew quite close to his face.

Stefanson returned to the room, reclosing the shutters. He poured out another glass of wine. His scientific mind was immune to superstition. Yet, he remembered—indeed, he could never forget—those eerie words of Ann Wayland's: "He is called the Bat . . ."

His doorbell rang.

"D-damn!" said Stefanson, standing up again.

He crossed to the door and opened it. A native servant stood on the landing, white-coated and red-capped.

"Wh-what is it?" Stefanson asked, irritably.

"Ali Mahmoud say he must see you, sir, for a moment."

"Who the d-devil's Ali Mahmoud?"

"He a dragoman, sir."

"But I d-don't want any dra-dra-dragoman!"

"He say very urgent, very particular."

"Go to the d-devil!" Stefanson exclaimed, clay pipe fuming between his teeth. "Ask him to c-come up here."

"Dragoman not allowed upstairs, sir, and he say very particular."

"D-d-damn it! What can he p-possibly want?"

He closed his door and, remembering the random notes on the table, locked it,

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By A MOTHER

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"I had used Nujol for at least five years before I was married in 1928. Nujol kept me well before my baby was born, and when I brought Jimmy back from the hospital the doctor said, 'Why don't you use your old standby, Nujol? It is one of the few things which is perfectly harmless for a small baby.' I started in giving him a teaspoonful morning and night; gradually I reduced the amount, until I gave him nothing at all. If he seemed to be getting an upset stomach or a slight cold, I'd start the Nujol again.

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"Jimmy was such a healthy baby from Nujol, and I was so strong and well, that I didn't experiment when my second baby, Larry, came along. I gave him Nujol from the start. I have been mighty thankful to my doctor for his advice. It has made a lot of difference in our lives."

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then followed the man to the elevator. He presently found himself in the big lounge.

There were not very many people about to take an interest in the fair-haired young man with the clay pipe, and he crossed to the terrace, the servant leading, without attracting undue attention. As he stepped through the doorway, a tall and dignified Arab, black-robed, white-turbaned, saluted him deeply.

"Dr. Stevenson," he said, "you wish me to take you to the tombs of the Mamelukes tomorrow morning?"

"What the d-devil!—" Stefanson looked for the hotel servant, but he had disappeared. He turned again to the dragoman. "My n-name's not Stevenson."

"I am sorry. That foolish Abdul has made a mistake. Your name is not Stevenson, sir?"

"It is n-not!"

"And you do not wish to visit the tombs of the Mamelukes?"

"I d-d-don't!"

"It is something, sir, which every gentleman who comes here should see."

STEFANSON blinked indignantly through the thick lenses of his glasses, blew forth a great cloud of smoke, turned, and went back to the elevator.

These fellows were very cunning. Probably his name and his address, New York, had prompted the attempt. No doubt they got business in that way, sometimes; presumably the man Abdul, if it had come off, would have touched a spot of commission. He had glanced about the lounge for other members of the party, but had then remembered that they had gone out to the Great Pyramid, for it was a moonlit night, and Ann had never seen the Pyramids.

Stefanson reëntered his room, crossed and poured out another glass of hock and then settled down to his task. He wrote busily, covering half a page with facility; his handwriting was small, neat, and very legible. His clay pipe began to burn hot. He set it in an ash tray with which he had provided himself, and automatically took up the corncob. Having lighted it and got it well going—it was a pipe that bubbled a lot—he poured out another glass of wine, and resumed his writing.

He reached the bottom of a page, checked over what he had written, altering two words and one figure. Then tearing the page from the pad he set it aside, found that his glass was empty, and refilled it.

At the top of the new page he began to draw a rough but neatly executed figure, which looked like the outline of a tulip. . . .

The crickets were very audible in the garden outside, and also the croaking of the frog. But human interference was distant and muffled. Sometimes he could hear the trams over by the Esbikeyeh Gardens . . . and it was at this point that Stefanson began to doubt his own powers.

The diagram, he saw at a glance, was out of drawing. It did not convey what he wished to convey. Also, the ancient corncob tasted foully.

He laid it in the ash tray, and mechanically lighted the calabash.

Then he tore up the page upon which the diagram had been started—and began to draw the same diagram on a new page. He wondered vaguely at the outset why he was drawing it so large, but nevertheless went on.

It was half completed when he realized that he was adding wings to the figure . . . which now crudely resembled the outline of *a bat*.

Stefanson stared at this queer creation which, now, he saw, occupied fully half the page. . . .

A bat! Why had he drawn a bat?

The pen dropped from his fingers, so that a blot appeared upon the strange diagram. He fell back in his chair staring straight before him.

The dimensions of the room had changed! He saw that he sat at a table as large as a billiard table. His impression that the diagram which resembled a bat had occupied half the page was wrong. It was the page which was so large. The writing pad was the size of a daily newspaper! The room, too, was incredibly lofty. Its dimensions grew greater as he looked, until presently the entrance door was so far away that he could only just discern it.

He decided that the roof was at least as high as that of St. Peter's in Rome. There were queer sounds, too, which presently he identified as *the voices of the colors*. The green of the carpet was very low and plaintive. The white plaster shrieked unmusically. He took the calabash from between his teeth, and laid it in the ash tray with the other two pipes.

But this simple action occupied a period which he estimated to be not less than five minutes. The contact of the pipe with the brass tray produced a flash of purple color.

At which moment some remnant of sanity in Stefanson's reeling brain, some knowledge which had survived the onslaught, tried to make itself audible, amid the wild phantasms which surrounded the bewildered man.

It reached him as a voice, accompanied by a fetid breath:

"The tobacco—the pipes—the tobacco—the pipes . . ."

What did he know about these pipes? He looked at them. It took him a long time to turn his head. And they were so far away on the huge table that he found it difficult to distinguish them, one from another.

The corncob had tasted foully—this he recalled. The last time he had smoked it (he thought quite six months ago) it had tasted foully. He extended his hand towards the giant ash tray. His fingers, he saw, were of incredible length: they stretched out like tentacles to clutch the corncob.

HE CLOSED his eyes. He wanted to shriek, but his sane brain had succeeded in synchronizing taste, smell and symptoms. He knew, but too late, what had happened. Someone, during his absence, had added *hashish* to his tobacco! He knew what to do, now, but was incapable of doing it. He opened his eyes again.

The room was growing smaller and the notes of the colors growing louder. He dragged himself about in his chair. A curious perfume, resembling that of burning incense, seemed to be wafted in through the closed shutters.

And as he looked, he saw that the shutters were opening; at first very slowly, and then at a quicker pace. A tall, an extremely tall man, dressed in black, stepped into the room.

With a last, despairing effort to hang on to sanity, Stefanson fought with this new phenomenon. He had been drugged. Now, someone had entered the room, reaching it probably by means of an adjoining balcony, as had happened to Paddy Rorke.

Who was this someone, and why had he come?

Piercing eyes, which seemed to be illuminated from within, fixed themselves upon him. They carried a message which reached him on a wave of incense, so that he seemed to be enveloped. *All* his senses received the message—hearing, sight, taste, smell, touch . . . so that he was shattered by its portent

"I am the Bat . . . I am the Bat . . . I am the Bat. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

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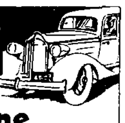

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Women are Funny That Way

Continued from page 10

pretty helpless. If there had been a rival he would have been able to put up a fight. But fighting a phantom was hardly in his line.

"And then again, you're my boss, and that doesn't help matters," she went on softly.

"I could fire you," he suggested.

"You could, but you won't," she said. "I'm the best secretary you ever had. And I love you more than any other secretary you ever had." She paused. "It's just that—oh, I don't know. We're just made in such a peculiar fashion that we don't know what we want, nor what's good for us, I suppose. Is that Dorothy Parker who just came in?"

He shook his head. "It's Walter Winchell."

"Oh, Mr. Turnbull! How funny you talk!" she gurgled.

FOR a time, sipping their drinks, they were silent. Then, suddenly very serious, she spoke:

"I wish you'd get out of that United Oil. I don't like the way it's going—you had no business speculating in it in the first place."

"It's not a speculation; it's an investment. We'll always need oil."

"Maybe. But if it ever flops, you'll be looking for a job. You'll have to let go of a lot of Turnbull Carpet stock and you know who'll buy that up, I suppose. The American Carpet Company holds too much of our stock as it is . . . that ought to make you feel a little uncomfortable."

"I'm uncomfortable enough," he said. "And suppose you stop discussing things you don't know anything about? American Carpet'll never get control of my business, and I love you something fierce."

"You seem to be repeating yourself," she said. "I think it's time for me to go home."

"Why don't you stay out and have dinner with me?" he put in hopefully.

"No—not tonight."

"Having dinner with Steve Hargis, I'll bet," he told her. "What do you see in that fellow, anyway?"

"You wouldn't know," she said.

"I wish you wouldn't see him so much," said Donald.

"Why?"

"Why? Because he's in love with you, that's why!"

She regarded him coolly. "I understand that the law forbidding people to be in love with me was repealed a week or two ago . . . and besides, I'm not in love with him. But I like him."

"Sure, I know why you like him. It's that silly mother instinct in you, that's what it is. I suppose if I was some poor, weak-minded mug that—"

She put a hand to his lips. "Don't let's quarrel about it, Don. Please."

The matter ended there. Donald dined alone that night, pondering his problem, and did not appear at his office until late the next afternoon. When he finally arrived, he rang for Kathryn Elizabeth.

"Take a letter," he told her gruffly. She sat down.

He dictated: "Will you condescend so far as to have dinner with me this evening? With all the love of your wretched employer, I am, sincerely yours—"

She put down her pencil. "Can't tonight," she told him. "Steve Hargis is sick and I promised to come in and cook for him."

A rage overtook Donald, an unreasoning rage that he found almost uncontrollable. "What do I care how sick he is!" he shouted.

She rose. "Please don't shout," she told him.

His anger calmed down. "Now look here, Kathryn Elizabeth—"

"Is that all at this moment, Mr. Turnbull?" she asked. And as he looked at her impotently she turned and went from the room, efficient, business-like, maddeningly irritating—and desirable.

For two days there was a coolness between them, a tension that neither did anything to attempt to lessen. Business went on as usual, however. Two days later he was dictating to her when his phone rang. It was his broker. Kathryn Elizabeth rose to go about her work; she knew she could depend on him to send for her when he needed her again, but as she was leaving the room she heard a snatch of the conversation.

"Oh, that United Oil stock," he was saying. "Well, I don't know. I could put up the rest of my Turnbull Carpet stock, I suppose, if you think it's—"

The door closed behind her. Business went on, and that afternoon Donald found a note on his desk:

"Memorandum from
Kathryn Elizabeth Sanders
to
Donald Turnbull

"You'd better get out of that United Oil stock if you want to have any business left.

(signed) K. E. Sanders
Sec'y to the President."

After Donald had left for the day Kathryn Elizabeth found the memorandum back on her desk with a blue-penciled notation:

"How would you like to mind your own business?

(signed) Donald Turnbull
President."

Her lips tightened, but that was the only sign she gave to anybody who might have been watching.

THE next day, the stock market cracked, and United Oil took a nose dive to the bottom of the sea. Kathryn Elizabeth noticed the quotations in the paper at noon, but Donald was nowhere around. He had not appeared for work that day. She took it upon herself to call him up at several places, but he was nowhere to be found, and when at last she called up his broker she was told he had not seen Mr. Turnbull that day, and as for the United Oil stock, he could do nothing with any stock owned by Mr. Turnbull without an express order from the owner himself.

The spectacular plunge of United Oil went on for several days, and still no news of Donald. Phone calls to his hotel elicited no information except that they did not know where he was, or anything about him, and no one else seemed to know. Kathryn Elizabeth was distracted, but the work of the office had to go on, of course, and she carried it on in the best way she could under the direction of the office manager.

Finally, one morning when she came in, a new man was sitting in the president's office, and she was informed, along with the rest of the employees, that the Turnbull Carpet Company was now a subsidiary of the American Carpet Company and she was to take her orders from the new and duly constituted officials and, if she gave satisfaction, she would be allowed to keep her job.

"Well, they managed it at last," she told herself bitterly. She plunged into her work through a black pall, frantic with anxiety over Donald. A telephone

(Continued on page 70)

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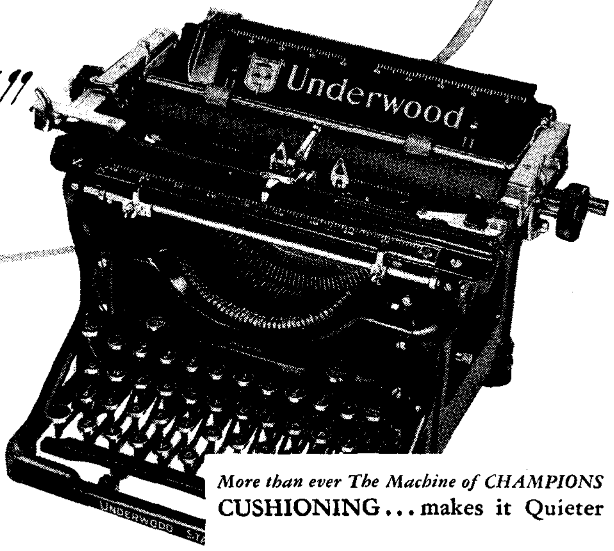

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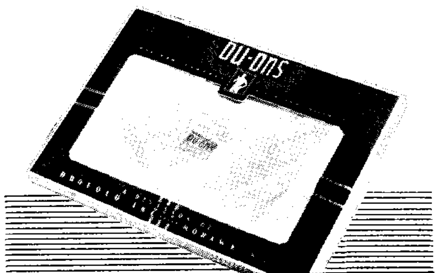

*DU-ONS

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Women are Funny That Way

Continued from page 68

message to his hotel at noontime obtained for her the information that Donald no longer lived there.

"Where did you send his belongings?" she asked. "He must live somewhere, mustn't he?" They weren't quite sure of that, it appeared, and, as for his belongings, it developed upon inquiry that they were being held pending the payment of Donald's bill.

She hadn't believed things were quite as desperate for him as that, and she walked around the rest of the day in a sort of haze, racking her brain as to the next place to inquire about him. Along about the middle of the afternoon Steve Hargis called her up, asking whether she would not come to his place and make dinner for him. He was feeling rather worse than usual, he divulged.

"I don't care how you feel!" she snapped at him, and banged the receiver down on the hook. Feeling for anyone but Donald seemed to have gone quite dead in her, and it became apparent to her that, after all, perhaps love itself, with nothing else, *was* really enough for marriage.

SHE resented the new president of the Turnbull Carpet Company. What right did he have to sit in Donald's chair, doing the things Donald should be doing, just as if he had built this business up for himself? She resented everything that went on that had nothing to do with Donald. In other words, she was at last dead in love, when it was too late . . . or rather, she awoke to the fact that she had really been dead in love all along.

She had gotten in touch with David Burton, Donald's lawyer. David knew no more of Donald's whereabouts than did anyone else, but he was a nice person whom she had always liked, and he somehow seemed a link with the man she loved. They went to lunch and dinner several times.

One day David called her up and asked her to lunch. She gladly accepted, and he was waiting at the entrance to the building when she came down at twelve-thirty.

"Have you heard anything, David?" she asked him immediately. He did not answer, and she knew there was no news for her. They turned across Broadway and cut through City Hall Park.

"David, I don't understand why he walked out on things the way he did," she said.

"Perhaps he felt there was no use hanging on," remarked David.

She looked at him. "You mean, me. Isn't that it?"

"Well, yes," he said.

"But he knew I loved him," she persisted. "Oh, I know I was a fool," she said. "But if I ever lay my eyes on him again—"

That was the moment she laid her eyes on him again, and the voice froze in her throat as she became immovable in her stride. David looked at her inquiringly, and followed her gaze. On a bench sat a man, unshaven, a little seedy, his clothes in need of pressing. It was Donald, of course.

David faded out of the picture, and Kathryn Elizabeth never even noticed that he had gone. She was galvanized into life, and was sitting at Donald's side on the bench in a moment.

"Donald!" she said, a low, throaty cry wrung out of depths that she hardly knew existed in her. He turned, and the old quizzical light came into his eyes.

"Why, Miss Sanders!" he said. "Fancy meeting you here!"

She touched his arm, as though to see whether he were real. "Donald, where have you been all this time?"

"Oh, busy," he said nonchalantly.

"Donald! Don't talk to me like that, please. I love you. Haven't you realized how I worried when you disappeared? And when nobody could tell me anything of your whereabouts, I—I—" The voice choked in her throat. And the next minute they were in each other's arms, right in broad daylight in City Hall Park, and nobody paid the slightest attention.

She disengaged herself gently. "Donald," she said, "let's get married!"

He was startled. "When?"

"Right now," she said, breathlessly.

He laughed. "You're crazy. I'm broke . . . no job. . . ."

"That doesn't matter," she said. "I know you. You'll get on your feet, and right now I'm working. Just so long as we're together—"

The argument went on for some ten minutes, at the end of which time they started out for a marriage license, and fifteen minutes later they had been made one. In the corridor of City Hall she suddenly looked at her watch.

"Donald! I'm late. I must run," she squealed. "They're very strict about hours now, since you've gone."

"Aw, darling, you can't go back now —just after we've been married."

"Sorry, Donald," she said. "I need that job more than I'll ever need it again." He saw the justice of what she said, and they arranged that he was to meet her at the entrance to her building at quitting time. They kissed in parting and enjoyed it enormously.

When Kathryn Elizabeth, breathless and flushed with excitement, arrived at her desk she found a note there stating that she had been transferred to the head offices of the American Carpet Company, their parent corporation, and that she was to report to the president of the latter company at once.

KATHRYN ELIZABETH waited three-quarters of an hour in the anteroom of the president. It was an impressive anteroom, and it managed to give a foreboding of the importance of the man who sat in the office on its other side. At last a neatly uniformed boy came to her and said that the president would see her now. She followed him across the heavy carpet, through a small foyer, and he threw open a heavy mahogany door, stepping aside to let her enter.

It was a really imposing office, and in its far reaches, at an enormous desk, on whose smooth and bare surface reposed batteries of push-buttons and telephones, sat a good-looking young man, freshly shaved, beautifully dressed.

Kathryn Elizabeth took a look and gasped. Then she gasped again.

"Why, Miss Sanders!" said Donald Turnbull. "Fancy meeting you here!"

He rose, and they met somewhere in the middle of the room in a long kiss and embrace. He kissed her again. "There, how do you like that?"

"Pretty good," she said.

"What do you mean, pretty good?" he demanded. "Whole Armenian villages could live on a kiss like that."

"Donald Turnbull, just what does all this mean?" She stood off and looked at him with little belief that this was really happening.

"It means, my good woman, that you're discharged . . . canned . . . fired

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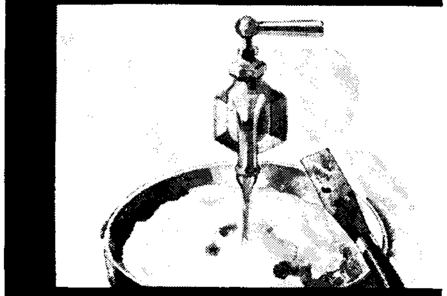

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. . . sacked . . . bounced. . . do I make myself clear?" He took her in his arms again, but she wrenched herself loose.

"Then you're not really broke?"

"I'm hungry," he said. "We haven't had any lunch. Don't you remember, we got married instead?"

"Ah, yes," she said. "How it all comes back to me, as though it were yesterday."

"Let's go to Tony's and get seventeen cocktails and maybe a trace of food," he said, "and how would you feel on the subject of a kiss?"

THEY were drinking sidecars at Tony's, and he explained certain things to her.

"You see," he said, "you were right about that United Oil, but the fact is—and that's what you didn't know—I sold out at the top of the market, just before it crashed. And I had been buying lots of American Carpet stock—"

"But American Carpet bought control of Turnbull Carpet—" she interrupted.

"I know, my sweet little dumbbell," he said, giving her a pitying smile which somehow turned into a loving leer, "but by that time I had acquired control of American Carpet, so I own the subsidiaries too."

"Donald! You low sneak!"

"At your service, madam," he said.

"Why didn't you tell me that—"

"Well, sweet, it was just a little idea of mine. I couldn't seem to get you to sign on the dotted line any other way, so I thought I'd play your hand for you and give you what you wanted, a man who was helpless and dependent. David Burton helped me. And when you met me in the park today—"

"That was all planned with David?" she asked.

"You're just being bright today," said Donald. "It was planned and timed exactly. Has any one ever told you what a sap you are, my little head of lettuce?"

"No, why?"

"Only a sap of the first water would have been taken in by that park bench stuff. Anybody who gave it a thought could have seen that it was too theatrical to be real . . . but I guess you wanted it to be real, and so it was," he said.

Tony came up to speak to them.

"Tony, we're married," said Donald. "How about a congratulation or two?"

"I congratulate you," said Tony. "So you're married! Not—ah—not to each other?"

"We certainly are married to each other," said Kathryn Elizabeth.

"What a coincidence," said Tony. Some people came in and Tony left them.

They noticed that Tony and the newcomers looked over in their direction, and in a lull in conversation they heard the woman ask, looking at Kathryn Elizabeth:

"Who is that nice-looking person sitting over there against the wall?"

"That," said Tony, indicating Kathryn Elizabeth with a nod of one shoulder, "is Dorothy Parker."

The Damnation Bowwows

Continued from page 23

twenty-five tracks in three countries, representing millions in investment and taking many more millions annually in bets, somebody chanced to ask him how he ever got the idea in the first place.

"I used to feel sorry for the rabbits," he said.

Maybe the germ of the idea came out of compassion but it didn't remain in that state of grace. Smith built the first track himself, at Emeryville, California, and opened it March 13, 1920. An Oklahoma sports promoter, R. J. Allison, saw this pioneer plant and sensed its possibilities. He struck a deal with Smith, and the following February opened Mid-Continent Park at Tulsa, Oklahoma. The Emeryville track had been an experiment. It was only three sixteenths of a mile in circumference and was twenty feet wide. The Tulsa track was mechanical perfection—one fourth of a mile in circumference, 117 feet in diameter, with 25 feet of width, 300-foot straightaways and two and one-half feet of banking at the turns.

Betting is Essential

Those are still the standard dimensions and from there a much beleaguered industry was born, for Smith hadn't really invented a way to race dogs without killing rabbits; he'd invented one of the slickest gambling games in the history of mankind. Progress was slow at first because one idea yet was lacking. That was some way or other of putting the show on at night. Then, all at once, came the perfection of floodlights!

From that point forward, dog racing went to town!

There are probably fifty tracks in America today and as many more in sundry other parts of the world. One is forced to say "probably" because statistics are always as elusive and as subject to change as they are on gambling houses. But in this country there are, or there have been at one time or another, tracks in California, Florida, Michigan, Kentucky, Oklahoma, New Jersey, Texas, Illinois, Montana, Oregon, Ohio, Louisiana, West Virginia, New York, Wisconsin, Missouri and Massachusetts.

Many of these, like roulette, have run under the wink, but often in straight defiance, of the anti-betting laws. They've blinked on and off as the local constabulary or, in some cases, the governors of states cracked down, but enough of them manage annually to stay in operation to keep the sport very much alive. Like the horse tracks, they can't exist without betting, and in states where they aren't legalized, which means all but Florida, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Oregon, they either fix the coppers in the good old-fashioned way or resort to such dodges as selling shares in each dog negotiable for a profit at a track window directly after the race in case the dog wins, or selling numbered photographs of each dog which the track buys back at a premium in case the dog finishes first, second or third.

They're almost the cutest and most resourceful of sports promoters.

The thing they're peddling is disarmingly attractive. Its mechanics are simple enough. They start with the instincts and peculiarities of the animal they're using and end with an entertaining scientific device. As it chances, the greyhound, unlike the foxhound and other coursing dogs, chases from sight rather than scent, and this despite the fact that he's noticeably nearsighted. Unlike the deerhound, the wolfhound and the rest of his kin, he's strictly an individualist, who sets his own pace and runs his own speed regardless of what any other dog may be doing. The others hunt in packs and were early discovered

(Continued on page 72)

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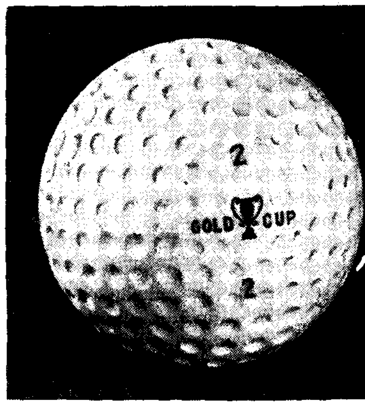
DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES



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"they're hitting a mile"

IN this year's Oakmont Tournament at Glendale, California, three pros broke par with Dunlop Gold Cups all in one day . . . an amateur cracked the amateur course-record with a Gold Cup. Mac Smith's low medal (*5 under par for 72 holes*) won first place with a Gold Cup.

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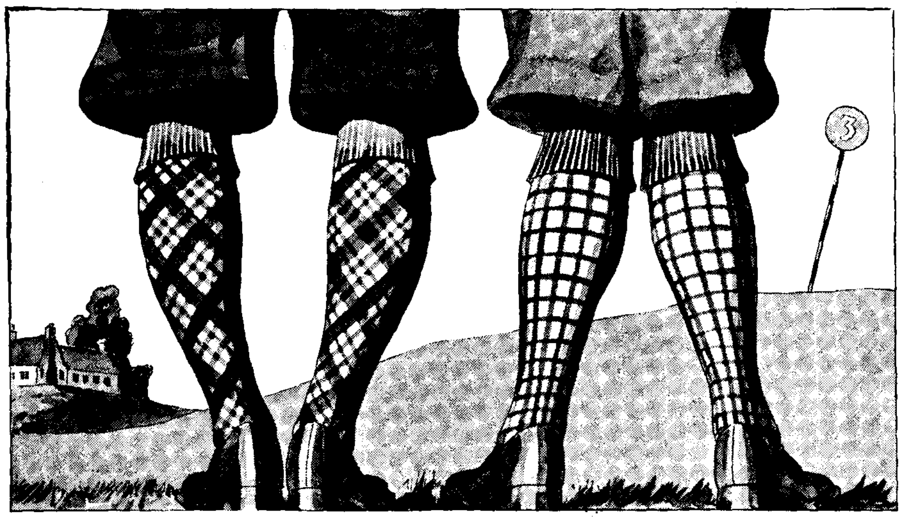
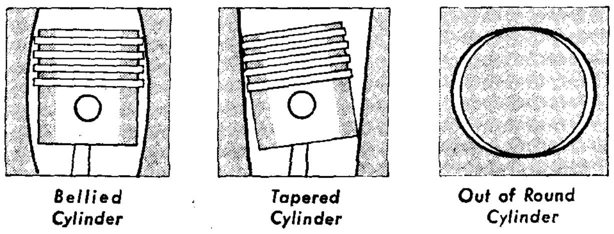
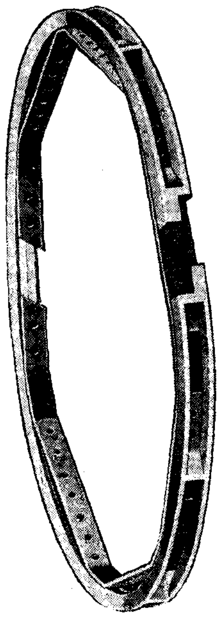


you probably have
BOWLEGGED or
KNOCK-KNEED
CYLINDERS





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ASK YOUR REPAIR MAN ABOUT BOWLEGGED OR KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS—AND HOW TO CURE THEM WITH

American *Hammered*
FLEXIBLE PISTON RINGS

(Continued from page 71)

to be no good for track running, for although they'll follow a leader as fast as he travels, nothing can persuade them to pass him and set a new pattern of speed.

The dog track utilizes these fortunate peculiarities by furnishing the greyhounds an imitation rabbit that travels on a sort of third rail and outraces them electrically. That was the device Smith perfected and patented. This synthetic bunny looks like a rabbit, and seems to hop like a rabbit. It even lets off frightened squeaks like a rabbit fleeing in terror. It rides out over the track about five inches from the ground and five feet from the inside rail. It's attached by a stout arm to a 25-horsepower, 1,100-pound electric engine which rolls along a track on the other side of the fence.

Rough on Rabbits

The dogs, usually eight of them, brightly caparisoned in miniature saddle blankets each bearing a number, are shut in a starting box that looks like an elongated hen coop in a straightaway 20 feet behind one of the curves. The box has individual stalls. The rabbit is started on the other side of the track in order to gain the necessary momentum. Its pace is regulated by a man in a lofty control tower who has an unobstructed view of all the plant.

By the time the phony rabbit clears the curve behind which the yelping dogs are housed, it's whizzing at a speed of approximately forty miles per hour. The starter's flag drops. The spring door flies up and the lean racers leap from the starting box and take after what they think is their prey.

Around the track after the bobbing, squeaking and thoroughly realistic bunny the hounds go tearing while the crowd goes wild. The field is bunched or it stretches out exactly like a horse race. Men and women scream for their favorites to come on and win. The dogs actually seem sometimes to respond to their pleadings. The finish line, as at a horse track, is in front of the grandstand, with the judges' stand at its infield terminus.

The electrical hare leads the straining dogs across the line at top speed, but 126 feet farther on, it suddenly ducks into a fair working model of a country rabbit hole as the engine it's attached to strikes a switch that yanks it sharply toward the infield. A door drops swiftly as the rabbit darts through and the frenzied dogs, braking speed quickly, yelp their disappointment and mill around uncertainly until their hurrying grooms, who've been crouching near by, snap leashes to their collars, parade them back past the grandstand and on to their kennels outside.

The tracks are usually little architectural beauties, with grandstands seating from 3,000 to 10,000, although the great one in White City near London accommodates 105,000 spectators and pulled 21,000,000 paid admissions through its wickets last year. They're really miniature horse tracks, complete with clubhouses, paddocks and all the usual embellishments. The dogs are clean and eager in appearance. The grooms are young fellows, often college students, attractively uniformed. Nobody can fix a dog race. There's no jockeys aboard to pull 'em.

What, then, is all the shooting about? If a community wants racing, and, since the depression, state legislatures in search of new taxes have been legalizing pari-mutuel betting in every direction, why isn't this the better and cleaner sport to have?

It probably is where honestly run, yet the bill of particulars against it is long.

Humane societies are beginning to battle it savagely because they've suddenly learned that instead of good clean fun wherein groups of peppery dogs excitedly leg it after a rabbit they couldn't possibly hurt, the business is still predicated upon actual slaughter—a much more cruel and unequal flesh-and-blood sacrifice than the old-fashioned "rabbit kills" ever were or ever could be.

The lilting literature of the dog people always stresses the fact that it's all just a game and the dogs are really in on it. The canines know the rabbit's phony, these spokesmen for them say, but they get just as much kick out of chasing it as the crowd does from watching them. This seems a trifle presumptuous since nobody has ever yet talked with a dog and no dog ever yet placed a two-dollar bet on himself with the hope of winning several thousand per cent.

Furthermore, it seems to jar rather seriously with what the dog people do but never talk about except with one another. To begin with, the dogs still are actually trained on live rabbits and in a fashion that makes any animal lover's blood blaze.

No more is it a saga of open country afternoons with long-legged hares released ahead of the hounds and given their chances to run for it. Uneven as that was, there was at least a sporting chance. But there's not even that in this newer process.

The trainer of race dogs unstraps the imitation bunny from the arm of the electrical engine and lashes there in its place a live white bunny—not a wild hare, you understand, but a tame, pink-eyed bunny of the type usually associated with children, lettuce and Easter. Then the dogs, who've been fasting for twenty-four hours, are boxed. The machine is started as usual from the other side of the track. With the live rabbit kicking and squeaking in terror, the contraption comes rocketing around on its crackling rail, and the hounds are unboxed after actual prey. The thing is staged exactly like a regular race, at night, under floodlights and all.

Tricks of the Track

There's just one outstanding change from the regular routine. That comes at the finish. In an actual race, the mechanical rabbit always wins. In these, the live rabbit always loses. The mechanism is slowed just enough after it crosses the line to allow the dogs to overtake the trussed up rabbit and tear the life out of it. The poor little sucker hasn't a chance. All he can do is hang there and take it.

This inhumane procedure is the way canine interest is maintained in the mechanical hare. This, and one more. The other is semi-starvation. Race dogs are fed once a day and that's late at night after racing hours, you see. In off season, most of them get a little something in the morning, but on the day of a race they receive only carefully measured drams of water. They're famished when they shoot out of that box. It's not fun but hunger that speeds them down the track. They're striving to overtake what they've learned from past experience may be a live bunny squirming and squeaking on the end of that stick, a tempting and helpless target for their razor-like fangs.

Betters are suspicious of dog racing because they can seldom be sure they aren't being trimmed by the tracks. Operating mostly outside the law, the track is usually beholden to none but itself, and although the betting is always some form of pari-mutuel, the better has to take the track's word about the odds.

(Continued on page 74)

Jackets [illegible]

● *(Above) Miss Charlotte Freeman and Mr. Charles Davis, Jr., casually smart about town—in Jackets with Talon-fastener convenience. Miss Freeman stars in fashionable Chamois, Mr. Davis is sponsoring the mode for Gabardine.*

● *(Above) Little Donnis Fernandez and her brother, Master Peter, head schoolward correctly togged in sturdy Jackets trimly closed with the Talon fastener.*

● *Douglas Clark, linesman, faces all kinds of weather in his daily rounds. That sturdy, comfortable Jacket with the Talon-fastener closing, sees him through it all, O. K.*

● *(At Right) Harry Conover swings for par. No clothes-interference for him. That handsome Suede Jacket opens up for comfort and freedom—and it's the Talon fastener that makes it possible.*

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The Damnation Bowwows

Continued from page 72

In earlier and cruder days, the dogs, themselves, were sometimes fixed. The means were simple and several. A heavy drink of water, following a day-long starvation, just before a race will log a dog down. A couple of pounds of meat or a quart of buttermilk will turn the same trick. There are likewise things that can be done to the feet, such as a wad of chewing gum stuck upon the bottom of a pad, or a silk string tying two toenails together. Dogs were frequently substituted, all greyhounds of the same color looking more or less alike. Dogs were even touched up with paint until they looked like some other. The motor difference between highly geared greyhounds isn't much. The least little tampering is usually sufficient.

But these abuses were largely removed in an eventual wave of reform that forced trainers to turn their dogs over to official inspectors by six o'clock on the night of a race and to stay away from them thereafter until their races were finished.

States legalizing the sport likewise now have regular Bertillon systems minutely cataloguing each dog, his dimensions, colors, scars, and characteristics from the tips of his ears to the points of his toenails. This avoids substitutions and ringer running.

A Shot at the Moon

But all this, important as it is, or was, is merely petty chicanery compared to the grand larceny that can be perpetrated around the windows of a track even when the dogs are running on the level. A night's handle at a dog track will run well into five figures. It may even touch $100,000. The totalizator, that unfixable, automatic and instantaneous public register of true betting odds, is too expensive an adjunct for dog tracks to use. Undoubtedly, too, the shadier dog tracks don't want the tote, for reasons here about to be explained.

Say a dog named Flying Cloud wins at odds of 40 to 1, which means a win of eighty dollars for every two-dollar ticket. The true odds of the winner haven't been posted. The crowd doesn't know what they are. The interval between the end of the race and the whooping arrival of the happy holders of tickets on the winning canine isn't great, but it's amply sufficient for a crooked official to toss a bundle of extra tickets into the pay-window drawer, cutting the still unannounced odds down perhaps to 20 to 1. The extra money represented by the spurious tickets then goes to the official, the track or whoever is sponsoring the shake-down. It may easily amount to several thousand dollars a race and since there are usually ten races in an evening, the total constitutes a rich night's haul. It likewise constitutes direct, if unrecognized, robbery of those who bet, and can be carried on indefinitely unless somebody squeals.

State inspectors, in sanctioning states, are supposed to watch especially for this type of hijacking, but the job calls for a lightning mathematician, a quick eye, and a very, very honest man.

But the humane societies and the betting fraternity might be called the sport's minor detractors. With them, we can class the clergy and the right-minded element, who condemn all gambling devices on moral grounds, and the horse people, who despise the dogs as cut-rate competition. You can feed a racing dog for sixty cents a day, transport a half dozen of 'em in a trailer hitched to a flivver, and run ten races a night in a plant that can be beautifully rigged up for one hundred thousand dollars. To get average horse figures, you multiply at least by ten, and both breeds of animals run for the same size and style of bets, the only difference being that the dogs usually take fifteen per cent of the kitty, whereas the horses get no more than ten. Naturally the horsemen hate 'em and stamp on 'em where they can.

But these are minor dissenters.

The major opposition now arising in wrath are the business men and civic leaders in the various communities threatened. Dog racing has been called "The Workingman's Racing." That's just the trouble. It is. History seems to prove that a horse track bankrupts its immediate community within five years. If that's true, a dog track should do it in at least half the time.

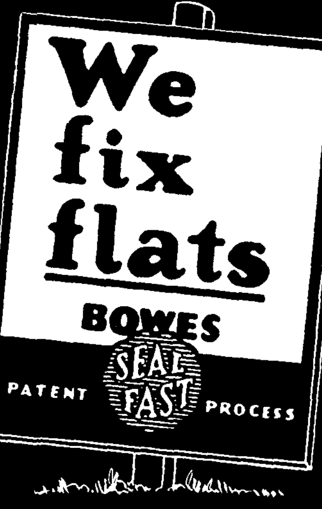
Horses run in the afternoon. That means, theoretically at least, that only the leisure classes can attend, which further means, theoretically at least, those financially able to stand betting losses. The horse track is more or less expensive to attend. It requires a lot of land. It's usually well out of town—a train or an automobile ride away. The physical business of getting there and back costs money. It usually costs something such as one dollar and fifty cents plus tax even to get through the gate, and more if you'd enjoy the luxury of the club house. Your fare, your admission, a drink or two, and perhaps a meal, mean that a prospective spectator must be prepared to spend same major portion of ten dollars before he ever lays a bet on the sill.

The dogs are the absolute antithesis of all this. They can be set down in a town anywhere there's a lot the size of a football field. They can even be run indoors and have been—at the Convention Hall in Atlantic City. This means they can be reached with a five-cent trolley fare. Admissions are as low as twenty-five cents and are seldom as high as fifty cents. They run at night. That means the clerk, the laborer, the stenographer, the man on relief, the fellow who can't afford to bet, who couldn't afford even to get into a horse track, is there taking his desperate shot at the moon with the two dollars that rightfully belongs to the grocer, the doctor or the dry goods store.

Night Competition

The horse tracks suck in money that rightfully belongs in a community's legitimate business, but they don't run in opposition so far as attendance goes to much of anything but the baseball teams. The dogs, however, compete directly for customers with the theaters, the movies, the restaurants, the drug stores and all other enterprises that depend upon night trade. Besides taking money from the very class that can't afford to lose it, thus spawning crops of unpaid bills in every direction, the dog track competes as sinister entertainment with honest entertainment brokers.

There does seem to be strong reason for suspecting that if a residential community goes for the dogs, it may go to the dogs as well, and residential communities are hereby warned. But as a resort racket, the dog track is perhaps no more reprehensible than some of the others—that is, if you can forget about those rabbits!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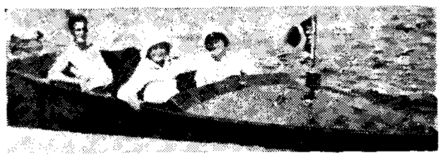
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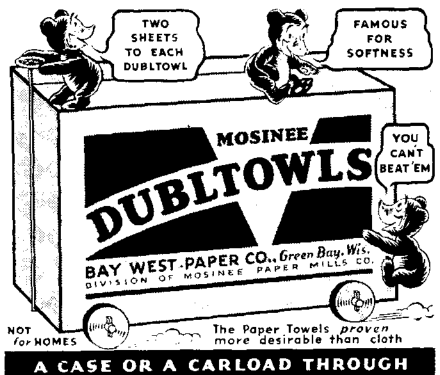

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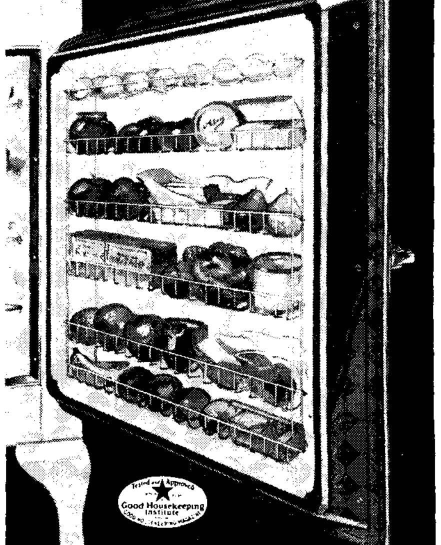

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A Tall Story

Continued from page 17

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Butt. "I'm not a bit comfortable about Arthur."

Then, after a sort of gasp, he tried again: "At least it isn't so much Arthur as Arthur's . . . what Arthur's doing. You know he got engaged last week. Have you met his fiancée, sir?"

"I have not yet had the honor," replied Pond in his punctilious way.

"Well, sir, Arthur brought her in here today while you were out; he'd just taken her to the pantomime of Puss-in-Boots on the pier, and they were laughing like anything. Of course, that's quite all right; it was his off time; but it seemed to me it wasn't quite all right that she walked straight upstairs without any invitation, even from him, to the private office where we don't allow visitors to go. And—well, there's just the one word that wouldn't jump to my mind about her. . . . Innocence."

"WHY, what sort of a girl is she?" asked Pond.

"Well," said Mr. Butt, gloomily seeking words, "we all know that making-up and even dyeing your hair doesn't mean what it once did; lots of women do it who are perfectly decent; but not those who are—well, utterly inexperienced. It seemed to me that, while she might be perfectly honest, she *would* know whether a thing is done or not.'

"If she is engaged to him," said Pond, with a rather unusual severity, "she must know that he is here on highly confidential work, and she must be as anxious to protect his honor as we are. I'm afraid I must ask you for some sort of description."

"Well," said Butt, "she's very tall and elegant er . . . no, elegant is exactly the word. She has beautiful golden hair—very beautiful golden hair—and very beautiful long, dark eyes that made it look rather like a gilded wig. She has high cheekbones, not in the way that Scotch girls have, but somehow as if it were part of the shape of the skull; and though she's not at all long in the tooth, in any sense, her teeth are just a little to the fore."

"Did he meet her in Besançon?" asked Pond rather sharply. "Besançon near Belfort?"

"Pretty rum you should say that," said Butt miserably. "Because he did."

Mr. Pond received the news in silence.

"I hope, sir, you won't assume anything against Arthur," said Butt huskily. "I'm sure I'd do anything to clear him of any—"

As he spoke the ceiling above them shook with a thud like thunder; then there was a sound of scampering feet; and then stillness. No one acquainted with Mr. Pond's usual process of ambulation could have believed that he flew up the staircase as he did just then.

They flung open the door, and they saw all that was to be seen. All that was to be seen was Arthur Travers stretched out face downward on the ground, and between his shoulder-blades stood out the very long hilt of a very strange-looking sword, with a blade so broad that the two together almost looked like a javelin. Butt impetuously laid hold of it, and was startled to find that it was sunk so deep in the corpse and the carpeted floor, that he could not have plucked it out without the most violent muscular effort. Pond had already touched the wrist and felt the rigidity of the muscles and he waved his subordinate away.

"I am sorry to say that our friend is certainly dead," he said steadily. "In that case, you had better not touch things till they can be properly examined." Then, looking at Butt very solemnly, he added:

"You said you would do anything to clear him. One thing is certain; that he is quite cleared."

Pond then walked in silence to the desk, which contained the secret drawer, which contained the secret plan of the harbor. He only compressed his bearded lips when he saw that the drawer was empty.

Pond walked to the telephone and issued orders to about six different people. He did about twenty things, but he did not speak again for about three quarters of an hour.

It was only about the same time that the stunned and bewildered Butt stumbled into speech: "I simply can't make head or tail of anything. That woman has gone; and besides, no woman could have nailed him to the floor like that."

"And with such an extraordinary nail," said Pond.

And indeed the riddle revolved more and more on the one thing the thief and murderer had left behind him: the enormous, misshapen weapon. It was not difficult to guess why he had left it behind; it was so difficult to tug out of the floor that he probably had no time to try effectually, hearing Pond clattering up the stairs. He thought it wiser to escape somehow, presumably through the window. But about the nature of the thing itself, it was hard to say anything, for it seemed quite abnormal. It was as long as a claymore, yet it was not upon the pattern of any known sword. It had no guard or pommel of any kind. The hilt was as long as the blade. The blade was twice as broad as the hilt; at least at its base, whence it tapered to a point in a sort of right-angled triangle, only the outer edge or hypotenuse being sharpened.

Pond gazed musingly at this uncouth weapon, which was made very rudely of iron and wood painted with garish colors; and his thoughts crept slowly back to that shop across the road that was hung with strange and savage weapons. Yet it seemed to be in a somewhat cruder and gaudier style. Mr. Schiller-Levy naturally denied all knowledge of it, which he would presumably have done in any case; but what was much more cogent, all the real authorities on such barbaric or Oriental arms said that they had never seen such a thing before.

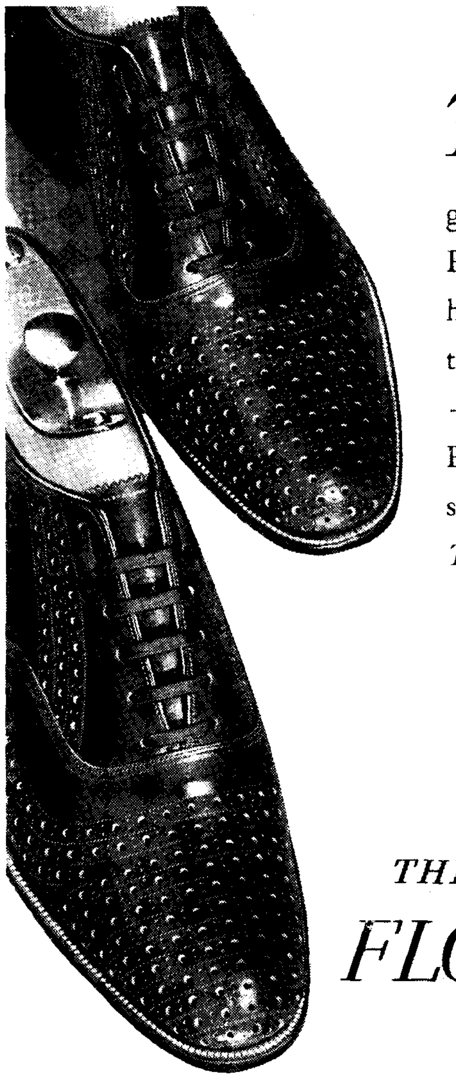
TOUCHING many other things, the darkness began to thin away to a somewhat dreary dawn. It was ascertained that poor Arthur's equivocal fiancée had indeed fled, very possibly in company with the missing plan. She was known by this time to be a woman quite capable of stealing a document or even stabbing a man. But it was doubtful whether any woman was capable of stabbing a man with that huge and heavy and clumsy instrument, so as to fix him to the floor; and quite impossible to imagine why she should select it for the purpose.

"It would all be as clear as death," said Mr. Butt bitterly, "except for that lumbering, long-hilted short sword or whatever it is. It never was in Levy's shop. It never was in Asia or Africa, or any of the places the learned jossers tell us about. It's the real remaining mystery of the whole thing."

Mr. Pond seemed to be waking up slowly from a trance of hours or days.

"Oh, *that!*" he said. "That's the only thing about it I'm really beginning to understand."

(Continued on page 76)



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(*Continued from page* 75)

It had been hinted, with every delicacy, we may hope, that the attitude of Mr. Pond toward the visits of Mrs. Hartog-Haggard was perhaps rather passive than receptive. It is all the more worthy of record that, on the last occasion of her bringing him a new tale of woe, he actually leaped to his feet with an air of excitement and even of triumph. He had been right in his premonitions about the wisdom of folly; and the triumph was truly the triumph of the fool. Mrs. Hartog-Haggard gave him the clue after all.

SHE darted in under the scaffolding by the doorway, the same dark and almost antic figure. Full of the Cause, she was utterly oblivious of such trifles as the murder of his friend. She had now reverted to her original disapproval of her own governess. She had altered nothing, except all her reasons for disapproving of her governess. On the former occasion she had appeared to claim the fairy-tales used for pantomimes as exclusively English and part of the healthy innocence of the stately homes of England. Now she was denouncing the German woman for taking the children to the pantomime at all, regarding it as a ruse for filling them with the gruesome tales of Grimm and the terrors of the barbaric forest.

"They're *sent* to do that," she repeated, in the fierce, confidential voice she used in such cases. "They're *sent* here to undermine all our children's nerves and minds. Could any other nation be such fiends, Mr. Pond? She's been poisoning their poor little minds with horrors about magicians and magic cats; and now the worst has happened, as I knew it would. Well—*you* haven't done anything to stop it, and my life is simply ruined. My three girls are all twittering with terror; and my boy is mad."

The symptoms of Mr. Pond were still mainly those of fatigue, and she rapped out a repetition.

"He is *mad*, I tell you, Mr. Pond; he is actually *seeing* things out of those horrible German fairy tales. He says he saw a giant with a great big knife walking through the town by moonlight . . . a *giant*, Mr. Pond."

Mr. Pond staggered to his feet and for once really goggled and gulped like a fish. Mrs. Hartog-Haggard watched him with wild eyes, intermittently exclaiming: "Have you no word of consolation for a mother?"

Mr. Pond abruptly controlled himself and managed to recapture at least a hazy courtesy.

"Yes, madam," he said. "I have the best possible consolation for a mother. Your son is not mad."

He looked more judicial, and even severe, when he next sat in consultation with Mr. Butt, Sir Hubert Wotton and Inspector Grote, the leading detective of the district.

"What it comes to is this," said Mr. Pond very sternly: "that you do not really know the story of Puss-in-Boots. And they talk about this as an epoch of education."

"Oh, I know it's about a clever cat and all the rest of it," said Butt vaguely. "A cat that helps its master to get things—"

The inspector smote his knee with a smack that rang through the office.

"A cat burglar!" he cried. "So that's what you mean. I fancied at first there was something wrong about that bit of scaffolding round the door; but I soon saw it was far too low and small for anybody to climb up to the window by it. But of course if we're talking about a really clever cat burglar, there's always some chance that—"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Pond; "does a cat burglar, or for that matter, any burglar, any more than any cat, load himself with a gigantic knife rather bigger than a garden spade? Nobody carries a gigantic knife except a giant. This crime was committed by a giant."

They all stared at him, but he resumed with the same air of frigid rebuke:

"What I remark upon, what I regret and regard as symptomatic of serious intellectual decay, is that you apparently do not know that the story of Puss-in-Boots includes a giant. He is also a magician; but he is always depicted in pictures and pantomimes as an ogre with a large knife. Signor Alberto Tizzi, that somewhat dubious artist, enacts the part on the pier by the usual expedient of walking on very high stilts, covered by very long trousers. But he sometimes walks about on the stilts and dispenses with the trousers, taking a walk through the almost entirely deserted streets at night.

"Just round here, especially, the chances are against his being even seen. All the big houses are shut up, except ours and Mrs. Hartog-Haggard's, which only looks on the street through a landing window; through which her little boy (probably in his nightgown) peered and beheld a real ogre, with a great gory knife, and perhaps a great grinning mask, walking majestically under the moon—rather a fine sight to put among the memories of childhood. For the rest, all the poor houses are low houses of one story; and the people would see nothing but his legs, or rather his stilts, even if they did look out; and they probably didn't. The really native poor, in these seaport towns, have country habits, and generally go to bed early.

"But it wouldn't really have been fatal to his plans, even if he had been seen. He was a recognized public entertainer, dressed in his recognized part; and there is nothing illegal in walking about on stilts. The really clever part of it was the trick by which he could leave the stilts standing, and climb out of them onto any ledge or roof or other upper level. So he left them standing outside our doorway, among the poles of the little scaffolding, while he climbed in at the upper window and killed poor Travers."

"If you are sure of this," cried Sir Hubert Wotton, starting to his feet hastily, "you ought to act on it at once."

"I did act on it at once," replied Pond, with a slight sigh. "This morning two or three clowns with white faces were going about on stilts on the beach, distributing leaflets of the pantomime. One of them was arrested, and found to be Signor Tizzi. He was also found, I am glad to say, to be still in possession of the plans." But he sighed again.

"FOR after all," as Mr. Pond observed, in telling the tale long after, "though we did manage to save the secret plans, the incident was much more of a tragedy than a triumph. And what I most intensely disliked about the tragedy was the irony; what I believe is called the tragic irony, or alternatively the Greek irony. We felt perfectly certain we were guarding the only entrance to the office, because we sat staring at the street between two little clusters of sticks, which we knew were a temporary part of the furniture. We didn't count the sticks; we didn't know when there happened to be two more wooden poles standing up among the other wooden poles. We certainly had no notion of what was on top of those two poles; nor would our fancy have easily entertained the idea that it was a pantomime giant. We ought to have seen him; only," said Mr. Pond, ending as he had begun with an apologetic little laugh, "he was too tall to be seen."

Low summer fares to

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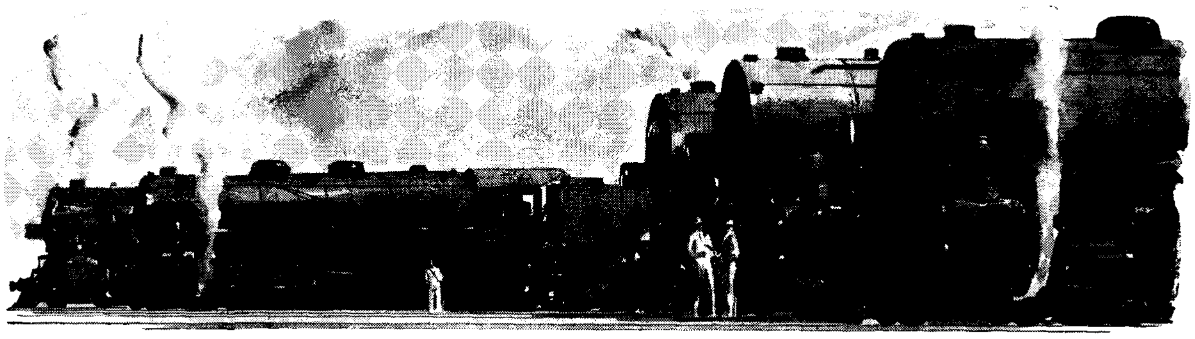
on

COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED TRAINS!



This is the greatest bargain ever offered in trips to California—low summer roundtrip fares with the luxury of completely air-conditioned trains included for no extra charge whatever!

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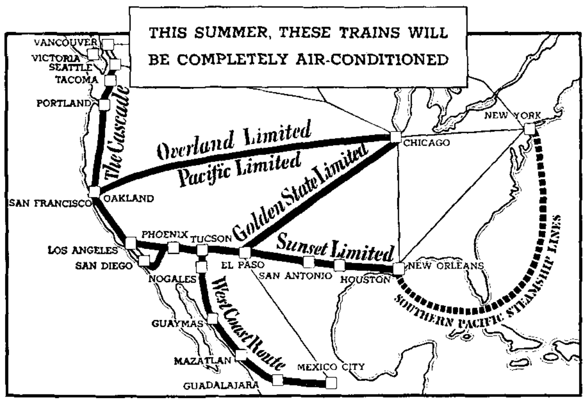
These low summer roundtrip fares carry several important privileges. In the first place, you can stopover anywhere and stay as long as you like, just so you get back to your starting point before your ticket expires. In the second place, you can *go one way and return another.*

Suppose, for example, that you're going from Chicago to Los Angeles and back. Probably you don't live in Chicago and your destination may not be Los Angeles, but it will serve as an example. You might buy a ticket straight to Los Angeles and back on our **Golden State Limited**, the direct, time-saving way. *But for exactly the same rail fare* (from most points) you can go to Los Angeles on our **Sunset Limited** by way of New Orleans, the Old South and Southern Arizona, and return via San Francisco and the Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest! It's all in the way you have your ticket routed.



A ROUND ROUNDTRIP

The map shows how the trains on Southern Pacific's Four Scenic Routes approach California through four entirely different parts of the country. By coming to California on one of these trains [illegible]turning on another, you see the whole Pa- [illegible] your roundtrip is really *round.*

[illegible] **Limited** shows you old **New Orleans; Houston; San Antonio** where the **Alamo** is; the border metropolis of **El Paso**, ten minutes from **Juarez** in Mexico and headquarters for the one-day tour to **Carlsbad Caverns**; Southern Arizona's painted desert; **Los Angeles.**

Golden State Limited speeds over the direct line from Chicago to Los Angeles, through **El Paso** and across **New Mexico** and **Southern Arizona**. It carries through Pullmans for **Santa Barbara** and **San Diego.**

Overland Limited and **Pacific Limited** follow the shortest route between Chicago and San Francisco, the historic Overland Trail of '49, over the **Rockies**, across **Great Salt Lake** on the spectacular **Lucin Causeway**, up the high **Sierra** and down through the **American River Canyon**, past quaint old mining towns, to **San Francisco.**

The **Cascade** connects with northern transcontinental lines and speeds to San Francisco through evergreen mountains and close to high **Mt. Shasta. Crater Lake** is a short sidetrip.

Between Los Angeles and San Francisco, Southern Pacific serves **Santa Barbara, Del Monte** on the enchanted **Monterey Peninsula, Yosemite** and the **Big Trees.**

COOL WAY TO MEXICO

Mexico City, Guadalajara, Taxco, Morelia, Uruapan and many other Mexican cities have delightful summer climates. Their altitude tempers the summer sun, and the nights are cool.

You'll run into hot weather on the way, of course. But you won't notice it this summer. For the dining car and Pullmans will be air-conditioned on **El Costeño**, our leading West Coast Route train from Tucson to Mexico City, via **Mazatlan** and **Guadalajara**. The train on the National Railways of Mexico via El Paso will also be air-conditioned. You can go one way and return another.

DIRECT TO AMERICA'S EXPOSITION

On a cool, blue bay, less than a half hour from Old Mexico, **San Diego** is an ideal place to play. And this summer San Diego invites the world to the **California Pacific International Exposition**, May 29 to November 11.

You can easily include San Diego in your trip to California. We will have direct, air-conditioned through Pullman service on the **Sunset Limited** and **Golden State Limited**, via **Carriso Gorge** and **Agua Caliente.**

WRITE MR. BARTLETT

Our representatives have had many years of experience planning trips to **California** and **Mexico**. They may be able to show you how to see a lot more of the West than you ordinarily would. If you would like some suggestions on a trip, please write to Mr. O. P. Bartlett, Dept. H-4A, 310 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago. Tell him when you plan to leave, how much time you have to spend, number in your party, type of accommodations desired, etc. Ask about the new low cost of checking your automobile to California.

Southern Pacific

Collier's

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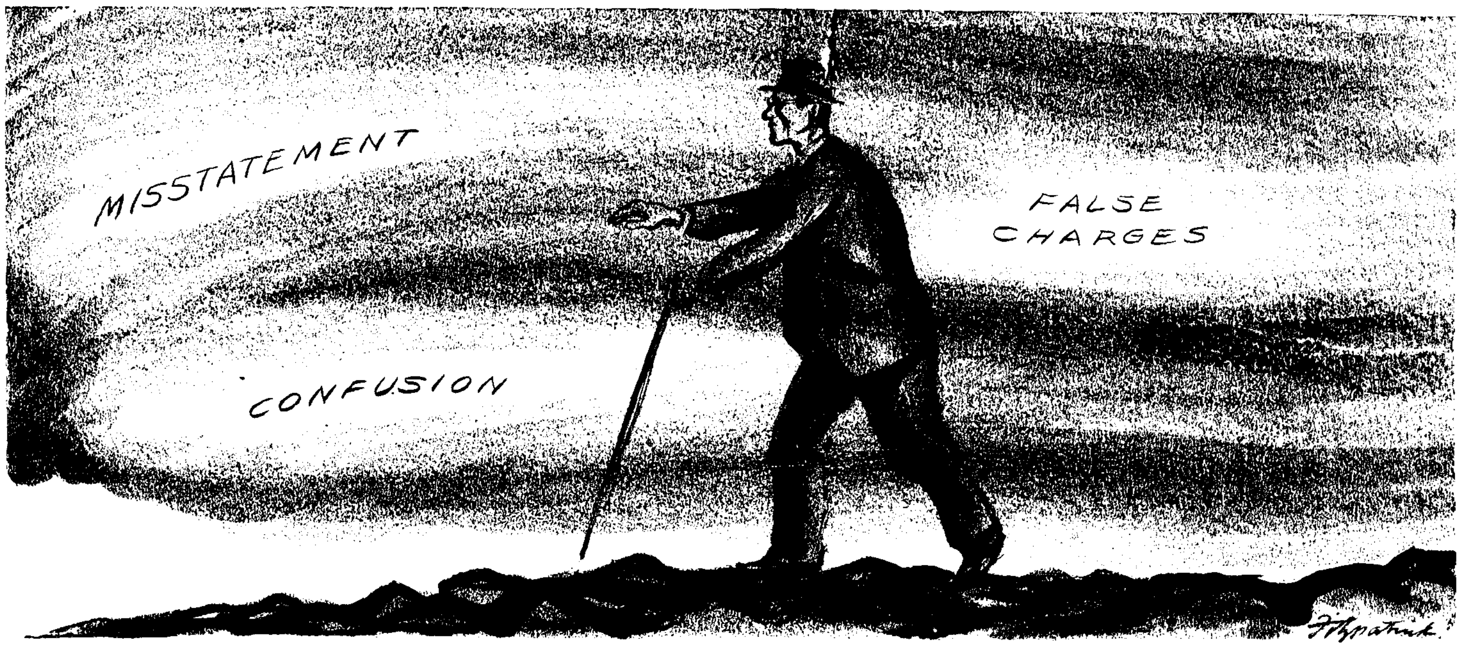

The Answers

MANY letters come to us asking questions raised by Father Coughlin and others preaching similar doctrines. One such letter was signed by Fred M. Baker of 2097 Granite Street, Philadelphia.

Mr. Baker says of himself: "I am an American, a married man hoping some day to have a car for my family. I am not of the Catholic faith, seeking support for Father Coughlin. My father was a Methodist Episcopal minister of the Cincinnati, Ohio, Conference."

Here are his more important questions and the answers:

"Is it true (as charged by Father Coughlin) that a small group of international bankers of America are financing and refinancing Uncle Sam, thereby amassing wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice?"

The answer is "No." Any speaker willing to take the slightest trouble to learn the facts knows, or should know, that the statement attributed to Father Coughlin is without the least foundation in fact.

The United States government is financed and refinanced by the United States Treasury. United States bonds are bought by banks, insurance companies, savings institutions, private individuals, by anyone who has money to invest and confidence in the integrity of our government.

Interest rates on government long-term loans have fallen from about 4 per cent in the boom times to 2¾ per cent now. Short-term loans pay only a fraction of one per cent, hardly more than the cost of the paper and printing necessary to issue the loan. No one—bankers, individuals, depositors in postal savings banks—has amassed riches of any kind by lending money to the government.

"Are these bankers, without creating one additional dollar of real wealth, making loans of credit to the government, then depositing the United States bonds which they receive for the loans back with the Treasury to obtain more currency credit for themselves, etc.?"

The answer here is "Yes and no." The banks, thousands of them, large and small, throughout the country buy government bonds and these bonds are the security on which paper money is issued. But the money is issued for governmental purposes. The government, and through the government the American people, are the beneficiaries.

"Is it true that these same private bankers control the bank credit of the entire country through the operation of the regional banks of the Federal Reserve; and by means of this control are purposely maintaining the present depression (not only Father Coughlin but Senator Borah has charged this) for their own advantage?"

Two questions are asked and the answer is "No" to each.

Private bankers do not control the regional banks of the Federal Reserve. Policies for the regional banks are made by the Federal Reserve Board. The Secretary of the Treasury is the chairman of this Board.

Private banks could not prolong the depression. Nobody outside of bedlam can imagine any advantage to anyone in prolonging the depression.

"Is it true (as charged by Father Coughlin) that the story of the World War—its cause and why all the wealth of men and money of our nation were thrown into it—is all a huge structure of falsehood built by State, Church, Press, Law and Public Forum to hide gross betrayal of the American people?"

This question is so extreme that it might be the product of fevered delirium. The World War was a supreme catastrophe, the greatest tragedy in human history. So far as the United States is concerned, however, the decision to enter the war was slowly reached by public opinion, which during three years had abundant material to consider. Unquestionably the majority of Americans believed that the decision to take part in the war was a right one. It is false to suggest now that the State, the Church, the Press, the Law or the Public Forum conspired to lead America into war.

"Is it true that our men and money we drafted because they were needed to prot[illegible] invested interests of the international bankers who had financed Britain and her allies?"

Obviously it is not true. Technically we entered the war to uphold the right of Americans to travel at sea safe from the molestation of submarines. The more fundamental motive was our belief that the success of Germany would menace our safety and comfort in many important ways.

"Is it true, as we suspect from what Father Coughlin has told us, that these same Wall Street bankers pumped billions of American dollars into Germany in order that they might collect for Britain and themselves approximately four billions of additional reparations?"

Again the answer is "No." Money was lent Germany by American and British banks to enable Germany to reëstablish her industry and to become self-sustaining. Some of the money lent Germany was foolishly lent. Much of it was wisely lent and wisely used. Governments, not pri[illegible] banks, were concer[illegible] in [illegible] decent person was [illegible] German babies had [illegible] ple sufficient food t[illegible]

These questions are typical of those asked by many readers bewildered by baseless propaganda. At such a time of transition, misunderstanding and prejudice are doubtless unavoidable. It is, however, tragic that appeals should be made to prejudice and hatred at the very time when most of all good will and understanding are needed for the solution of problems difficult enough in themselves.